

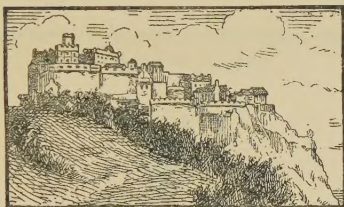
THE
EDINBURGH BOOK
OF
SCOTTISH VERSE



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THE EDINBURGH BOOK



OF SCOTTISH VERSE

THE EDINBURGH BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE

1300-1900

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

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LONDON

MEIKLEJOHN AND HOLDEN

11 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

1910

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WILLIAMSON AND FORD
LONDON
1910

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY
WHO TO A COUNTRY
ALREADY GREATLY DISTINGUISHED
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INTRODUCTION

'WHAT is Scottish poetry?' one asks oneself; 'is it merely English poetry under another name, written by men of Scottish birth and descent, but otherwise in no way separable from the work of Dryden or of Keats? Or is it something very different, the poetry of an ancient kingdom north of Tweed, as distinct in theme and sentiment as in language, hardly, if at all, less separate and original than that of any other European people?' To confine it to the former class would be virtually to exclude the vernacular—an impossible proposition, since in the work of Burns, and often elsewhere, the vernacular is of classic excellence: to confine it to the latter would, on the other hand, impoverish the literary fame of Scotland by the omission of great names, names not readily to be yielded to the Saxon, names like those of Drummond of Hawthornden, of Campbell and of Scott. Though not indeed a problem of momentous consequence, the purposes of this book require an answer—how shall we here define Scottish poetry? And the matter seems to stand thus. An attempt

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to represent the mind and heart of a country, of a people as exhibited in its poetry, should be inclusive rather than exclusive, should avoid pedantry, should eschew cramping limitations and disputable principles. It should seek the plain and beaten path, the broad way of the daily traveller. We at least shall gain nothing by departure from it. Scottish verse, therefore, shall here mean verse which is the work of Scotsmen, whether in English or Scots. If the vernacular is more characteristic, more racy of the soil, the English poetry written by Scotsmen has something also to tell us of Scotland, of the literary or political influences to which she has most willingly and fully responded. If Fergusson and Burns are more truly Scottish, it is not uninteresting or uninformative to recall the Italian grace of Drummond, or to remember that the most stirring of English martial lyrics were blown from a Scottish trumpet, the trumpet of Campbell. Nor is it the less desirable to claim for Scotland all that may justly be claimed, since, though as a nation she remained unconquered no doubt, she has never ceased to pay the tribute of a remote, if not subordinate, province in the Union. By a convention, carrying it here, as often, with a high hand, Scotland has given of her best in literature, and in some other things, without recompense of glory. The English editors of anthologies, for example,

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pleasantly and rightly enough assume that Scott or Stevenson are sufficiently English to enrich their collections, nor are they unwilling to accept Burns in certain of his moods; but unhappily reprisals are impossible,—this volume dare not draw from the works of Gray or of Wordsworth. Scottish may be English—when it is deemed of sufficient merit—but English can never be Scottish.

There is here, indeed, proposed no ground for quarrel, since the Scots language, though in its later history exposed to different influences, was Northern English, neither more nor less, an idiom perfectly dignified, perfectly fitted for the higher purposes of literature, unfortunate only in this, that it failed to establish itself as the language of the nation, as the speech of the majority. The speech of Chaucer, the East Midland variety of the language, grew to be English of the centre, and the other idioms, with them Scots, gradually passed into provincial obscurity. The poetry that claims to be indisputably Scottish must be content to pay the penalty, to be the more provincial the more it is characteristic, since it is poetry of a dialect, of Northern English, and not English of the centre. Let us not, however, exaggerate the seriousness of the penalty. The audience for poetry is never a mighty one, and the vernacular has still its audience. Let us be honest

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and outspoken, let us go further and say that if the vernacular contains a large body of poetry highly excellent, the difficulties of its dialect will assuredly be overcome by lovers of great art, as they are overcome by students of foreign literature. Great poetry, in whatever language it is written, will not suffer neglect; it is too precious, there is too little of it. Great poetry will continue to be studied, will continue to be current till the end of the world.

The critical question seems to be, 'What is the value of the Scottish vernacular poetry taken as a whole? Is it worthy the attention, not of those who understand it without effort, but of those who, knowing English, may easily, with the assistance of a glossary, come to understand it? Is it worthy the attention of the future which will find it more difficult to understand?'

'In poetry,' said the late Matthew Arnold, 'the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound, or only half sound, true and untrue, or only half true, is of paramount importance.' And in his characteristic Olympian manner he recommended that we should 'keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry,' keep ourselves free from fallacious estimates and from praise of that which is not the best. If it were claimed that all the verses included in this book were

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excellent in Arnold's sense, informed with the high truth and high seriousness he required, 'the poetic largeness, freedom, insight, benignity' of which he was fond of speaking, we should be in more than some danger of failing to keep our judgments clear and sound. It will be best to make no such large claim for it, to confess that here are verses which often fall short of that standard. But we must also claim that side by side with much that falls short, there is much that cannot fail to give pleasure to the most austere critic, that even in the less excellent compositions there are lines which ring true, that even in pieces admittedly faulty a quiet thought is often exquisitely conveyed, an image or feeling convincingly rendered. The vernacular poetry of Scotland of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is not, perhaps, often noble, it is not often greatly distinguished, it *is* often simple, sweet, tender, touching, humorous—these, and words like these, best describe its prevailing qualities. Its chief defect, a defect to which it is not easy to reconcile oneself, is its sentimentality. Admirable at its best as Scottish song is, at its worst, or second-best even, it is undeniably sentimental with a sentimentality that distresses. There is too much inferior verse in the vein which Burns worked with such distinction, verse without reticence and without dignity, without freshness

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of fancy, without distinction of form. And yet, and overwhelmingly so if we include the ballads, there is a finer body of Scottish than of English song, of verse that sings, that is quite inadequately represented by the words on the printed page, since it calls for the human voice and the accompaniment of a suitable air. Indeed, its secret is that it was born to music, that it came into being to the croon of a melody already familiar. Love songs or drinking songs, hunting or fishing songs, songs celebrating beautiful and well-loved scenery, serious and humorous songs, political or satirical songs—there is no department of song in which Scotland is inferior to England. The greater poets, let it be granted, are English, but a larger proportion of Scotsmen have at some time or other in their lives known what poetry was, divined its true nature and significance, and captured so as to render, if only for a moment, the flying vision. And so it comes that with much that is commonplace in the collections is bound up much that is exquisite—it may be a charming fancy, a turn of phrase, a single delightful line.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that no one who glances through this anthology will feel compelled to limit his admiration to the indisputable greatness of Dunbar (in some ways the greatest of Scottish poets, both as regards intellectual content and technical

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excellence), the grace of Drummond, the extraordinary vigour and versatility of Sir Walter, the glowing rhetoric of Campbell, the passionate intensity of Burns, the delicate white magic of Stevenson. There are other poets here represented worthy of more than a passing attention. The pre-eminence of the writers named has long been recognised; the absolute pre-eminence of Burns, it may be heresy to say it, has been, perhaps, too generally assumed, and his praise so assiduously sung as to suggest that Scotland had produced but one poet. No one will venture the attempt to pluck a leaf from his laurel, it will be green while the world lasts, but it ought to be remembered that Burns is something more than a single original poet, and it would hardly be too much to say that his position and the power of his appeal to his countrymen are due as much to his predecessors as to his native genius. Burns is a school, a century of poetry. In a sense he only gave back to his country what he took from it. Of the best of other men he made a better of his own. He reaped the harvest of a people's sowing. His recognition of poetic quality in a stray line or stanza was so swift and unerring, his fire so easily kindled that his own verses rose into shapes of beauty at a touch, a hint, a suggestion. But the hint, the suggestion frequently came from

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the poetry of older days, the poetry of the people, from snatches of inspired song whose makers were inglorious or forgotten.

There is no need for readers of this book to begin and end with the familiar excellences of Burns or the better-known Scottish poets. They will find here old favourites among the verses written by such men and women as Lady Nairne, Lady Lindsay, Mrs. Cockburn, Jane Elliot, John Skinner, Henry Scott Riddell, Robert Tannahill. They may discover, if they have not already known it, how admirable, for example, is the art of Henryson, how pleasant the flavour of the wit of Alexander Scott, or the humour of Lord Neaves, and that some of the verses by living writers are not unworthy of association with Scotland's best.

There is another literature in Scotland, neither English nor Scots, the literature of a wholly distinct language—the Gaelic. It might, indeed, be claimed as the only true national literature, uncontaminated by foreign influences for a thousand years. A representative book of Scottish verse could not overlook the Gaelic. Yet here translation is our only resource, and translations rarely, if ever, carry with them the spirit, and are powerless to reproduce the form or music of the original. And perhaps the problems of translation nowhere present themselves in more undisguised unfriendli-

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ness than to him who desires to give an English rendering of a characteristically Gaelic piece. How distinct is the Celtic from the Saxon genius ! That this book contains comparatively few such translations is due, not to the editor's wish, but to his inability to find more versions which could be regarded as eminently successful. He makes, however, no apology for the inclusion of such poems as *The Bark of Clanranald* (perhaps the most remarkable sea-piece in any language), here given in a rendering by the late Sheriff Nicolson, the charming *Highland Lullaby* or the *St. Kilda Maid's Song*, poems which happily assist in bringing nearer to us the life and genius of the Gael.

NOTE

IN the forefront of my acknowledgments of friendly assistance in the preparation of this book, I must place my obligation to Mr. Robert Dewar, Lecturer in the University of Glasgow, who in the most generous spirit gave me ungrudgingly of his time and scholarship. Invaluable as was his assistance, I prized as much the support of his taste and judgment, which contributed not a little to my own interest and pleasure in the undertaking.

I have also to express, with warm thanks, my indebtedness to Mr. M. J. C. Meiklejohn for his preparation of the glossary and indexes, and assistance in reading the proofs; to Dr. Henderson of the University, and Professor Magnus Maclean, both of whom, with the greatest friendliness, advised me in respect of English versions of Gaelic poetry, and to Mr. George Eyre Todd, who most kindly placed at my disposal the texts of his *Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets*, the work of a finished scholar.

I owe to Mr. J. S. Smart of the University many useful hints, and to a number of other friends suggestions of value.

On my way through many collections and works of separate authors, I profited by the admirable surveys of Scottish literature by Mr. T. F. Hender-

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son and Professor J. H. Millar, and in respect of the Gaelic translations I was assisted by Professor Magnus Maclean's *Literature of the Celts* and *Literature of the Highlands*.

I desire also to tender my acknowledgments and thanks to those authors who have given me permission to include copyright poems : to Mr. Douglas Ainslie, Mrs. Lindsay Carnegie, Professor Grierson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. R. C. Macfie, Miss Katharine Mann, Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, the Rev. Nigel Macneill, Mr. C. Murray, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. Will H. Ogilvie, Mr. Logie Robertson, Mrs. Annand Taylor, and Mr. Henry Whyte.

I am also indebted to Miss Boyd of Penkill Castle for kind permission to include a poem by her ancestor, Mark Alexander Boyd, and poems by William Bell Scott, to the publication of which Messrs. Longmans and Co. have also consented. To Messrs. Longmans and Co. I must also express my thanks for permission to include a poem, ' Nest Eggs,' from R. L. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse*, and for poems from Mr. Andrew Lang's *Grass of Parnassus*. I have also to thank Miss Warrender and Mr. David Douglas, the publisher, for allowing me to include poems by Lady John Scott ; Miss Murray, for poems by her brother, the late R. F. Murray ; Mr. Alexander Kennedy, for a poem by the late Alexander Anderson (' Surfaceman ') ; Messrs. Blackwood and Sons for permission to include poems by the late T. Tod Stoddart, and poems by Mr. Neil Munro, published in the volumes of the Glasgow

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Ballad Club. I am indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons also for permission to use poems by Mr. Logie Robertson; to Sheriff Shairp and Mr. David Douglas for poems by the late Principal Shairp; to Messrs. David Robertson and Co. for poems from *Whistle Binkie*; to Messrs. Carruthers and Sons, Inverness, for poems (from *Elves and Heroes*) by Donald A. Mackenzie; to Mr. Thomas Fraser, Dalbeattie, for poems by Will H. Ogilvie; to Mr. A. A. Jack for poems by the late Professor Nichol; to my colleague, Professor Noel Paton, for poems by his father, the late Sir Joseph Noel Paton; to the Rev. A. J. Carlyle and Messrs. MacLehose and Sons for poems by the late Rev. Walter C. Smith; to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for poems from R. L. Stevenson's *Underwoods* and *Songs of Travel*, and poems from the *Poetical Works of George Macdonald*; to Messrs. Grant Richards for permission to use two poems by the late John Davidson; to Mr. Bertram Dobell and Mr. W. Reeves for poems by the late James Thomson ('B. V. '); to Messrs. Constable and Co. for poems from *Hamewith* by Mr. C. Murray; to Miss Harriett Jay for a poem by Robert Buchanan; to Messrs. Hammond and Hammond for poems by Professor Blackie, to Mr. Elkin Mathews for poems by Mrs. Annand Taylor; to Messrs. A. Walker and Son for a poem by Mr. Roger Quin; to Messrs. Scribner's Sons for permission to use the poems by R. L. Stevenson in the United States.

I must also acknowledge with best thanks the

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kind permission granted me by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack to use the admirable text of Burns prepared by the late W. E. Henley, which has almost everywhere been the basis for the pieces selected from that poet.

If I have, through inadvertence, overlooked any claims, which I believe and trust is not the case, I must offer my best apologies. In the preparation of a book of this kind it is not always easy to trace all rights, and if I have, by any chance, or in any case, failed to do so, I can only express my regrets and my willingness to make reparation in a second edition. For some poems I desired to include I have not been able to secure the necessary permission, and many others have been excluded from lack of space.

I have only to add that the texts follow the best editions, but the spelling, particularly of the older poems, has been modernised for the convenience of readers.

W. M. D.

THE EDINBURGH BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE

JOHN BARBOUR

? 1320-1395

1.

Freedom

A ! FREDOME is a noble thing !
Fredome maiss man to haif liking :
Fredome all solace to man giffis :
He levis at ease that freely levis !
A noble heart may haif nane ease,
Na ellis nocht that may him please,
Gif fredome failye ; for free liking
Is yearnit owre all other thing.
Na he, that ay has levit free,
May nocht knaw weil the propertie,
The anger, na the wrechit dome,
That is couplit to foul thyrlidome.
Bot gif he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wit ;
And suld think fredome mar to prize
Than all the gold in warld that is.
Thus contrar thingis ever-mar
Discoveringis of the tother are.

The Bruce (Book i. 225-42).

liking, liberty, to please himself.
thing else. *yearnit*, yearned for.
perquer, by heart.

na ellis nocht, nor any-
dome, doom. *all*

JOHN BARBOUR

2.

Loyalty

LEAUTE to lufe is gretumly ;
Throuch leaute liffis men richteously :
With æ virtúe of leaute
A man may yit sufficiand be :
And but leaute may nane haif price,
Whether he be wicht or he be wise ;
For whar it failyes, na virtúe
May be of price, na of valúe,
To mak a man sa gude, that he
May simply gude man callit be.

The Bruce (Book i. 365-74).

3.

The Eve of Bannockburn

BRUCE EXHORTS HIS MEN

‘ AND when it comis to the ficht,
Ilk man set his heart and nicht
To stint our fais mekill pride.
On horse they sall arrayit ride,
And come on you in weil great hy ;
Meet them with spearis hardily,
And wreak on them the mekill ill
That they and theiris has done us till,
And are in will yit for till do,
Gif they haif nicht till come there-to.
And, certis, me think weil that we,
For-out abasing, oucht till be

2. gretumly, greatly.	æ, the one.	but, without.
wicht, nimble.	3. stint, stop.	fais, foes'. hy, haste.
us till, to us.	for-out abasing, without dismay.	oucht
till, ought to.		

JOHN BARBOUR

Worthy and of great vassalage ;
For we have three great advantage.
The first is, that we haif the richt ;
And for the richt ilk man suld ficht.
The tother is, they are comin here,
Forlipp'ning in their great powér,
To seek us in our awn land,
And has brocht here, richt till our hand,
Riches in-to so great plentie,
That the poverest of you sall be
Baith rich and mighty there-with-all,
Gif that we win, as weil may fall.
The thrid is, that we for our livis
And for our childer and our wifis,
And for the fredome of our land,
Are strenyeit in battle for to stand,
And they for their micht anerly,
And for they leit of us lichtly,
And for they wald destroy us all,
Maiss them to ficht ; bot yet may fall
That they sall rue their bargaining.'
The Bruce (Book xii. 221-53).

4. *The Battle of Bannockburn*

THE MÊLÉE

THERE men nicht see men freshly ficht,
And men that worthy were and wicht
Do mony worthy vassalage ;
They foucht as they were in a rage.

3. *vassalage*, prowess. *forlipp'ning*, trusting. *strenyeit*, constrained. *anerly*, alone, merely. *for*, because. *leit*, think. *maiss*, makes.

JOHN BARBOUR

For when the Scottis enkrely
 Saw their fais sa sturdily
 Stand in-to battle them agane
 With all their micht and all their main
 They laid on, as men out of wit ;
 For whar they with full strak micht hit,
 There micht no arming stint their strak ;
 They to-fruschit them they micht ourtak,
 And with axes sic duschis gaff
 That they helmis and headis claff.
 And their fais richt hardily
 Met them, and dang on douchtily
 With wapnis that were stith of steel.
 There was the battle striken weil ;
 So great dinning there was of dintis
 As wapnis upon armour stintis,
 And of spearis so great bristing,
 With sic thrawing and sic thristing,
 Sic girning, graning, and so great
 A noise, as they can other beat,
 And cryit ensenyeis on everilk side,
 Giffand and takand woundis wide,
 That it was hideous for till hear
 All four the battelis, wicht that were,
 Fechtand in-till a front haly.

The Bruce (Book xiii. 135-163).

enkrely, especially. *strak*, stroke. *arming*, armour.
stint, stop. *to-fruschit*, dashed in pieces. *duschis*, severe
 blows. *gaff*, gave. *dang*, smote. *stith*, strong. *striken*
weil, well stricken. *bristing*, breaking. *girning*, crying
 (with pain). *ensenyeis*, war-cries. *fechtand*, fighting. *haly*,
 wholly.

JOHN BARBOUR

5. *The Battle of Bannockburn*

DEATH OF SIR GILES DE ARGENTINE

AND when Sir Gelis de Argenté
 Saw the king thus and his menie
 Shape them to flee so speedily,
 He com richt to the king in hy,
 And said, ' Sir, sen that it is swa
 That ye thusgat your gate will ga,
 Haifis gude day ! for agane will I ;
 Yit fled I never siccarly,
 And I cheiss here to bide and die
 Than till lif here and shamefully flee.'
 His bridle than but mair abaid
 He turnit, and agane he rade,
 And on Sir Edward the Bruce's rout
 That was so sturdy and so stout,
 As dreid of nakyn thing had he,
 He prikit, cryand ' Argenté ! '
 And they with spearis swa him met,
 And swa feill spearis on him set,
 That he and horse were chargit swa
 That baith down to the erd can ga ;
 And in that place than slain was he.
 Of his dede was richt great pitie ;
 He was the thrid best knicht, perfoy,
 That men wist lifland in his day.

The Bruce (Book xiii. 299-322).

<i>menie</i> , company.	<i>hy</i> , haste.	<i>swa</i> , so.	<i>thusgat</i> , in
this gate or manner.	<i>haifis</i> , have you, bid you.		<i>siccarly</i> ,
of a surety.	<i>cheiss</i> , choose.	<i>but mair abaid</i> ,	without
more delay.	<i>nakyn thing</i> , thing of no kind.	<i>priket</i> ,	
pricked, spurred.	<i>cryand</i> , crying.	<i>feill</i> , many.	<i>erd</i> ,
earth.	<i>dede</i> , death.	<i>liffand</i> , living.	

JOHN BARBOUR

6. *Sorrow of the Knights at Bruce's Death*

AND fra his folk wist he was dead,
 The sorrow raise fra stead to stead.
 There micht men see men rif their hair,
 And comely knichtis greet full sair,
 And their nevis oft sammin drif,
 And as wode men their claithes rif,
 Regretand his worthie bountie,
 His wit, strenth, and his honestie ;
 And, owre all, the great company
 That he oft made them courteously.
 ' All our defence,' they said, ' alas !
 And he that all our comfort was,
 Our wit, and all our governing,
 Is brocht alas ! here till ending ;
 His worship and his mekill micht
 Made all that were with him so wicht,
 That they micht never abasit be,
 While forouth them they micht him see.
 Alas ! what sall we do or say ?
 For in life while he lestit ay,
 With all our fais dread were we,
 And in-till mony far countrie
 Of our worship ran the renoune ;
 And that was all for his persoun !'
 With sic wordis they made their maen ;
 And siccarly wonder was nane.

fra, from the time when. *stead*, place. *rif*, tear. *greet*, weep.
nevis oft, etc., oft press their fists together. *wode*, mad.
regretand, lamenting. *abasit*, dismayed. *forouth*,
 in front of. *lestit*, lasted. *dread*, dreaded. *maen*,
 moan.

JOHN BARBOUR

For better governour than he
Micht in na countrie fundin be.

The Bruce (Book xx. 253-80).

KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND

1394-1437

7. *The Dawn of Love*

AND there-with kest I doun mine eye again,
Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comen her to pleyne,
The fairest or the freshest yongë flower
That ever I saw, me thought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astert
The blude of all my body to my heart.

And though I stude abasit tho a lite,
No wonder was; for-why my wittis all
Were so ourcome with plesance and delight,
Only throw latting of mine eyën fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
For ever, of free will; for of menace
There was no token in her swetë face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eft-sonës I leant it forth again,
And saw her walk, that very womanly,
With no wight mo, bot only women twain.
Than gan I study in myself and sayn,

6. *fundin*, found. 7. *kest*, cast. *her to pleyne*, to play or
disport herself. *sudden abate*, sudden surprise. *astert*,
started. *abasit*, abashed. *tho a lite*, then a little while.
for-why, because. *latting*, letting. *mo*, more.

KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND

'A ! sweet, are ye a warldly creäture,
Or heav'nly thing in likeness of nature ?

Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comen are to louse me out of band ?
Or are ye very nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heav'nly hand
This garden full of flouris, as they stand ?
What sall I think, alas ! what reverence
Sall I minister to your excellence ?

Gif ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it nocht astert ;
Gif ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why list God mak you so, my dearest heart,
To do a silly prisoner thus smert,
That lufis you all, and wote of nocht bot woe ?
And therefore, mercy, Sweet ! sen it is so.'

From The Kingis Quair.

8. *Good Counsel*

SEN throw virtue increases dignitie,
And virtue flour and root is of noblay,
Of ony weal or what estate thou be,
His steppis sue, and dreid thee non effray :
Exile all vice, and follow truth alway :
Lufe maist thy God, that first thy lufe began,
And for ilk inch He will thee quite a span.

7. *louse*, loose. *band*, prison. *astert*, escape. *doth*
me sike, makes me sigh. *list*, pleased it. *silly*, poor. *smert*,
pain. *wote*, knows. 8. *noblay*, nobility. *weal*,
wealth, riches. *sue*, follow. *non effray*, no terror.
quite, requite.

KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND

Be not owre proud in thy prosperitie,
For as it comis, so will it pass away :
Thy time to compt is short, thou may weil see,
For of green gress sune comis wallowit hay.
Labour in truth, while licht is of the day,
Trust maist in God, for He best guide thee can,
And for ilk inch He will thee quite a span.

Sen word is thrall, and thocht is only free,
Thou dant thy tongue, that power has and may ;
Thou steek thine een fra warldis vanitie ;
Refrain thy lust, and hearken what I say ;
Graip or thou slide, and creep furth on the way ;
Keep thy behest unto thy God and man,
And for ilk inch He will thee quite a span.

HENRY THE MINSTREL

COMMONLY KNOWN AS BLIND HARRY

floruit 1460-1492

9. *War summons the Lover*

Now leif thy mirth, now leif thy haille plesance ;
Now leif thy bliss, now leif thy childis age ;
Now leif thy youth, now follow thy hard chance ;
Now leif thy lust, now leif thy marriage ;
Now leif thy lufe, for thou sall loss a gage
Whilk never in erd sall be redeemit again ;
Follow Fortoun, and all her fierce outrage ;
Go lif in weir, go lif in cruel pain.

8. *compt*, reckon. *wallowit*, withered. *thrall*, a slave.
dant, restrain. *and may*, and is of might. *steek*, shut.
graip, feel your way. 9. *leif*, leave. *loss*, lose. *erd*, earth.
lif, live. *weir*, war.

HENRY THE MINSTREL

Fy on Fortoun, fy on thy frewall wheel ;
 Fy on thy traist, for here it has no lest ;
 Thou transfigurit Wallace out of his weal,
 When he traistit for till haif lestit best.
 His plesance here till him was bot a gest ;
 Throw thy fierce course, that has na hap to ho,
 Him thou ourthrew out of his likand rest,
 Fra great plesance, in weir, travail, and woe.

Wallace (Book vi. 81-96).

10. *A Description of Wallace*

WALLACE statúre of greatness, and of hicht,
 Was jugit thus, be discretioun of richt,
 That saw him baith dissembill and in weid ;
 Nine quarteris large he was in lenth indeed ;
 Thrid part lenth in shouldris braid was he,
 Richt seemly, strang, and lusty for to see ;
 His limbis great, with stalwart pace and sound,
 His browis hard, his armes great and round ;
 His handis made richt like till a pawmer,
 Of manlike mak, with nailes great and clear ;
 Proportionit lang and fair was his visage ;
 Richt sad of speech, and able in courage ;
 Braid breist and heich, with sturdy crag and great ;
 His lippis round, his nose was square and tret ;
 Bowand broun hairit, on browis and breeis licht,
 Clear aspre een, like diamondis bricht.

9. *frewall*, fickle. *thy traist*, trust in thee. *lest*, lasting, continuance. *hap to ho*, luck to halt. *likand*, desirable.
 10. *dissembill*, unarmed. *in weid*, in armour. *pawmer*, palm-leaf. *heich*, high. *crag*, neck. *tret*, well-proportioned. *bowand*, pliant and soft. *browis and breeis*, forehead and eyebrows. *aspre*, keen.

HENRY THE MINSTREL

Under the chin, on the left side, was seen,
Be hurt, a wain ; his colour was sanguine.
Woundis he had in mony diuers place,
Bot fair and weil keepit was his face.
Of riches he keepit no proper thing ;
Gaif as he wan, like Alexander the king.
In time of peace, meek as a maid was he ;
Whar weir approachit the richt Ector was he.
To Scottis men a great credence he gaif ;
Bot knawin enemies they couth him nocht disaif.

Wallace (Book ix. 1915-40).

11. *Wallace's Lament for the Graham*

WHEN they him fand, and gude Wallace him saw,
He lichtit doun, and hynt him fra them a'
In armis up ; behaldand his pale face,
He kissit him, and cry'd full oft ; ' Alas !
My best brother in warld that ever I had !
My ae fald friend when I was hardest stad !
My hope, my heal, thou was in maist honoûr !
My faith, my help, strenthiest in stour !
In thee was wit, fredome, and hardiness ;
In thee was truth, manheid, and nobleness ;
In thee was rule, in thee was governance ;
In thee was virtue withouttin variance ;
In thee leaute, in thee was great largnas ;
In thee gentrice, in thee was stedfastnas.
Thou was great cause of winning of Scotland ;
Thoch I began, and tuk the weir on hand.

10. *wain*, wen. *gaif as he wan*, gave as he won. 11. *hynt*,
laid hold of. *ae fald*, one fold, single-hearted. *stad*, beset.
heal, health. *stour*, fight. *largnas*, largesse, bounty.

HENRY THE MINSTREL

I vow to God, that has the warld in wauld,
Thy dede sall be to Sotheroun full dear sauld.
Martyr thou art for Scotlandis richt and me ;
I sall thee venge, or ellis therefore to die.'

Wallace (Book x. 563-82).

ROBERT HENRYSON

? 1425-? 1500

12. *Robene and Makyne*

ROBENE sat on gude green hill,
Keepand a flock of fe :
Merry Makyne said him till,
' Robene, thou rue on me ;
I haif thee luvit loud and still,
Thir yearis two or three ;
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
Doubtless but dreid I die.'

Robene answerit, ' Be the rude,
Naething of lufe I knaw,
Bot keepis my sheep under yon wud,
Lo where they raik on raw :
What has marrit thee in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thou shaw ;
Or what is lufe, or to be lo'ed ?
Fain wald I leir that law.'

11. *wauld*, guidance. *dede*, death. *ellis*, else. 12. *fe*, sheep. *him till*, to him. *thir*, these. *my dule*, etc., unless (*bot gif*) thou share my secret sorrow (*dule in dern*). *but dreid*, without fear or doubt. *raik on raw*, range in order. *shaw*, show. *leir*, learn.

ROBERT HENRYSON

‘ At luvis lair gif thou will leir,
 Tak there ane a b c :
 Be heynd, courteous, and fair of feir,
 Wise, hardy, and free ;
 So that no danger do thee deir,
 What dule in dern thou dree ;
 Press thee with pain at all power,
 Be patient and privie.’

Robene answerit her again,
 ‘ I wait nocht what is lufe ;
 Bot I haif marvel in certain
 What makis thee this wanrufe :
 The weddir is fair, and I am fain,
 My sheep gois hale abufe ;
 An we wald play us in this plain,
 They wald us baith reprufe.’

‘ Robene, tak tent unto my tale,
 And work all as I rede,
 And thou sall haif my hairt all haill,
 Eke and my maidenheid.
 Sen God sendis bute for bale,
 And for murning remead,
 In dern with thee bot gif I deal,
 Doubtless I am bot deid.’

lair, lore. *heynd*, gentle. *feir*, bearing. *deir*,
 daunt. *dree*, suffer. *press*, endeavour. *privie*, secret,
 privy. *this wanrufe*, thus uneasy. *gois hale abufe*, run healthy
 up there. *an*, if. *tak tent*, pay heed. *bute for bale*, help
 for harm.

ROBERT HENRYSON

' Makyne, to-morne this ilka tide,
 An ye will meet me here,
 Peraventure my sheep may gang beside,
 Whill we haif liggit full near ;
 Bot maugre haif I, an I bide
 Fra they begin to steir ;
 What lyis on hairt I will nocht hide ;
 Makyne, than mak gude cheer.'

' Robene, thou reivis me roif and rest ;
 I lufe bot thee alane.'

' Makyne, adieu, the sun gois west,
 The day is near hand gane.'

' Robene, in dule I am so drest,
 That lufe will be my bane.'

' Ga lufe, Makyne, wherever thou list,
 For leman I lo'e nane.'

' Robene, I stand in sic a styll ;
 I sich, and that full sair.'

' Makyne, I haif been here this while ;
 At hame God gif I were.'

' My honey, Robene, talk ane while,
 Gif thou will do na mair.'

' Makyne, some other man beguile,
 For hameward I will fare.'

Robene on his wayis went,
 As licht as leaf of tree ;

<i>liggit</i> , lain.	<i>maugre</i> , ill-will.	<i>fra</i> , from the time	when.
<i>reivis</i> , robbest of.	<i>roif</i> , peace.	<i>drest</i> , beset.	<i>sich</i> ,
sigh.			

ROBERT HENRYSON

Makyne murnit in her intent,
And trow'd him never to see.
Robene braid attour the bent ;
Than Makyne cryit on hie,
' Now may thou sing, for I am shent !
What ailis lufe at me ? '

Makyne went hame withouttin fail,
Full weary eftir couth weep :
Than Robene in a full fair dale
Assemblit all his sheep.
Be that some pairt of Makynis ail
Outthrow his hairt coud creep ;
He fallowit her fast there till assail,
And till her tuk gude keep.

' Abide, abide, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing ;
For all my lufe it sall be thine,
Withouttin depairting.
All haill thy heart for till haif mine
Is all my coveting ;
My sheep to-morne whill houris nine
Will need of no keeping.'

' Robene, thou has heard sung and say,
In gestis and storeis auld,
The man that will nocht when he may
Sall haif nocht when he wald.

in her intent, in her desire. *braid*, etc., strode over the grass. *shent*, undone. *ailis*, ails. *be that*, by that time. *tuk gude kepe*, paid much attention to (*till*). *depairting*, sharing.

ROBERT HENRYSON

I pray to Jesu every day
Mot eke their carës cauld,
That first presses with thee to play,
Be firth, forest, or fauld.'

'Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The weddir is warm and fair,
And the green wud richt near us by
To walk attour all where ;
There may na janglour us espy,
That is to lufe contrair ;
Therein, Makyne, baith ye and I
Unseen we may repair.'

'Robene, that warld is all away
And quite brocht till ane end,
And never again thereto, perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend ;
For of my pain thou made it play,
And all in vain I spend ;
As thou has done, sa sall I say,
Murne on, I think to mend.'

'Makyne, the hope of all my heal,
My hairt on thee is set,
And evermair to thee be leal,
While I may lif but let ;

mot eke, may increase. *all where*, everywhere. *janglour*,
tale-teller. *perfay*, i'faith. *wend*, imagined. *heal*, well-
being. *lif but let*, live without hindrance.

ROBERT HENRYSON

Never to fail, as otheris feill,
 What grace that ever I get.'
 ' Robene, with thee I will nocht deal ;
 Adieu, for thus we met.'

Makyne went hame blyth aneuch,
 Attour the holtis hair ;
 Robene murnit, and Makyne leuch ;
 Scho sang, he sichit sair ;
 And so left him, baith wo and wreuch,
 In dolour and in care,
 Keepand his herd under a heuch,
 Amangis the holtis hair.

13. *The Bludy Serk*

THIS hinder year I heard be tauld
 There was a worthy king ;
 Dukis, earlis, and baronis bauld
 He had at his bidding.
 The lord was anciënt and auld,
 And sixty yearis couth ring ;
 He had a dochter fair to fald,
 A lusty lady ying.

Of all fairheid scho bore the flour,
 And eke her faderis heir,
 Of lusty lait is and hie honour,
 Meek, bot and debonair.

12. *aneuch*, enough. *holtis hair*, grey woods. *leuch*,
 laughed. *Scho*, she. *wreuch*, wretched. *heuch*, bank,
 cliff. 13. *ring*, reign. *fald*, embrace, enfold. *ying*,
 young. *fairheid*, beauty. *laitis*, manners. *bot and*,
 and also.

ROBERT HENRYSON

Scho winnit in a bigly bour ;
On fold was none so fair ;
Princes luvit her paramour,
In countries owre all where.

There dwelt a lite beside the king
A foul giand of ane ;
Stolen he has the lady ying,
Away with her is gane,
And kest her in his dungering,
Where licht scho nicht see nane ;
Hunger and cauld and great thristing
Scho fand in-to her wane.

He was the laithliest on to luik
That on the ground nicht gang ;
His nailes was like ane hellis cruik,
Therewith five quarteris lang.
There was nane that he ourtuk,
In richt or yit in wrang,
Bot all in sunder he them shuke—
The giand was so strang.

He held the lady day and nicht
Within his deep dungeoun ;
He wald nocht gife of her a sicht,
For gold nor yit ransoun,

winnit, dwelt. *bigly*, well-built. *fold*, earth. *owre*
all where, over everywhere, the world over. *a lite*, a
little. *of ane*, as any. *in-to her wane*, in her dwelling-place.
hellis cruik, hell's crook.

ROBERT HENRYSON

Bot gif the king micht get a knicht,
To fecht with his persoun—
To fecht with him both day and nicht,
Whill ane were dungin doun.

The king gart seek baith far and near,
Baith be sea and land,
Of ony knicht gif he micht hear
Wald fecht with that giand.
A worthy prince that had no peer
Has ta'en the deed on hand,
For the lufe of the lady clear,
And held full true cunnand.

That prince come proudly to the toun
Of that giand to hear,
And foucht with him his awn persoun,
And tuk him prisonér ;
And kest him in his awn dungeoun,
Alane withouttin fere,
With hunger, cauld, and confusioun,
As full weil worthy were.

Syne brak the bour, had hame the bricht,
Unto her fader dear ;
Sa evil woundit was the knicht
That he behovit to die.

whill, till. *dungin doun*, stricken down. *gart*, caused.
cunnand, engagement. *his awn persoun*, himself. *fere*,
comrade. *Syne*, then. *the bricht*, fair one.

ROBERT HENRYSON

Unluesume was his licame dicht,
His serk was all bludy ;
In all the warld was there a wicht
So piteous for to see ?

The lady murnit and made great maen,
With all her meikle micht :
' I luvit never lufe bot ane,
That dulefully now is dicht.
God sen my life were fra me ta'en,
Or I had seen yon sicht,
Or ellis in begging ever to gane
Furth with yon courteous knight.'

He said, ' Fair lady, now maun I
Die, traistly ye me trow ;
Tak ye my serk that is bludy,
And hing it forrow you ;
First think on it, and syne on me,
When men comis you to woo.'
The lady said, ' Be Mary free,
Thereto I mak a vow.'

When that scho lukit to the serk,
Scho thoct on the persoun,
And prayit for him with all her heart,
That lous'd her of bandoun,
Where scho was wont to sit full mirk
In that deep dungeoun ;
And ever while scho was in quert,
That was her a lessoun.

Unluesume, etc., unlovely was his body dressed. *traistly*,
assuredly. *hing*, hang. *forrow*, before. *lous'd*, loosed.
bandoun, thraldom. *quert*, prison.

ROBERT HENRYSON

Sa weil the lady luvit the knicht,
That no man wald scho tak.
Sa suld we do our God of micht,
That did all for us mak ;
Whilk foulely to dede was dicht
For sinful manis sake ;
Sa suld we do both day and nicht,
With prayeris to him mak.

This king is like the Trinitie,
Baith in Heav'n and here ;
The manis saul to the lady ;
The giand to Lucifèr ;
The knicht to Christ, that deit on tree,
And coft our sinnis dear ;
The pit to Hell, with painis fell ;
The sin to the wooèr.

The lady was woo'd, bot scho said nay,
With men that wald her wed ;
Sa suld we writhe all sin away,
That in our breist is bred.
I pray to Jesu Christ verý,
For us his blude that bled,
To be our help on Domesday,
Where lawis are straitly led.

The saul is Godis dochter dear,
And eke his handiwerk,

whilk, who. *dicht*, done. *deit on tree*, died on the Cross.
coft, bought. *straitly led*, unswervingly put in force.

ROBERT HENRYSON

That was betrasit with Lucifèr,
Wha sittis in Hell full mirk.
Borrowit with Christis angel clear,
Heynd men, will ye nocht hark ?
For his lufe that bocht us dear,
Think on the bludy serk.

14. *The Garmont of Gude Ladies*

WALD my gude lady lufe me best,
And work eftir my will,
I suld ane garmont gudliest
Gar mak her body till.

Of hie honoúr suld be her hude,
Upon her heid to wear,
Garneist with governance so gude,
Na deeming suld her deir.

Her serk suld be her body nixt,
Of chastitie so white,
With shame and dreid togidder mixt,
The same suld be perfite.

Her kirtle suld be of clean constance,
Lacèd with leesome lufe,
The mailyeis of continuance
For never to remufe.

13. *betrasit*, betrayed. *heynd men*, good people. 14. *gar*
mak, cause to be made. *deeming*, censure. *deir*, daunt.
leesome, pleasant. *mailyeis*, eyelet-holes.

ROBERT HENRYSON

Her gown suld be of gudliness,
Weil ribbon'd with renoun,
Purfillit with pleasure in ilk place,
Furrit with fine fassoun.

Her belt suld be of benignitie,
About her middle meet ;
Her mantle of humilitie,
To thole baith wind and weet.

Her hat suld be of fair-having,
And her tepat of truth ;
Her patelet of gude-pansing ;
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.

Her sleevis suld be of esperance,
To keep her fra despair ;
Her glovis of gude governance,
To guide her fingeris fair.

Her shoon suld be of siccarness,
In sign that scho nocht slide ;
Her hose of honestie, I guess,
I suld for her provide.

Wald scho put on this garmont gay,
I durst swear by my seill,
That scho wore never green nor grey
That set her half so weil.

purfillit, embroidered. *fassoun*, fashion. *thole*, endure.
tepat, tippet. *patelet*, ruff. *gude-pansing*, good thoughts.
hals, neck. *siccarness*, certainty. *seill*, happiness. *set*,
became.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

? 1460-? 1520

15. *Lament for the Makaris*

WHEN HE WAS SEIK

I THAT in heal was and glaidness,
Am troublit now with great seikness,
And feeblit with infirmitie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance here is all vain-glory,
This false warld is bot transitory,
The flesh is brukill, the Fiend is sle ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The state of man dois change and vary,
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,
Now dansand merry, now like to die ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No state in erd here standis siccar ;
As with the wind wavis the wicker,
So wavis this warldis vanitie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

heal, health. *brukill*, frail. *sle*, sly. *dansand*, dancing.
siccar, sure. *wicker*, willow.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Unto the dede gois all Estatis,
Princes, Prelatis, and Potestatis,
Baith rich and puir of all degree ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knichtis in-to field,
Enarmit under helm and shield ;
Victor he is at all mêlée ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmerciful tyrand
Takis on the moderis breist soukand
The babe, full of benignitie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the champion in the stour,
The capitane closit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of beautie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He sparis no lord for his puissance,
Na clerk for his intelligence ;
His awful straik may no man flee ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art magicianis, and astrologis,
Rethoris, logicianis, and theologis,
Them helpis no conclusionis sle ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

dede, death. *soukand*, sucking. *stour*, struggle. *straik*,
stroke.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

In medicine the most practicianis,
Leechis, surigianis, and phisicianis,
Them-self fra dede may not supple ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the laif
Playis here their pageant, syne gois to graif ;
Sparit is nocht their facultie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has done piteously devour
The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour,
The Monk of Bery, and Gower, all three ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Sir Hew of Eglintoun,
Ettrick, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He has ta'en out of this countrie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That scorpion fell has done infec'
Maister John Clerk and James Affleck,
Fra ballad-making and tragedie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Holland and Barbour he has bereavit ;
Alas ! that he nought with us leavit
Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lea ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

supple, rescue. *makaris*, poets. *the laif*, the rest.
graif, grave.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Clerk of Tranent eke he has ta'en,
That made the Aunteris of Gawain ;
Sir Gilbert Hay endit has he ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Harry, and Sandy Traill
Slain with his shot of mortal hail,
Whilk Patrick Johnstoun nicht nocht flee ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has reft Merse his endite,
That did in lufe so lively write,
So short, so quick, of sentence hie ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has ta'en Roull of Aberdeen,
And gentle Roull of Corstorphin ;
Two better fellowis did no man see ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dunfermline he has done rounne
With Maister Robert Henryson ;
Sir John the Ross embraced has he ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he has now ta'en, last of a',
Gude gentle Stobo and Quintin Shaw,
Of wham all wichtis has pitie :
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Aunteris, adventures. *done rounne*, whispered. *wham*, whom.
wichtis, wights, persons.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Gude Maister Walter Kennedy
In point of dede lies verily,
Great ruth it were that so suld be ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brether ta'en,
He will nocht lat me lif alane,
On force I maun his next prey be ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the dede remead is none,
Best is that we for dede dispone,
Eftir our dede that lif may we ;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

16. *Rorate Celi Desuper*

RORATE celi desuper !
Heavens distil your balmy shouris,
For now is risen the bricht day ster,
Fro the rose Mary, flour of flouris ;
The clear Son, whom no clud devouris,
Surmounting Phœbus in the east,
Is comen of his heavenly touris ;
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
Tronis, potestatis, and martyris seir,
And all ye heavenly operationis,
Ster, planet, firmament, and sphere,

15. *sen*, since. *dispone*, dispose ourselves. 16. *shouris*,
showers. *comen of*, arrived from. *seir*, various.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Fire, erd, air, and water clear,
To him gife loving, most and least,
That come in-to so meek mannér ;
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Sinneris be glaid, and penance do,
And thank your Maker hairtfully ;
For he that ye nicht nocht come to,
To you is comen full hum'ly,
Your saulis with his blude to buy,
And louse you of the Fiendis arrest,
And only of his awn mercy ;
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

All clergy do to him incline,
And bow unto that bairn bening,
And do your observance divine
To him that is of kingis King ;
Ensence his altar, read, and sing
In haly kirk, with mind degest,
Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Celestial fowlis in the air,
Sing with your notis upon hicht ;
In firthis and in forestis fair
Be mirthful now, at all your nicht,
For passit is your dully night ;
Aurora has the cludis pierc'd,

erd, earth. *in-to*, in. *awn*, own. *ensence*, cover with
incense. *degest*, quiet, grave. *attour*, above. *cludis*,
clouds.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

The sun is risen with gladsome licht,
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Now spring up flouris fra the root,
Revert you upward naturally,
In honour of the blissit fruit
That raise up fro the rose Mary ;
Lay out your leavës lustily,
Fro dede tak life now at the lest
In worship of that Prince worthy,
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Sing heaven imperial, most of hicht,
Regions of air mak harmony ;
All fish in flood and fowl of flicht,
Be mirthful and mak melody :
All GLORIA IN EXCELSIS cry,
Heaven, erd, sea, man, bird, and beast,
He that is crownit abune the sky
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

17. *Hermes the Philosopher*

BE merry, man ! and tak nocht far in mind
The wavering of this wrechit warld of sorrow ;
To God be humill, and to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neebouris glaidly len' and borrow ;
His chance to nicht, it may be thine to morrow.
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforrow,—
' Without glaidness availis no tresour.'

16. *at the lest*, at last. 17. *aforrow*, before.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Mak thee gude cheer of it that God thee sendis,
For warldis wrack but welfare nocht availis ;
Na gude is thine saif only bot thou spendis,
Remenant all thou brukis bot with bailis ;
Seek to solace when sadness thee assailis,
In dolour lang thy life may nocht endure ;
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sailis :
Without glaidness availis no tresour.

Follow on pitie, flee trouble and debate ;
With famous folkis hald thy company ;
Be charitable and humill in thine estate,
For warldly honour lastis bot a cry ;
For trouble in erd tak no melancholy ;
Be rich in patience, gif thou in gudis be pur ;
Who levis merry, he levis michtily :
Without glaidness availis no tresour.

Thou seis thir wretches set with sorrow and care,
To gaddir gudis in all their livës space,—
And when their baggis are full their selfis are bare,
And of their riches bot the keeping has,
Whill otheris come to spend it that has grace,
Whilk of thy winning no labour had nor cure ;
Tak thou example, and spend with merriness :
Without glaidness availis no tresour.

warldis wrack, worldly goods. *but*, without. *renenant*
(*adj.*), what remains over. *brukis*, enjoyest. *bailis*, sorrow.
thou seis thir, thou seest those. *gaddir gudis*, gather goods.
cure, care.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Thoch all the wark that ever had levand wicht
 Were only thine, no more thy pairt dois fall
 Bot meat, drink, claes, and of the laif a sicht,
 Yit to the Judge thou sall gife compt of all ;
 Ane reck'ning richt comis of ane ragment small ;
 Be just and joyous and do to none injure,
 And truth sall mak thee strang as ony wall :
 Without glaidness availis no tresour.

18. *The Dance of the Seven Deidly Sinnis*

OF Februar the fifteen nicht,
 Full lang before the dayis licht,
 I lay in-till a trance ;
 And then I saw baith heaven and hell :
 Me thocht, amangis the fiendis fell,
 Mahoun gart cry ane dance
 Of shrewis that were never shriven,
 Aganis the feast of Fasternis even,
 To mak their observance ;
 He bade gallantis ga graith a guise,
 And cast up gamountis in the skies,
 That last came out of France.

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wise
 Come in with mony sundry guise,
 Bot yit leuch never Mahoun ;

17. *wark*, property. *levand wicht*, living wicht. *the laif*,
 the rest. *ane reck'ning*, etc., a right reckoning comes from a
 small account (*ragment*). 18. *Fasternis even*, February 16.
graith a guise, make ready a masquerade. *gamountis*, capers.
heilie, full of disdain. *hawtane*, haughty. *leuch*, laughed.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Whill priestis come in with bare shaven neckis,
Than all the fiendis leuch, and made geckis,
Black Belly, and Bawsy Brown.

‘Lat see,’ quod he, ‘Now wha beginnis’;
With that the foul Seven Deidly Sinnis
Begouth to leap at anis.
And first of all in dance was Pride,
With bare wild back and bonnet on side,
Like to mak vaistie wanis;
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heel
His kethat for the nanis :
Mony proud trumpour with him trippit
Throw skaldand fire, ay as they skippit
They girn’d with hideous granis.

Than Ire come in with sturt and strife ;
His hand was ay upon his knife,
He brandeist like a beir :
Boasteris, braggeris, and bargaineris,
Eftir him passit in-to pairis
All bodin in feir of weir ;
In jackis and scryppis and bonnettis of steel,
Their leggis were chainyit to the heel,

geckis, jeering motions. *begouth*, began. *at anis*, at once.
vaistie, waste. *wanis*, dwellings. *kethat*, cassock. *nanis*,
nonce. *trumpour*, deceiver. *sturt*, noise. *brandeist*,
swaggered. *beir*, boar. *all bodin*, etc., ready arrayed in
accoutrement of war. *jackis*, leather jerkins. *scryppis*, bags.
chainyit, covered in chain armour.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Frawart was their affeir :
 Some upon other with brandis beft,
 Some jaggit otheris to the heft,
 With knivis that sharp culd shear.

Next in the dance followit Envý,
 Fill'd full of feid and felony,
 Hid malice and despite ;
 For privy hatrent that traitor trem'lit,
 Him followit mony freik dissem'lit,
 With feignèd wordis white ;
 And flattereris in-to menis faces ;
 And backbiteris of sundry races,
 To lie that had delight ;
 And rounaris of false leasingis ;
 Alas ! that courtis of noble kingis
 Of them can never be quite.

Next him in dance come Covatice,
 Root of all evil and grund of vice,
 That never culd be content ;
 Caitivis, wretches and okkeraris,
 Hud-pikis, hurdaris and gadderaris,
 All with that warlo went :
 Out of their throatis they shot on other
 Het molten gold, me thocht a fudder,
 As fireflaucht maist fervent ;

Frawart, forward. *affeir*, demeanour. *beft*, struck. *feid*,
 ill-will. *freik*, folk. *menis*, men's. *rounaris*, whisperers.
quite, quit. *okkeraris*, usurers. *hud-pikis*, etc., misers,
 hoarders, and gatherers. *warlo*, warlock, wizard. *fudder*,
 great quantity. *fireflaucht*, wild-fire.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Ay as they toomit them of shot,
Fiendis fill'd them new up to the throat
With gold of all kin prent.

Syne Sweirness, at the second bidding,
Come like a sow out of a midding,
Full sleepy was his grunyie :
Mony sweir bumbard belly-huddroun,
Mony slute daw and sleepy duddroun,
Him servit ay with sounyie ;
He drew them furth in-till a chainyie,
And Belial, with a bridle-reinyie,
Ever lasht them on the lunyie :
In dance they were so slaw of feet,
They gaif them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of cunyie.

Than Lechery, that laithly corse,
Berand like a baggit horse,
And Idleness did him lead ;
There was with him ane ugly sort,
And mony stinkand foul tramort,
That had in sin been deid.
When they were entrit in the dance,
They were full strange of countenance,
Like turkass birnand reid ;

<i>toomit them</i> , emptied themselves.	<i>all kin prent</i> , every sort
of impression.	<i>Sweirness</i> , sloth.
<i>mony sweir bumbard</i> , etc., many a lazy	<i>grunyie</i> , snout, face.
dirty slattern.	<i>glutton.</i>
<i>duddroun</i> , sloven.	<i>slute daw</i> ,
care, unwillingly.	<i>with sounyie</i> , with
apprehension.	<i>chainyie</i> , chain.
<i>lunyie</i> , loins.	<i>cunyie</i> ,
<i>berand</i> , neighing.	<i>baggit horse</i> , stallion.
<i>sort</i> , company.	<i>tramort</i> , dead body.
	<i>turkass</i> , pincers.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

All led they other by the tersis,
Suppose they fycket with their ersis,
It micht be na remead.

Than the foul monster Gluttony,
Of wame unsatiable and greedy,
To dance he did him dress :
Him followit mony foul drunkart,
With can and collep, cop and quart,
In surfeit and excess ;
Full mony a waistless wallydrag,
With wamis unwieldable, did furth wag,
In creish that did inress ;
Drink ! ay they cryit, with mony a gape,
The fiendis gaif them het leid to laip,
Their lovery was na less.

Na minstrellis playit to them but doubt,
For gleemen there were haldin out,
Be day, and eke by nicht ;
Except a minstrel that slew a man,
Swa till his heritage he wan,
And enter'd be brief of richt.

Than cried Mahoun for a Hieland padyane ;
Syne ran a fiend to fetch MacFadzen,
Far northward in a neuk ;

wame, belly. *collep*, drinking-vessel. *wallydrag*, shapeless weakling. *wag*, totter. *creish*, grease. *het*, hot.
lovery, portion of food. *haldin out*, kept out. *swa*, so.
padyane, pageant, show.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Be he the coronach had done shout,
 Ersemen so gadderit him about,
 In Hell great room they tuk.
 Thae termagantis, with tag and tatter,
 Full loud in Erse begouth to clatter,
 And roup like raven and rook :
 The Devil sa deavit was with their yell,
 That in the deepest pot of hell
 He smoorit them with smoke.

19. *Ane Ballat of the Feignèd Friar of Tung-
 land, How he fell in the Mire Fleand
 to Turkiland*

As young Aurora, with crystal hail,
 In orient shew her visage pale,
 A sweving swyth did me assail,
 Of sonis of Sathanis seed ;
 Me thocht a Turk of Tartary
 Come throw the boundis of Barbary,
 And lay forloppin in Lombardy,
 Full lang in waithman weid.

Fra baptising for to eschew,
 There a religious man he slew,
 And cled him in his habit new,
 For he couth write and read.

18. *be*, by the time that. *tag and tatter*, in perfect rags.
begouth, began. *roup*, croak. *deavit*, deafened. *smoorit*,
 smothered. 19. *hail*, greeting. *sweving*, dream. *swyth*,
 quickly. *forloppin*, fugitive. *waithman weid*, wanderer's
 dress. *fra baptising*, etc., to escape being baptised.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

When kend was his dissimulance,
 And all his cursed governance,
 For fear he fled and come in France,
 With little of Lombard leid.

To be a leech he feignit him there,
 Whilk mony a man nicht rue evermair ;
 For he left neither seik nor sair
 Unslain, or he hyne yeid.
 Vein organis he full cleanly carvit,
 When of his straik so mony starvit,
 Dreid he had gotten that he deservit.
 He fled away gude speed.

In Scotland than, the nearest way
 He come, his cunning till assay ;
 To some man there it was no play
 The prieving of his science.
 In pothingry he wrocht great pine,
 He murdreist mony in medecine ;
 The jow was of a great ingine,
 And generit was of gianes.

In leechcraft he was homicide,
 He wald haif, for a nicht to bide,
 A haiknay and the hurtmanis hide,
 So meikle he was of miance.

leid, learning. *hyne yeid*, went thence. *vein organis*,
 veins. *starvit*, died. *dreid*, for fear. *prieving*, proving.
in pothingry, as an apothecary. *pine*, distress. *jow*, juggler.
ingine, ingenuity. *gianes*, giants. *wald haif*, would have.
haiknay, hackney. *hurtmanis hide*, skin of the hurt or killed
 man. *miance*, resources.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

His yrnis was rude as ony rauchter,
 Where he let blude it was no lauchter,
 Full mony instrument for slauchter
 Was in his gardeviance.

He couth gife cure for laxatife,
 To gar a wicht horse want his life ;
 Wha-ever assay wald, man or wife,
 Their hippis yeid hiddy-giddy.
 His practikis never were put to prief,
 But sudden dede, or great mischief ;
 He had purgation to mak a thief
 To die without a widdy.

Unto no mess pressit this prelate,
 For sound of sacring bell nor skellat ;
 As blacksmith bruikit was his pallatt,
 For battering at the study.
 Thoch he come hame a new-made cannoun,
 He had dispensit with matinis cannoun,
 On him come neither stole nor fannoun,
 For smoking of the smiddy.

Me thocht seir fassounis he assailit,
 To mak the quintessence, and failit ;
 And when he saw that nocht availit,
 A feddrem on he tuk,

yrnis, instruments. *rauchter*, rafter. *gardeviance*, cabinet.
to gar, etc., such as would kill a stallion. *yeid*, went. *but*,
 without. *dede*, death. *purgation*, a purgative. *widdy*,
 gallows. *mess*, mass. *skellat*, small bell. *bruikit*, blackened.
pallatt, head. *study*, anvil. *cannoun*, canon, canonical.
fannoun, arm-scarf. *smiddy*, smithy. *seir fassounis*, various
 plans. *assailit*, tried. *feddrem*, coat of feathers.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

And shope in Turkey for to flee ;
 And when that he did mount on hie,
 All fowl ferleit what he suld be,
 That ever did on him luik.

Some held he had been Dædalus,
 Some the Minotaur marvellous,
 Some the Martis smith Vulcanus,
 And some Saturnus' kuke.
 And ever the cushattis at him tuggit,
 The rookis him rent, the ravenis him druggit,
 The hoodit crawis his hair furth ruggit,
 The heaven he nicht not bruik.

The mittane, and Saint Martinis fowl,
 Ween'd he had been the hornit owl,
 They set upon him with a yowl,
 And gaif him dint for dint.
 The golk, the gormaw, and the gled
 Beft him with buffettis whill he bled ;
 The spar-hawk to the spring him sped,
 As fierce as fire off flint.

The tersall gaif him tug for tug,
 A stanchell hang in ilka lug,
 The piet furth his pennis did rug,
 The stork straik ay but stint.

<i>shope</i> , shaped his course.	<i>hie</i> , high.	<i>ferleit</i> , wondered.
<i>kuke</i> , cook.	<i>cushattis</i> , ring-doves.	<i>druggit</i> , dragged.
<i>ruggit</i> , pulled.	<i>nicht not bruik</i> , could not enjoy.	<i>mittane</i> ,
hawk.	<i>Saint Martinis fowl</i> , hen-harrier (?)	<i>dint for dint</i> ,
stroke upon stroke.	<i>golk</i> , cuckoo.	<i>gormaw</i> , cormorant.
<i>gled</i> , kite.	<i>beft</i> , beat.	<i>tersall</i> , male peregrine.
kestrel.	<i>straik</i> , struck.	<i>but stint</i> , without ceasing.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

The bissart, busy but rebuke,
Scho was so cleverus of her cluik,
His banis he nicht not langer bruik,
Scho held them at ane hint.

Thick was the clud of kais and crawis,
Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,
That bikk'rit at his beard with blawis
In battle him about.

They nibblit him with noise and cry,
The rerd of them raise to the sky,
And ever he cryit on Fortoun, Fy !
His life was in-to doubt.

He shure his feddrem that was sheen,
And slippit out of it full clean,
And in a mire, up to the een,
Amang the glar did glide.
The fowlis all at the feddrem dang,
As at a monster them amang,
Whill all the pennis of it outsprang
In-till the air full wide.

And he lay at the plunge evermair,
Sa lang as any raven did rair ;
The crawis him socht with cryis of care
In every shaw beside.

<i>bissart</i> , buzzard.	<i>cleverus</i> , quick.	<i>cluik</i> , talon.	<i>bruik</i> ,
use.	<i>at ane hint</i> , in one clutch.	<i>kais</i> , jackdaws.	<i>mar-</i>
<i>leyonis</i> , merlins.	<i>mawis</i> , mews,	seagulls.	<i>rerd</i> , noise.
<i>shure</i> , cut asunder.	<i>sheen</i> , beautiful.	<i>glar</i> , mud.	<i>dang</i> ,
smote.	<i>rair</i> , roar.		

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Had he reveal'd been to the rookis,
They had him riven all with their cluikis :
Three dayis in dub amang the deukis
He did with dirt him hide.

The air was darkit with the fowlis,
That come with yameris and with yowlis,
With shriking, screaming and with scowlis,
To tak him in the tide.
I wauknit with the noise and shout,
So hideous bir was me about ;
Sensyne I curse that cankerit rout
Wherever I go or ride.

20.

To a Ladie

SWEET rose of virtue and of gentleness,
Delightsome lily of every lustiness,
Richest in bounty, and in beauty clear,
And every virtue that is held most dear,
Except only that ye are merciless.

In-to your garth this day I did pursue,
There saw I flouris that freshë were of hue ;
Baith white and reid most lusty were to seen,
And halesome herbis upon stalkis green ;
Yit leaf nor flour find could I nane of rue.

19. *dub*, mud-hole. *deukis*, ducks. *yameris*, yells. *in the tide*, at the proper season. *bir*, cry. *sensyne*, since then.
cankarit rout, spiteful crowd.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

I doubt that Merche, with his cauld blastis keen,
Has slain this gentle herb, that I of maen ;
 Whose piteous death dois to my hairt sic pain
 That I wald mak to plant his root again,
So comfortand his leavës unto me been.

21. *Of Content*

WHO thinkis that he has suffieience,
Of gudis has no indigence ;
 Thoch he have neither land nor rent,
Great micht, nor hie magnificence,
 He has eneuch that is content.

Who had all riches unto Inde,
And were not satisfiet in mind,
 With povertie I hald him shent ;
Of covatice sic is the kind :
 He has eneuch that is content.

Therefore I pray you, breder dear,
Not to delight in dainties seir ;
 Thank God of it is to thee sent,
And of it glaidly mak gude cheer :
 He has eneuch that is content.

Defy the warld, feignèd and false,
With gall in hairt, and honied hals :
 Wha maist it servis sall soonest repent :

20. *of maen*, mourn for. *comfortand*, comforting. 21. *shent*,
destroyed. *covatice*, covetousness. *seir*, various. *hals*,
throat.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Of whase subchettis sour is the sals :
He has eneuch that is content.

Gif thou has micht, be gentle and free ;
And gif thou standis in povertie,
Of thine awn will to it consent ;
And riches sall return to thee :
He has eneuch that is content.

And ye and I, my breder all,
That in this life has lordship small,
Lat languor not in us imprent ;
Gif we not climb we tak no fall :
He has eneuch that is content.

For who in warld most covetous is
In world is puirest man, I-wis,
And most needy of his intent ;
For of all gudis no thing is his,
That of no thing can be content.

22. *Of the Changes of Life*

I SEEK about this warld unstable,
To find a sentence conveniable ;
Bot I can not in all my wit,
Sa true a sentence find of it,
As say, it is dissavable.

21. *whase*, whose. *subchettis*, subjects. *sals*, sauce.
free, affable. *breder*, brothers. 22. *conveniable*, suitable.
dissavable, apt to deceive.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

For yesterday, I did declare
How that the season soft and fair,
Come in as fresh as peacock feddir ;
This day it stangis like ane eddir,
Concluding all in my contrair.

Yesterday fair sprang the flouris,
This day they are all slain with shouris ;
And foulis in forest that sang clear,
Now waukis with ane drearie cheer,
Full could are baith their beddis and bouris.

So next to simmer, winter been ;
Next eftir comfort, carës keen ;
Next eftir midnight, the mirthful morrow ;
Next eftir joy, ay comis sorrow :
So is this warld, and ay has been.

23. *Meditation in Winter*

IN-to thir dark and drublie dayis,
When sable all the heaven arrayis,
With misty vapouris, cludis and skyis,
Nature all courage me denyis
Of sangis, ballattis, and of playis.

When that the nicht dois lenthen houris,
With wind, with hail, and heavy shouris,
My dule spreit dois lurk for schoir ;
My hait for languor dois forloir,
For lack of simmer with his flouris.

22. *stangis*, stings. *eddir*, adder. *waukis*, keep awake.
23. *drublie*, wet. *ballattis*, ballads. *dule spreit*, doleful spirit.
for schoir, because of the threatening. *forloir*, become faint.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

I wauk, I turn, sleep may I nocht,
I vexit am with heavy thocht ;
 This world all owre I cast about,
 And ay the mair I am in doubt,
The mair that I remead have socht.

I am assayit on every side,
Despair sayis ay, ‘ In time provide
 And get some thing whereon to lif ;
 Or with great trouble and mischiëf,
Thou sall in-to this court abide.’

Than Patience sayis, ‘ Be nocht aghast :
Hald Hope and Truth within thee fast ;
 And lat Fortoun work furth her rage,
 When that no reason may assuage,
Whill that her glass be run and past.’

And Prudence in my ear sayis ay,
‘ Why wald thou hald that will away ?
 Or craif that thou may have no space,
 Thou tending to ane other place,
A journey going every day ? ’

And than sayis Age, ‘ My friend, come near,
And be nocht strange, I thee require :
 Come, broder, by the hand me tak,
 Remember thou has compt to mak
Of all thy time thou spendit here.’

mischie, misfortune. *that will away*, that which will
depart. *craif*, crave, beg. *compt*, reckoning, account.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Syne Dede castis up his yettis wide,
Saying, ' Thir open sall ye abide ;
 Albeit that thou were never sa stout,
 Under this lintel sall thou lout :
There is nane other way beside.'

For fear of this all day I droop ;
No gold in kist, nor wine in cup,
 No lady's beautie, nor luffis bliss
 May lat me to remember this :
How glaid that ever I dine or sup.

Yit, when the nicht beginnis to short,
It dois my spreit some part comfort,
 Off thocht oppressit with the shouris.
 Come, lusty simmer ! with thy flouris,
That I may lif in some disport.

24. *What is this Life*

WHAT is this life bot ane straucht way to dede,
 Whilk has a time to pass, and nane to dwell ;
A sliding wheel us lent to seek remead ;
 A free choice given to Paradise or Hell ;
 A prey to dede, whom vain is to repel ;
A short torment for infinite glaidness,
As short ane joy for lestand heaviness !

23. *yettis*, gates. *lout*, stoop, bow. *may lat*, can prevent.
24. *straucht*, straight. *dede*, death. *lestand*, lasting, eternal.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

25. *A New Year's Gift to the King*

MY prince in God gife thee guid grace,
Joy, glaidness, comfort, and solace,
Play, pleasance, mirth, and merrie cheer,
In hanel of this guid new year.

God gife to thee ane blissed chance,
And of all virtue abundance,
And grace ay for to persevere,
In hanel of this guid new year.

God gife thee guid prosperitie,
Fair fortoun and felicitie,
Evermair in earth while thou are here,
In hanel of this guid new year.

The heavenlie Lord his help thee send,
Thy realm to rule and to defend,
In peace and justice it to steer,
In hanel of this guid new year.

God gife thee bliss wherever thou bounes,
And send thee many Frauncë crounes,
Hie liberal heart, and handis nocht sweir
In hanel of this guid new year.

in hanel of, as a beginning gift to. *bounes*, makest ready,
prearest to go. *sweir*, lazy, illiberal.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

26.

London

LONDON, thou art of townes A-per-se,
Sovereign of cities, seemliest in sight,
Of high renown, riches and royaltie ;
Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knight ;
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright ;
Of famous prelatis, in habitis clerical ;
Of merchantis full of substance and might :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gladdeth anon thou lusty Troynovant,
Citie that some time cleped was New Troy,
In all the earth, imperial as thou stant,
Princess of townes, of pleasure and of joy,
A richer resteth under no Christen roy ;
For manly power, with craftis natural,
Fourmeth none fairer sith the flood of Noy :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gem of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,
Most mighty carbuncle of virtue and valour ;
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuitie ;
Of royal cities rose and geraflour ;
Empress of townes, exalt in honour ;
In beautie bearing the crown imperial ;
Sweet paradise precelling in pleasure :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

A-per-se, the best. *gladdeth*, be glad. *fourmeth*, is formed.
geraflour, gillyflower.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Above all rivers thy River hath renown,
Whose beriall streamis, pleasant and preclare,
Under thy lusty wallis runneth down,
Where many a swan doth swim with wingis
fair ;
Where many a barge doth sail, and row with aer,
Where many a ship doth rest with top-royal.
O ! town of townes, patron and not compare :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brig of pillars white
Been merchantis full royal to behold ;
Upon thy streetis goeth many a seemly knight
All clad in velvet gownes and chains of gold.
By Julius Cæsar thy Tour founded of old
May be the house of Mars victorial,
Whose artillery with tongue may not be told :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis ;
Wise be the people that within thee dwellis ;
Fresh is thy river with his lusty strandis ;
Blith be thy churches, weil-souning be thy
bellis ;
Rich be thy merchantis in substance that ex-
cellis ;
Fair be their wives, right lovesome, white and small ;
Clear be thy virgins, lusty under kellis :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

beriall, like the beryl. *aer*, ear. *patron*, pattern. *com-*
pare, match. *kellis*, caps.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Thy famous Mayor, by princely governance,
With sword of justice, thee ruleth prudently.
No lord of Paris, Venice, or Florance
In dignitie or honour goeth to him nigh.
He is exemplar, lodë-star, and guye ;
Principal patron and rose original,
Above all Mayors as maister most worthy :
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

27. *Now Fair, Fairest of Every Fair*

Now fair, fairest of every fair,
Princess most pleasant and preclare,
The lustiest one alive that been,
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen !

Young tender plant of pulcritude,
Descended of Imperial blood ;
Fresh fragrant flour of fair-heid sheen,
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen !

Sweet lusty luesome lady clear,
Most mighty kingës dochter dear,
Born of a princess most serene,
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen !

Welcome the Rose both red and white,
Welcome the flour of our delight !
Our secret rejoicing from the sun bien,
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen ;
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen !

26. *guye*, guide. 27. *fair-heid sheen*, beauty bright. *luesome*,
worthy of love. *bien*, warm.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

28. *Ane Ballat of our Lady*

HAIL, sterne superne ! Hail, in eterne,
 In Godis sicht to shine !
 Lucerne in dern, for to discern
 Be glory and grace divine ;
 Hodiern, modern, sempitern,
 Angelical regine !
 Our tern inferne for to dispern
 Help royalest rosine.
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
 Hail, fresh flour feminine !
 Yerne us, guberne, virgin matern,
 Of ruth baith root and rine.

Hail, ying, bening, fresh flourissing !
 Hail, Alphais habitacle !
 The ding offspring made us to sing
 Before his tabernacle ;
 All thing maling we doun thring
 Be sicht of his signacle ;
 Whilk king us bring unto his ring
 Fro Deathis dark umbrace.
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
 Hail, moder and maid but macle !
 Bricht sign, glading our languissing,
 Be nicht of the miracle.

sterne, star. *Lucerne in dern*, lamp in the darkness.
tern, trouble. *dispern*, disperse. *rosine*, rose. *yerne*,
 move. *rine*, stem. *ying*, young. *Alphais habitacle*,
 resting-place of God (Alpha). *ding*, worthy. *maling*,
 malign. *doun thring*, crush down. *signacle*, sign (of the
 cross). *ring*, kingdom (of heaven). *umbrace*, shadow.
but macle, without spot.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Hail, bricht, be sicht, in Heaven on hicht,
Hail, day-sterne oriental !
Our licht most richt, in clud of nicht,
Our darkness for to scale :
Hail, wicht, in sicht, putter to flicht
Of fiendis in battale !
Hail plicht, but sicht ! hail meikle of nicht !
Hail, glorious Virgin, hail !
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
Hail, gentle nichtingale !
Way stricht, clear dicht, to wilsome wicht,
That irke been in travale.

Hail, queen serene ! Hail, most amene !
Hail, Heavenly hie emprice !
Hail sheen, unseen with carnal een !
Hail, rose of paradise !
Hail, clean, bedene, ay till conteyne !
Hail, fair fresh flour-de-lice !
Hail, green daiseyne ! Hail, fro the spleen
Of Jesu genetrice !
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
Thou bare the prince of price ;
Our tene to maen, and ga between,
Ane heavenly oratrice.

Hail, more decore, than of before,
And sweeter be sic seven

be sicht, to see (by sight). *scale*, scatter. *wicht*, strong.
plicht, but *sicht*, unseen anchor. *wilsome*, wilful. *irke*
been, is weary. *sheen*, beautiful one. *bedene*, quickly (used as
an expletive). *conteyne*, continue. *tene*, misery. *maen*, pity.
be sic seven, to a very great degree (literally, 'by seven such').

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Our glore forlore, for to restore,
Sen thou art queen of heaven !
Memore of sore, sterne in Aurore,
Lovit with angellis steven,
Implore, adore, thou indeflore,
To mak our oddis even.
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
With lovingis loud eleven,
Whill store and hore, my youth devore,
Thy name I sall ay nevin.

Emprice of price, imperatrice,
Bricht poleist precious stane ;
Victrice of vice, hie genetrice
Of Jesu, lord soverane :
Our wiss paviss fra enemies,
Agane the Fiendis train ;
Oratrice, mediatrice, salvatrice
To God great suffragane !
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
Hail sterne meridiane !
Spice, flour-de-lice of paradise,
That bare the glorious grain.

Imperial wall, place palestra,
Of peerless pulcritude ;
Triumphal hall, hie tour royal
Of Godis celsitude ;

glore forlore, lost glory. *memore of sore*, remembering pain.
sterne in Aurore, star of the morning. *steven*, voice. *whill*,
till. *store*, trouble. *hore*, old age. *nevin*, name,
proclaim. *wiss paviss*, wise shield. *train*, allurement.
palestral, like a palace.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Hospital royal, the lord of all
Thy closet did include ;
Bright ball crystal, rose virginal
Fulfillit of angel food !
Ave Maria, gratia plena !
Thy birth has with his blude,
Fra fall mortal original
Us ransound on the rood.

29.

The Golden Targe

RIGHT as the stern of day begouth to shine,
When gone to bed were Vesper and Lucine,
I raise and by a rosier did me rest ;
Up sprang the golden candle matutine
With clear depurit beames crystalline,
Glading the merry fowlis in their nest ;
Or Phœbus was in purpur cape revest
Up sprang the lark, the hevenis minstrel fine,
In May, in-till a morrow mirthfullest.

Full ángelic thir birdis sang their houris
Within their courtens green in-to their bouris,
Apparelit white and red, with blumis sweet ;
Enamelit was the felde with all colouris,
The pearly droppis shake in silver shouris,
Whill all in balm did branch and leavës flete ;
Depairt fra Phœbus, did Aurora greet,
Her crystal tearis I saw hing on the flouris,
Whilk he for lufe all drank up with his heat.

28. *ransound*, ransomed.
revest, clothed.

29. *begouth*, began.

or, ere.

flete, float.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,
The birdis sang upon the tender croppis

With curious note, as Venus chapel-clerkis :
The roses reid, now spreading of their knoppis,
Were powderit bricht with heavenly beriall droppis,
Throw beames red birning as ruby sparkis ;
The skiës rang for shouting of the larkis,
The purpour heaven our-scailit in silver sloppis,
Our-gilt the treis, branchis, leavës and barkis.

Doun throw the ryss ane river ran with streames,
So lustily agane thae likand leames

That all the lake as lamp did leam of licht,
Whilk shadowit all about with twinkling gleames,
That bewis bathit were in second beames
Throw the reflex of Phœbus' visage bricht.
On every side the hedges raise on hicht,
The bank was green, the brook was full of bremes,
The stanneris clear as stern in frosty nicht.

The crystal air, the sapphire firmament,
The ruby skiës of the orient,

Kest beriall beames on emerant bewis green ;
The rosy garth, depaint and redolent
With purpour, azure, gold, and goulis gent,
Arrayed was by dame Flora the queen
So nobily that joy was for to seen :

croppis, shoots. *knoppis*, buds. *beriall*, beryl-like. *our-scailit in silver sloppis*, covered with silver clouds like scales: a 'mackerel sky.' *our-gilt*, gilded all over. *ryss*, brushwood. *agane*, against. *likand leames*, pleasing flashes. *lake*, water. *shadowit*, flitted in shadows. *bewis*, boughs. *bremes*, pebbly shallows. *stanneris*, water-worn stones. *rosy garth*, rose-garden. *goulis gent*, delicate red (gules).

WILLIAM DUNBAR

The rock agane the river resplendent
As lowe enluminit all the leavës sheen.

What throw the merry fowlis harmony,
And throw the riveris soun that ran me by,
On Florais mantle I sleepit where I lay,
Where sune in-to my dreames fantasy
I saw approach agane the orient sky
Ane sail as white as blossom upon spray,
With mast of gold, bricht as the stern of day,
Whilk tendit to the land full lustily,
As falcon swift desirous of her prey.

And hard on burd unto the blumit meadis,
Amangis the greenë rispis and the reedis,
Arrivit scho ; where-fro anon there landis
Ane hundreth ladies, lusty in-till weedis,
As fresh as flouris that in May up-spreadis,
In kirtillis green, withouttin kell or bandis ;
Their bricht hairis hang glittering on the strandis
In tresses clear, wyppit with golden threadis,
With pappis white, and middillis small as wandis.

Describe I wald, bot who couth weel endite
How all the fieldis with thae lilies white
Depaint were bricht, whilk to the heaven did
glete ?
Nocht thou, Homer, as fair as thou couth write,

<i>as lowe</i> , like fire.	<i>on burd</i> , on ground (ashore).	<i>rispis</i> ,
grass.	<i>weedis</i> , raiment.	<i>kell</i> , head-dress.
entwined.	<i>middillis</i> , waists.	<i>wyppit</i> ,
	<i>glete</i> , glitter.	

WILLIAM DUNBAR

For all thy ornate stylë so perfite,
Nor yit thou, Tullius, whose lippis sweet
Of rethorik did in-to termis flete :
Your aureate tonguës both been all too lite
For to compile that paradise complete.

There saw I Nature, and dame Venus queen,
The fresh Aurora, and lady Flora sheen,
Iuno, Latona, and Proserpina,
Dian, the goddess chaste of woodis green,
My lady Cleo that help of makaris been,
Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerva,
Fair feigned Fortune, and leamand Lucina.
Thir mighty queenis in crounis might be seen,
With beames blith, bricht as Lucifera.

There saw I May, of mirthful monethis queen,
Betwix Aprile and June, her sisteris sheen,
Within the garden walking up and down,
Wham of the fowlis gladdeth all bedene ;
Scho was full tender in-till her yearis green.
There saw I Nature present her a gown
Rich to behald and noble of renoun,
Of every hue that under the heaven has been
Depaint, and broud be gude proportioun.

Full lustily thir ladies all in fere
Enterit within this park of most plesere,
Where that I lay helit with leavës ronk ;

makaris, poets. *leamand*, shining. *wham of*, of whom.
gladdeth, are glad. *bedene*, quickly. *broud*, braided. *fere*,
company. *helit*, concealed. *ronk*, rank.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

The merry fowlis, blisfullest of cheer,
Salust Nature, me-thocht, in their mannér,
And every bloom on branch and eke on bonk
Openit and spread their balmy leavës donk,
Full low inclining to their Queen full clear,
Wham of their noble nurissing they thonk.

Syne to dame Flora on the samen wise
They saluse and they thank a thousand syis,
And to dame Venus, lufis mighty queen,
They sang ballatis in lufe, as was the guise,
With amorous notis most lusty to devise,
As they that had lufe in their hairtis green ;
Their honey throatis, op'nit fro the spleen,
With warbillis sweet did pierce the heavenly skies,
Whill loud resounit the firmament serene.

Ane-other court there saw I subsequent ;
Cupid the king, with bow in hand ay bent
And dreadful arrowis grundin sharp and square ;
There saw I Mars, the god armipotent,
Awful and sternë, strong and corpulent ;
There saw I crabbit Saturn auld and hair,
His luik was like for to perturb the air ;
There was Mercurius, wise and eloquent,
Of rethorik that fand the flouris fair.

There was the god of gardenis, Priapus ;
There was the god of wilderness, Phanus ;
And Janus, god of entries delectable ;

salust, saluted. *donk*, moist. *thonk*, thanked. *syis*,
times. *Phanus*, Faunus.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

There was the god of fludis, Neptunus ;
There was the god of windis, Eolus,
 With variand luik, richt like a lord unstable ;
 There was Bacchus, the gladder of the table ;
There was Pluto, the elritch incubus,
 In cloak of green, his court usit no sable.

And every one of thir, in green arrayit,
On harp or lute full merrily they playit,
 And sang ballattis with mighty notis clear.
Ladies to dance full soberly assayit,
Endlang the lusty river so they mayit,
 Their observance richt heavenly was to hear.
 Than crap I throw the leavës and drew near,
Where that I was richt suddenly affrayit
 All throw a luik whilk I haue coft full dear.

And shortly for to speak, of lufis queen
I was aspyit. Scho bade her archeris keen
 Go me arrest ; and they no time delayit.
Than ladies fair let fall their mantillis green,
With bowis big in tressit hairis sheen.
 All suddenly they had a felde arrayit ;
 And yit richt greatly was I nocht affrayit,
The party was so plesant for to seen.
 A wonder lusty bicker me assayit.

And first of all, with bow in hand ay bent,
Come dame Beauty richt as scho wald me shent ;
 Syne followit all her damosellis in fere,

coft, bought. *felde*, place (for tournament), lists. *wonder*
lusty bicker, wondrous strong attack. *wald me shent*, would
have destroyed me.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

With many diverse awful instrument,
Unto the press ; Fair Having with her went,
 Fine Portraiture, Plesance, and lusty Cheer.
 Than come Reason, with shield of gold so clear.
In plate and mail, as Mars armipotent,
 Defendit me that noble chevalier.

Syne tender Youth come with her virginis ying
Green Innocence, and shameful Abasing,
 And quaking Dread, with humill Obedience.
The Golden Targë harmit they no-thing ;
Courage in them was nocht begun to spring ;
 Full sore they dread to done a violence.
Sweet Womanheid I saw come in presence ;
Of artilye a warld she did in bring,
 Servit with ladies full of reverence.

Scho led with her Nurture and Lawliness,
Continuance, Patience, Gude Fame, and Sted-
 fastness,
 Discretion, Gentrice, and Considerance,
Lefull Company and Honest Business
Benignë Luik, Mild Cheer, and Soberness,
 All thir bure ganyeis to do me grievance,
 But Reason bure the Targe with sic constance
Their sharp assayes nicht do no dures
 To me for all their awful ordinance.

Unto the press persewit Hie Degree ;
Her followit ay Estate and Dignitie,
 Comparison, Honour, and Noble Array,
 all thir bure ganyeis, all these bore arrows.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Will, Wantonness, Renoun, and Libertie,
Richess, Fredome, and eke Nobilitie.

Wit ye they did their banner hie display ;
A cloud of arrowis as hail-shour lousit they
And shot, whill wasted was their artilye,
Syne went aback rebuttit of their prey.

When Venus had perceivit this rebute,
Dissimulance scho bade go mak pursuit,

At all powér to pierce the Golden Targe ;
And scho that was of doubleness the root
Askit her choice of archeris in refute.

Venus the best bade her to wale at large ;
Scho tuk Presence plicht anker of the barge,
And Fair Calling that weel a flane could shoot,
And Cherissing for to complete her charge.

Dame Hameliness scho tuk in company,
That hardy was, and hende in archery,
And brocht dame Beauty to the felde again.

With all the choice of Venus' chivalry
They come, and bickerit unabasitly.

The shour of arrowis rappit on as rain ;
Perilous Presence, that mony syre has slain,
The battle brocht on bordour hard me by ;
The salt was all the sarar, sooth to sayn.

Thick was the shot of grundin dartis keen ;
Bot Reason with the Shield of Gold so sheen
Weirly defendit, who-so-ever assayit.

refute, defence. *plicht anker*, sheet-anchor. *bickerit unabasitly*, battered without fear. *syre*, man. *on bordour*, etc., on to the frontier close by me. *salt*, assault. *sarar*, more severe.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

The awful stoure he manly did sustene,
Whill Presence kest a powder in his een,
And than as drunken man he all forvayit.
When he was blind the fule with him they playit
And baneist him amang the bewis green.
That sair sicht me suddenly affrayit.

Than was I woundit till the death weel near
And yolden as a woeful prisonér
To lady Beauty in a moment space.
Me-thocht scho seemit lustier of cheer
Eftir that Reason had tint his eyen clear
Than of before, and luflier of face.
Why was thou blindit, Reason ? why, alas !
And gart ane hell my paradise appear,
And mercy seem, where that I fand no grace.

Dissimulance was busy me to sile
And Fair Calling did oft upon me smile
And Cherissing me fed with wordis fair ;
New Acquaintance embracit me a while,
And favourit me whill men nicht ga ane mile,
Syne tuk her leif ; I saw her never mair.
Than saw I Danger toward me repair ;
I couth eschew her presence be no wile ;
On side scho lukit with ane fremit fare.

And at the last Depairting couth her dress,
And me deliverit unto Heaviness
For to remain, and scho in cure me tuk.

forvayit, went astray. *sile*, 'blind. *on side*, askance.
fremit fare, strange demeanour.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Be this the Lord of Windis, with wodeness,
God Eolus, his bugle blew I guess,
That with the blast the leavës all to-shuke,
And suddenly, in the space of ane luik,
Al was hyne went, there was bot wilderness,
There was no more bot birdis, bank, and brook.

In twinkling of ane e'e to ship they went,
And swyth up sail unto the top they stent,
And with swift course attour the flood they frak.
They firit gunnis with powder violent,
Till that the reek raise to the firmament ;
The rockes all resoundit with the rak ;
For reird it seemit that the rainbow brak.
With spreit affrayit upon my feet I sprent,
Amang the clewis so carefull was the crack.

And as I did awauk of my sweving
The joyfull birdis merrily did sing
For mirth of Phœbus' tender beames sheen ;
Sweet were the vapouris, soft the morrowing,
Halesome the vale, depaint with flouris ying ;
The air attemperit, sober, and amene ;
In white and red was all the felde beseen,
Throw Naturis noble fresh enameling,
In mirthful May of every moneth queen.

O reverend Chaucer, rose of rethoris all,
As in our tongue ane flour imperial,
That raise in Britain ever, who readis richt,

swyth, quickly. *stent*, hoisted. *frak*, hastened. *sprent*,
suddenly sprang. *clewis*, rock-clefts.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Thou bearis of makaris the triumph royal ;
Thy fresh enamelit termes celicall
 This matter could illuminit have full bricht.
Was thou nocht of our Inglis all the licht,
Surmounting every tongue terrestriall,
 As far as Mayēs morrow dois midnicht ?

O morall Gower, and Lydgate laureate,
Your sugarit lippis and tonguës aureate
 Been to our earis cause of great delight.
Your ángelic mouthis most mellifluate
Our rude language has clear illuminate,
 And fair our-gilt our speech, that imperfite
 Stude or your golden pennis shope to write.
This Isle before was bare and desolate
 Of rethorik, or lusty fresh endite.

Thou little Quair, be ever obedient,
Humble, subject, and simple of entent
 Before the face of every cunning wicht,
I knaw what thou of rethorik has spent.
Of all her lusty roses redolent
 Is none in-to thy garland set on hicht,
 Eshame therefore, and draw thee out of sicht,
Rude is thy weid, destitute, bare, and rent,
 Weel oucht thou be afearit of the licht.

shope, undertook. *Quair*, book.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

30. *The Thrissil and the Rose* ¹

WHEN Merchë was with variand windis past,
And Aprile had, with her silver shouris,
Ta'en leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that moder is of flouris,
Had made the birdis to begin their houris
Amang the tender odouris reid and white,
Whose harmony to hear it was delight ;

In bed at morrow, sleeping as I lay,
Me-thocht Aurora with her crystal een
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage pale and green ;
On whose hand a lark sang fro the spleen,
'Awauk, luvaris, out of your slumbering !
See how the lusty morrow dois up-spring.'

Me-thocht fresh May before my bed upstude,
In weid depaint of mony diverse hue,
Sober, bening, and full of mansuetude,
In bricht attire of flouris forgit new,
Heavenly of colour, white, reid, broun, and blue,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phœbus' beames,
Whill all the house illuminit of her leames.

'Sluggard,' scho said, 'awauk anon for shame,
And in my honour something thou go write ;

halsit, greeted. *bening*, benign.

¹ The poem was written in honour of the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., in 1503.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

The lark has done the merry day proclaim,
To raise up luvaris with comfort and delight ;
Yit nocht increases thy courage to indite,
Whose hairt sometime has glaid and blissful been,
Sangis to mak under the leavës green.'

' Whereto,' quod I, ' sall I uprise at morrow,
For in this May few birdis heard I sing ?
They haif more cause to weep and plain their
sorrow ;
Thy air it is nocht wholesome nor bening ;
Lord Eolus dois in thy season ring ;
So busteous are the blastis of his horn,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.'

With that this lady soberly did smile,
And said, ' Uprise, and do thy observance ;
Thou did promit, in Mayis lusty while,
For to describe the Rose of most plesance.
Go see the birdis how they sing and dance,
Illuminit owre with orient skiës bricht,
Enamellit richly with new azure licht.'

When this was said, depairtit scho, this queen,
And enterit in a lusty garden gent ;
And than, me-thocht, full hastily beseen,
In serk and mantle eftir her I went
In-to this garth, most dulce and redolent
Of herb and flour and tender plantis sweet,
And greenë leavës doing of dew doun flete.

The purpour sun, with tender beames reid,
In orient bricht as angel did appear,

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Throw golden skiës putting up his heid,
Whose giltë tresses shone so wonder clear,
That all the world tuk comfort, far and near,
To luik upon his fresh and blissful face,
Doing all sable fro the heavenis chase.

And as the blissful soun of hierarchy
The fowlis song throw comfort of the licht ;
The birdis did with open voices cry,
‘ O, luvaris foe, away thou dully Nicht !
And welcome, Day, that comfortis every wicht !
Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora sheen,
Hail princess Natúre, hail Venus, luvis queen ! ’

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibition there
To fierce Neptunus and Eolus the bauld,
Nocht to perturb the water nor the air,
And that no shouris nor blastis cauld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fauld.
Scho bade eke Juno, goddess of the sky,
That scho the heaven suld keep amene and dry.

Scho ordain’d eke that every bird and beast
Before her hieness suld anon compear,
And every flour of virtue, most and least,
And every herb be field far and near,
As they had wont in May fro year to year,
To her their makar to mak obedience,
Full law inclinand with all due reverence.

With that anon scho send the swiftë Roe
To bring in beastis of all conditioun ;

hierarchy, the angel choir.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

The restless Swallow commandit scho also
To fetch all fowl of small and great renoun ;
And to gar flouris compear of all fassoun
Full craftily conjurit scho the Yarrow,
Whilk did furth swirk as swift as ony arrow.

All present were in twinkling of ane e'e,
Baith beast and bird and flour, before the queen.
And first the Lion, greatest of degree,
Was callit there ; and he, most fair to seen,
With a full hardy countenance and keen,
Before dame Nature come, and did incline,
With visage bauld and courage leonine.

This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,
Piercing of luik, and stout of countenance,
Richt strong of corporis, of fassoun fair, but fere,
Lusty of shape, licht of deliverance ;
Reid of his colour, as is the ruby glance,
On field of gold he stude full michtily,
With flour-de-lis circulit lustily.

This Lady liftit up his cluvis clear,
And let him listly lean upon her knee,
And crownit him with diadem full dear,
Of rarious stonis, most royal for to see,
Saying, ' The King of Beastis mak I thee,
And the chief protector in woodis and shawis ;
Unto thy lieges go furth and keep the lawis.

Yarrow, herb milfoil. *swirk*, spring. *but fere*, without fellow
(match). *deliverance*, motion. *cluvis*, claws. *listly*, willingly.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

‘ Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
And lat no small beast suffer scaith na scornis
Of great beastis that been of more piscence ;
Do law alike to apes and unicornis,
And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis
The meek pleuch-ox oppress, for all his pride,
Bot in the yoke, go peacëable him beside.’

When this was said, with noise and soun of joy,
All kind of beastis in-to their degree,
At onis cryit lawd, ‘ Vive le Roy ! ’
And till his feet fell with humilitie,
And all they made him homage and feaute ;
And he did them receive with princely laitiss,
Whose noble ire is proceir prostratis.

Syne crownit scho the Eagle King of Fowlis,
And as steel dartis shairpit scho his penniss,
And bade him be as just to awppis and owlis,
As unto peacockis, papinjais, or cranis,
And mak a law for wicht fowlis and for wrennis ;
And lat no fowl of ravin do effray,
Nor devour birdis bot his awn prey.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on field,
Discerning all their fassounis and effeiris.
Upon the awful Thrissill scho beheld,
And saw him keepit with a bush of spearis ;
Consid’ring him so able for the weiris,
A radious croun of rubies scho him gaif,
And said, ‘ In field go furth, and fend the laif ;

piscence, puissance. *bowgle*, buffalo. *proceir prostratis*,
capable of defending the prostrate. *awppis*, whaups, curlews.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

‘ And, sen thou art a king, thou be discreet ;
Herb without virtue thou hald nocht of sic price
As herb of virtue and of odour sweet ;
And lat no nettle vile and full of vice,
Her fellow to the gudely flour-de-lis ;
Nor lat no wild weed, full of churlishness,
Compare her till the lily’s nobleness.

‘ Nor hald non other flour in sic dainty
As the fresh Rose, of colour reid and white ;
For gif thou dois, hurt is thine honesty,
Considering that no flour is so perfite,
So full of virtue, plesance, and delight,
So full of blissful ángelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignitie.’

Than to the Rose scho turnit her visage,
And said, ‘ O lusty dochter most bening,
Abufe the lily illustare of linnage,
Fro the stock royal rising fresh and ying,
But ony spot or macull doing spring ;
Come, bloom of joy, with gemmis to be crown’d,
For owre the laif thy beauty is renowned.’

A costly crown, with clarified stonis bricht,
This comely queen did on her heid inclose,
Whill all the land illuminit of the licht ;
Wherefore me-thocht all flouris did rejoice,
Crying attonis, ‘ Hail be thou, richest Rose !
Hail, herbis empress ! hail freshest queen of flouris !
To thee be glory and honour at all houris ! ’

thou hald, hold thou. *lily, i.e.* France.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Than all the birdis song with voice on hicht,
Whose mirthfull soun was marvellous to hear.
The mavis song, ' Hail, Rose most rich and richt,
That dois up-flouriss under Phœbus' sphere !
Hail, plant of youth, hail, princess' dochter dear,
Hail, blossom, breaking out of the blude royal,
Whose precious virtue is imperial ! '

The merle scho sang, ' Hail, Rose of most delight,
Hail, of all flouris queen and soverane ! '
The lark scho sang, ' Hail, Rose, both reid and
white,
Most plesant flour, of mighty colouris twain ! '
The nichtingale song, ' Hail, Naturis suffragane,
In beauty, nurture, and every nobleness,
In rich array, renown and gentleness ! '

The common voice up-raise of birdis small,
Upon this wise, ' O blissit be the hour
That thou was chosen to be our principal !
Welcome to be our princess of honour,
Our pearl, our plesance, and our paramour,
Our peace, our play, our plain felicitie,
Christ thee conserf from all adversitie ! '

Than all the birdis song with sic a shout,
That I anon awoke where that I lay,
And with a braid I turnit me about
To see this court ; bot all were went away.
Than up I leanit, halflingis in effray,
And thus I writ, as ye haif heard to-forrow,
Off lusty May upon the nint morrow.

braid, bound.
to-forrow, before.

halflingis in effray, half afraid (in fear).

WILLIAM DUNBAR

31. *The Petition of the Grey Horse, Auld Dunbar*

Now lufferis comis with largess loud
Why sould not palfreyis than be proud,
When gillettis will be schom'd and shroud
That ridden are baith with lord and lewd ?

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

When I was young and into ply,
And wald cast gammaldis to the sky,
I had been bocht in realmes by,
Had I consentit to be sauld.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

With gentle horse when I wald knype
Than is there laid on me ane whip ;
To coal-heaveris than maun I skip
That scabbit are, has cruke and cauld.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

Thoch in the stall I be nocht clappit
As courseris that in silk been trappit,
With ane new house I wald be happit
Aganis this Christenmas for the cauld.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

now, i.e. at Christmas. gillettis, wanton fillies. schom'd and shroud, dressed and decked. ane Yuillis yald, a Yule's jade, one who was not lucky enough to wear some new clothing at Christmas. ply, condition. gammaldis, gambols. had been, could have been. knype, eat. house, horse-cloth.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Suppose I were ane auld yade aver,
Shot furth owre cleuch to pull the claver,
And had the strength of all Stranaver,
I wald at Yuill be housit and stall'd.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

I am ane auld horse, as ye know,
That ever in dule dois drug and draw ;
Great court horse puttis me fra the staw
To fang the fog be firth and fauld.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

I haif run lang furth in the field
On pastouris that are plain and peel'd ;
I micht be now ta'en in for eild ;
My beikis are spruning hie and bauld.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

My mane is turned in-to white,
And thereof ye haif all the wyte ;
When other horse had bran to bite
I gat bot girss, knype gif I wald.

Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald.

yade aver, worn-out horse. *staw*, stall. *fang the fog*, crop
the moss. *peel'd*, stripped bare. *beikis*, corner-teeth. *spruning*,
sticking out. *wyte*, blame. *girss*, grass. *knype*, eat.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

I was never dautit into stable ;
My life has been so miserable
My hide to offer I am bot able
For evil-schom strae that I rive wald.
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

And yit, suppose my thrift be thine,
Gif that I die your aucht within
Lat never the souteris have my skin
With ugly gummes to be gnawin.
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

The court has done my courage cule,
And made me ane for-ridden mule ;
Yet, to wear trappouris at this Yuill,
I wald be spurrit at everie spald.
Sir, let it never in toun be tauld
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald !

RESPONSIO REGIS

Eftir our writingis, Thesaurer,
Tak in this grey horse, Auld Dunbar,
Whilk in my aucht with service true
In lyart changeit is in hue.
Gar house him now aganis this Yuill,
And busk him like ane bishopis mule ;
For with my hand I have endost
To pay whatever his trappouris cost.

evil-schom strae, ill-saved, mouldy straw. *your aucht within*,
in your possession. *trappouris*, trappings. *spald*, shoulder.
in lyart changeit, grown grey.

GAVIN DOUGLAS

? 1475-1522

32.

Winter

THE frosty region ringis of the year,
 The time and season bitter cauld and pale,
 The short dayis that clerkis clepe brumail,
 When brymë blastis of the northern airt
 Ourwhelmit had Neptunus in his cairt,
 And all to-shake the leavës of the trees,
 The rageand storm ourwalterand wally seas.
 Riveris ran reid on spate with water broun,
 And burnis hurlis all their bankis down ;
 And landbrist rumland rudely with sic bir,
 So loud ne rummist wild lion or beir.
 Fludis monstreis, sic as mereswine or whalës,
 For the tempest law in the deep devallis.
 Mars occident, retrograde in his sphere,
 Provocand strife, reignèd as lord that year ;
 Rainy Orion with his stormy face
 Bewailit of the shipman by his race ;
 Frawart Saturn, chill of complexion,
 Throw whase aspect dearth and infection
 Been causit oft, and mortal pestilence,
 Went progressive the 'grees of his ascens ;

<i>ringis</i> , reigns.	<i>brumail</i> , wintry.	<i>brymë</i> , violent.
<i>northern airt</i> , north	<i>quarter</i> .	<i>ourwalterand</i> , weltering.
<i>wally</i> , wavy, stormy.	<i>landbrist</i> , breaking down of a bank by	
water.	<i>rumland</i> , rumbling.	<i>bir</i> , noise.
<i>rummist</i> ,		
bellowed.	<i>beir</i> , boar.	<i>mereswine</i> , dolphins.
<i>devallis</i> , descend.	<i>by his race</i> , out of his course.	<i>law</i> , low.
contrary.		<i>frawart</i> ,

GAVIN DOUGLAS

And lusty Hebe, Juno's dochter gay,
 Stude spulyeit of her office and array.
 The soil ysowpit into water wak,
 The firmament ourkest with rokis black,
 The ground fadit, and fauch wox all the fieldis,
 Mountain toppis sleikit with snaw ourheildis ;
 On ragged rockis of hard harsk whin stane,
 With frozen frontis cauld clynty clewis shane ;
 Beautie was lost, and barrand shew the landis,
 With frostis hair ourfret the fieldis standis.
 Sour bitter bubbis, and the showris snell,
 Seemit on the sward ane similitude of hell,
 Reducing to our mind, in every steid,
 Ghostly shadowis of eild and grisly dede.
 Thick drumly scuggis derknit so the heaven ;
 Dim skyis oft furth warpit fearful levin,
 Flaggis of fire, and mony felloun flaw,
 Sharp soppis of sleet, and of the snipand snaw.
 The dowie ditches were all donk and wait,
 The law valley flodderit all with spate,
 The plain streetis and every hië way
 Full of flushis, dubbis, mire and clay.
 Lagerit leas wallowit fernis shew,
 Broun muiris kithit their wisnit mossy hue,

spulyeit, despoiled. *ysowpit into*, soaked with. *wak*, watery.
rokis, mists. *fauch*, dun. *wox*, waxed, became. *sleikit*,
 covered. *ourheildis*, are hidden. *harsk*, rough. *clynty*,
 stony. *clewis*, cliffs. *shane*, shone. *bubbis*, blasts.
dede, death. *drumly*, dark. *scuggis*, shadows. *warpit*,
 hurled. *felloun*, dreadful. *flaw*, blast. *soppis*, clouds.
snipand, nipping. *dowie*, dreary. *donk*, dank. *wait*, wet.
flodderit, flooded. *flushis*, slush. *dubbis*, mud-holes.
lagerit, bemired. *fernīs*, ferns. *kithit*, showed. *wisnit*,
 wizened, dried-up.

GAVIN DOUGLAS

Bank, brae, and boddum blanchit wox and bare ;
 For gurll weddir growit beastis hair ;
 The wind made wave the reid weed on the dyke ;
 Bedovin in donkis deep was every syk ;
 Owre craggis, and the front of rockis seir,
 Hang great ice-schoklis lang as ony spear ;
 The grund stude barrand, widderit, dosk and
 grey,
 Herbis, flouris, and gersis wallowit away ;
 Woddis, forestis, with nakit bewis blout,
 Stude strippit of their weid in every hout.
 So busteously Boreas his bugle blew,
 The deer full dern doun in the dalës drew ;
 Small birdis, flockand throw thick ronis thrang,
 In chirming and with cheeping changit their
 sang,
 Seekand hidlis and hirnīs them to hide
 Fra fearful thudis of the tempestuous tide.
 The water-linnis routtis, and every lind
 Whisslit and brayt of the swouchand wind.
 Puir laboureris and busy husbandmen
 Went wet and weary draglit in the fen ;
 The silly sheep and their little herd-groomis
 Lurkis under lea of bankis, wodis, and broomis ;
 And other dantit greater bestial,
 Within their stabillis sesyt into stall,

boddum, bottom, *i.e.* valley. *gurll weddir*, boisterous weather.
growit beastis hair, the hair on animals waved (with the tempest).
bedovin, sunk. *syk*, trench, furrow. *seir*, various. *gersis*,
 grasses. *bewis*, boughs. *blout*, bare. *weid*, covering.
hout, wood, copse. *ronis*, shrubs. *chirming*, chirping.
hidlis, hiding-places. *hirnīs*, corners. *routtis*, roar. *lind*,
 linden, lime-tree. *swouchand*, howling. *dantit*, frightened.
essyt, tethered.

GAVIN DOUGLAS

Sic as mulis, horse, oxen and kye,
Fed tuskit boaris, and fat swine in sty,
Sustainit were by manis governance
On harvest and on simmeris purveyance.
Widewhere with force so Eolus shouuttis shill
In this congealit season sharp and chill,
The caller air, penetrative and pure,
Dasing the bluid in every creäture,
Made seek warm stovis, and bien firës hot,
In double garmont cled and wylie-coat,
With mighty drink, and meatis comfortive,
Agane the stormy winter for to strive.

From The Prologue of the Seventh Buik of Eneados.

ANONYMOUS AND OF UNCERTAIN AUTHORSHIP

33. *O Lusty May*

O LUSTY May with Flora queen !
The balmy dropis from Phœbus sheen !
Preluciand beams before the day
Be that Diana growis green,
Through glaidness of this lusty May.

Than Esperus, that is so bricht,
Till woeful haitis castis his licht,
With bankis that blumis on every brae ;
And shouris are shed furth of their sicht,
Through glaidness of this lusty May.

32. *widewhere*, far and wide. *skill*, shrilly. *dasing*,
benumbing. 33. *be that*, by which. *till*, to.

ANONYMOUS

Birdis on bewis of every birth,
 Rejoicing notis makand their mirth
 Right plesantly upon the spray,
 With flourishingis owre field and firth,
 Through glaidness of this lusty May.

All lovaris that are in care,
 To their ladies they do repair,
 In fresh morningis before the day,
 And are in mirth ay mair and mair,
 Through glaidness of this lusty May.

Of every moneth in the year,
 To mirthful May there is no peer,
 Her glist'rin' garments are so gay ;
 You lovaris all mak merry cheer,
 Through glaidness of this lusty May.

34. *When Flora had Ourfret the Firth*

WHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,
 In May of every moneth queen ;
 When merle and mavis singis with mirth,
 Sweet melling in the shawis sheen ;
 When all luvaris rejoicit been,
 And most desirous of their prey ;
 I heard a lusty luvar maen :
 ' I luve, but I dar nocht assay.

33. *bewis*, boughs. *makand*, making. *firth*, copse.
 34. *ourfret*, adorned. *firth*, the copse. *melling*, mingling.
shawis sheen, bright woods.

ANONYMOUS

‘ Strang are the painis I daily prufe
 Bot yit with patience I sustene,
 I am so fetterit with the lufe
 Only of my lady sheen,
 Whilk for her beauty micht be queen ;
 Natour sa craftily alway
 Has done depaint that sweet serene ;
 Whom I luve I dar nocht assay.

‘ Scho is so bricht of hide and hue,
 I lufe bot her alone, I ween ;
 Is none her lufe that may eschew,
 That blenkis of that dulce amene.
 So comely clear are her twa een,
 That scho ma luvaris does effray,
 Than ever of Greece did fair Helene ;
 Whom I luve I dar nocht assay.’

35. *My Heart is heich Abuse*

MY heart is heich abuse,
 My body is full of bliss,
 For I am set in lufe,
 As weil as I wald wiss ;
 I lufe my lady pure,
 And scho luvis me again ;
 I am her serviture,
 Scho is my soverane.

34. *blenkis of*, catches a glimpse of. *ma*, more. *effray*,
 make afraid (of offending or displeasing her). 35. *heich*, high,
 exalted.

ANONYMOUS

Scho is my very heart,
 I am her hope and heal ;
 Scho is my joy inwart,
 I am her luvar leal ;
 I am her bound and thrall,
 Scho is at my command ;
 I am perpetual
 Her man, both fute and hand.

The thing that may her please
 My body sall fulfil ;
 Whatever her disease,
 It dois my body ill.
 My bird, my bonnie ane,
 My tender babe venust,
 My lufe, my life alane,
 My liking and my lust.

We interchange our hairtis
 In otheris armis soft ;
 Spreitless we twa depairtis
 Usand our luvis oft ;
 We murne when licht day dawis,
 We 'plain the nicht is short,
 We curse the cock that crawis,
 That hinderis our disport.

I glowffin up agast,
 When I her miss on nicht,
 And in my oaxter fast
 I find the bowster richt ;

heal, well-being. *spreitless*, spiritless. *dawis*, dawns.
glowffin, start. *oxter*, bosom (*lit.* 'armpit').

ANONYMOUS

Then languor on me lies,
Like Morpheus the mair,
Whilk causis me uprise
And to my sweet repair :

And then is all the sorrow
Furth of remembrance,
That ever I had a sorrow
In luvis observance.
Thus never I do rest,
So lusty a life I lead,
When that I list to test
The well of womanheid.

Luvaris in pain, I pray
God send you sic remead
As I haif nicht and day,
You to defend from dede ;
Therefore be ever true
Unto your ladies free,
And they will on you rue,
As mine has done on me.

36. *Christis Kirk of the Green*

WAS never in Scotland heard nor seen
Sic dancing nor deray,
Neither at Falkland on the green,
Nor Peblis at the play,

35. *dede*, death. 36. *deray*, tumult.

ANONYMOUS

As was of wooveris, as I ween,
 At Christ Kirk on ane day :
 There come our kitties washen clean
 In their new kirtillis of grey,
 Full gay,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

To dance thir damosellis them dicht,
 Thir lasses licht of laitiss,
 Their glovis was of the raffel richt,
 Their schoon was of the straitis ;
 Their kirtillis were of lincome licht,
 Weil press'd with mony plaitis ;
 They were so nice when men them nicht,
 They squealit like ony gaitis,
 So loud
 At Christis Kirk of the green, that day.

Of all thir maidenis mild as mead
 Was nane so jimp as Gillie ;
 As ony rose her rude was reid,
 Her lyre was like the lily ;
 Fu' yellow, yellow was her heid,
 But scho of lufe was silly,
 Thoch all her kin had sworn her dede,
 Scho wald haif bot sweet Willie
 Alone,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

kitties, girls. *them dicht*, dressed themselves. *licht of laitiss*,
 gay of manners. *raffel*, doeskin. *straitis*, see Glossary.
lincome licht, lincoln green. *them nicht*, came near them.
gaitis, goats. *jimp*, slim. *rude*, apple-cheek. *lyre*, skin.
dede, death.

ANONYMOUS

Scho scornit Jock and skraipit at him,
 And murionit him with mockis ;
 He wald haif luvit, scho wald nocht lat him,
 For all his yellow lockis :
 He chereist her, scho bade gae chat him,
 Scho compt him nocht twa clokkis ;
 So shamefully his short gown set him,
 His limbis was like twa rockis,
 Scho said,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Tom Lular was their minstrel meet,
 O Lord ! as he cou'd lance ;
 He playit so shill, and sang so sweet,
 Whill Towsy tuk a trance.
 Auld Lichtfute there he did forleit,
 And counterfutig France ;
 He use himself as man discreet
 And up took morice dance,
 Full loud,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Than Stevin come steppand in with stendis ;
 No rink micht him arrest,
 Platfute he bobbit up with bendis,
 For Mald he made request.

skraipit, jeered. *murionit*, derided. *chat him*, hang him-
 self. *compt*, valued. *clokkis*, beetles. *rockis*, distaffs.
lance, launch (the fiddle-bow). *whill*, that. *forleit*, forsake.
counterfutig France, imitated a French dance. *use*, behaved.
stendis, strides. *rink*, course. *platfute*, flat-footed. *bendis*,
 bounds.

ANONYMOUS

He lap whill he lay on his lendis
 But risand he was preist,
 Whill that he hoasted at baith th' endis
 For honour of the feast
 That day,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Syne Robene Roy begouth to revel,
 And Dwiny till him druggit ;
 ' Lat be,' quo' Jock ; and ca'd him javell,
 And be the tail him tuggit.
 The kensy cleikit to the cavell,
 But Lord ! than gif they luggit !
 They pairtit hir manly with a nevell ;
 God wait gif hair was ruggit
 Betwix them,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt coud steir him ;
 Great scaith was 't to haif scar'd him ;
 He chesit a flan as did affeir him ;
 The tother said : ' Dirdum, dardum.'
 Throuch baith the cheekis he thocht to cheir
 him,
 Or throw the erse haif char'd him ;

*whill, till. lendis, buttocks. begouth, began. till him
 druggit, to him pulled. javell, rascal. kensy cleikit to the
 cavell, brawler hooked on to the fellow. than gif they luggit,
 how they pulled each other by the ears. hir, them. nevell,
 blow. ruggit, pulled. sturt coud steir, wrath did move.
 chesit a flan, chose an arrow. affeir, please, suit. cheir,
 pierce. char'd, pierced.*

ANONYMOUS

Bot be ane acrebraid it come nocht near him,
 I can nocht tell what marr'd him,
 There,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

With that a friend of his cried, ' Fy ! '
 And up ane arrow drew ;
 He forgit so furiously
 The bow in flenders flew ;
 Sa was the will of God, trow I,
 For had the tree been true,
 Men said, that kend his archery,
 That he had slain anew
 That day,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Ane hasty hensure callit Harry,
 Wha was ane archer heynd,
 Tilt up a tackle withouttin tarry,
 That torment so him teen'd.
 I wait nocht whiddir his hand coud vary
 Or the man was his friend,
 For he escapit throw michtis of Mary
 As man that no ill meant,
 But gude,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Than Lowrie as ane lion lap,
 And sune a flan coud feddir,

forgit, let fly. *hensure*, giddy fellow. *heynd*, skilful.
tilt up a tackle, snatched up a weapon. *teen'd*, enraged. *wait*,
 know. *coud vary*, did shake. *coud feddir*, did feather.

ANONYMOUS

He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
 Thereon to wad a wedder.
 He hit him on the wame a wap,
 It buft like ony bledder ;
 But swa his fortoun was and hap,
 His doublet was made of ledder,
 And saved him,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

A yaip young man that stude him neist
 Loused off a shot with ire ;
 He ettlit the bern in at the breist,
 The bolt flew owre the byre ;
 Ane cryit Fy ! he had slain a priest
 A mile beyond ane mire ;
 Than bow and bag fra him he kest,
 And fled as fierce as fire
 Off flint,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

With forkis and flailis they lat great flappis,
 And flung togiddir like freikis ;
 With bowgaris of barnis they beft blue cappis,
 Whill they of bernis made briggis,
 The reird raise rudely with the rappis,
 When rungis was laid on riggis ;

hecht, threatened. *wad a wedder*, bet a wether-sheep.
buft, made a bursting noise. *bledder*, bladder. *yaip*,
 forward. *ettlit the bern*, aimed at the man. *mire*, bog.
bag, arrow-bag, quiver. *lat*, let drive. *freikis*, stout fellows.
bowgaris, roof-beams. *beft blue cappis*, buffeted blue bonnets.
briggis, bridges. *reird raise*, noise arose. *rungis*, cudgels.
riggis, backs.

ANONYMOUS

The wifis come furth with cryis and clappis :
 ' Lo where my liking liggis,'
 Quo' they
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

They girnit and lat gird with granis,
 Ilk gossip other grievit ;
 Some straik with stingis, some gaderit stanis,
 Some fled and evil mischievit ;
 The minstrel wan within twa wanis ;
 That day full weil he prievit,
 For he come hame with unbirsed banis
 Where fechtaris were mischievit
 For ever,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Heich Hucheoun, with a hazel ryss,
 To red can throw them rummill ;
 He mudlet them down like ony mice,
 He was no barty-bummill.
 Thoch he was wicht he was nocht wise
 With sic jangleris to jummill,
 For fra his thumb they dang a slice,
 Whill he cried : ' Barla-fummill !
 I am slain,'
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

liking liggis, love lies. *granis*, groans. *straik with stingis*,
 struck with pikes. *evil mischievit*, were badly hurt. *wan*
within twa wanis, got inside a house. *prievit*, proved. *unbirsed*,
 unbruised. *heich*, tall. *ryss*, twig. *red*, separate. *rummill*,
 knock about. *mudlet*, dashed. *barty-bummill*, bungler.
wicht, strong. *jummill*, interfere. *barla-fummill*, as school-
 boys say, 'Pax.'

ANONYMOUS

When that he saw his blude so reid,
 To flee nicht no man lat him ;
 He ween'd it been for auld done feid,
 The far sairer it set him.
 He gart his feet defend his heid,
 He thocht ane cried ' Haif at him,'
 Whill he was past out of all plead ;
 He suld been swift that gat him
 Throw speed,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

The town souter in grief was bowdin,
 His wife hang in his waist ;
 His body was with blude all browdin,
 He granit like ony gaist.
 Her glitterand hair, that was full golden,
 So hard in lufe him lest,
 That for her sake he was nocht yolden,
 Seven mile whill he was chas'd
 And mair,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

The miller was of manly mak ;
 To meet him was na mowis ;
 There durst nocht ten come him to tak,
 Sa nowit he their nowis.

lat, prevent. *the far sairer it set*, the more it distressed.
plead, dispute. *souter*, shoemaker. *bowdin*, swollen.
browdin, besmeared. *glitterand*, shining. *lest*, held. *was*
yolden, surrendered. *whill*, till. *na mowis*, no joke. *nowit*
he their nowis, knocked he their heads.

ANONYMOUS

The bushment haill about him brak
 And bickerit him with bowis,
 Syne traitorly behind his back
 They hewit him on the howis
 Behind,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

Twa that was heidmen of the heird
 Ran upon otheris like rammis ;
 Than followit feymen richt onafear'd
 Bet on with barrow trammis.
 Bot where their gobbis was ungeird
 They gat upon the gammis,
 Whill bludy berkit was their beard
 As they had wirreit lambis,
 Maist like
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

The wifis kest up ane hideous yell
 When all thir yunkeris yokit ;
 As fierce as ony fire-flaucht fell,
 Freikis to the field they flockit ;
 Thae carles with clubbis coud other quell,
 Whill blude at breistis out bockit.
 So rudely rang the common bell,
 Whill all the steeple rockit
 For reird,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

bushment haill, whole ambush. *bickerit him with bowis*, struck him with sticks. *howis*, houghs, hips. *heid*, mob. *otheris*, each other. *feymen*, madmen. *gobbis was ungeird*, mouths were unguarded. *gat*, got it. *gammis*, gums. *whill bludy berkit*, till blood-matted. *wirreit lambis*, worried lambs. *thir yunkeris yokit*, those youngsters set to. *out bockit*, spurted out.

ANONYMOUS

When they had birit like baitit bullis
 And branewod brunt in balis,
 They were as meek as ony mulis
 That mangit were with mailis.
 For faintness thae forfochen fulis
 Fell down like flauchter-failis,
 And fresh men come in and held their dulis
 And dang them down in dailis
 Be-dene,
 At Christis Kirk of the green.

When all was done, Dick with ane aix
 Come furth to fell a fiddler ;
 Quod he : ‘ Where are yon hangit smaix
 Richt now wald slain my broder ? ’
 His wife bade him ga hame, ‘ gab-glaikis,’
 And sa did Meg his moder.
 He turned and gaif them baith their paikis,
 For he durst ding nane other,
 For fear
 At Christis Kirk of the green that day.

37. *Peblis to the Play*

AT Beltane, when ilk body bownis
 To Peblis to the play,
 To hear the singin’ and the soundis,
 The solace, sooth to say ;

36. *birit*, bellowed. *branewod brunt in balis*, firewood burnt in bonfires. *mangit*, overloaded. *mailis*, burdens. *forfochen*, weary. *flauchter-failis*, long turfs. *dulis*, stations. *dailis*, heaps. *be-dene*, forthwith. *a fiddler*, a great number. *smaix*, mean fellows. *gab-glaikis*, idle boaster. 37. *bownis*, makes ready to go.

ANONYMOUS

Be firth and forest furth they found ;
 They graithit them full gay ;
 God wait that wald they do, that stound,
 For it was their feast day,
They said,
 Of Peblis to the play.

All the wenches of the west
 Were up or the cock crew ;
 For reiling there nicht na man rest,
 For garray and for glew.
 Ane said, ' My curches are not prest ! '
 Than answerit Meg full blue,
 ' To get an hude, I hald it best ! '
 ' Be Goddis saul that is true,'
Quod scho,
 Of Peblis to the play.

She tuk the tippet be the end,
 To lat it hing scho let not.
 Quod he, ' Thy back sall bear ane bend ; '
 ' In faith,' quod she, ' we meit not ! '
 Scho was so guckit, and so gend,
 That day ane bite scho eat nocht ;
 Than spak her fellowis that her kend,
 ' Be still, my joy, and greet not,
Now,
 Of Peblis to the play ! '

found, went. *wait*, knows.
 turmoil. *garray*, preparation.
 kerchiefs. *bend*, band, ribbon.
 playful.

stound, time. *reiling*,
glew, sport. *curches*,
guckit, foolish. *gend*,

ANONYMOUS

'Ever, alas !' than said scho,
 'Am I nocht clearly tynt ?
 I dar nocht come yon merkat to,
 I am so evil sun-brint.
 Amang you merchants my dudds do,
 Marie ; I sall anis mynt
 Stand off far, and keik them to,
 As I at hame was wont,'
Quod scho,
 Of Peblis to the play.

Hop, calye, and cardronow,
 Gadderit out thick-fauld,
 With 'hey and how rohumbelow'
 The young folk were full bauld.
 The bagpipe blew, and they out-threw
 Out of the townis untauld.
 Lord, sic ane shout was them amang,
 When they were owre the wald,
There west,
 Of Peblis to the play !

Ane young man start into that steid,
 As cant as ony colt,
 Ane birken hat upon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt ;
 Said, 'Merrie maidenis, think not lang ;
 The weddir is fair and smolt.'

<i>tynt</i> , lost. man. place.	<i>calye</i> , woman. <i>cant</i> , lively.	<i>anis mynt</i> , once venture. <i>cardronow</i> , 'prentice-boy.	<i>keik</i> , peep. <i>hop</i> , <i>steid</i> ,
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ANONYMOUS

He cleikit up ane hie rough sang,
There fure ane man to the holt,
Quod he,
 Of Peblis to the play.

They had nocht gane half of the gate
 When the maidenis come upon them,
 Ilk ane man gaif his conceit,
 How at they wald dispone them.
 Ane said, 'The fairest fallis to me ;
 Tak ye the laif and fone them.'
 Ane other said, 'Wys lat me be !
 On, Twedell-side, and on them
Swyth !
 Of Peblis to the play.'

Than he to-ga, and scho to-ga,
 And never ane bade abide you.
 Ane winklot fell, and her tail up ;
 'Wow,' quod Malkin, 'Hide you !
 What needis you to make it swa ?
 Yon man will nor our-ride you.'
 'Are ye owre gude,' quod scho, 'I say,
 To lat them gang beside you,
Yonder,
 Of Peblis to the play ?'

Than they come to the townis end
 Withouttin more delay,
 He before, and scho before,
 To see wha was maist gay.

cleikit, struck. *fone*, befool. *to-ga*, encountered. *winklot*,
 wench. *make it swa*, play the mate so.

ANONYMOUS

All that lukit them upon
Leuch fast at their array ;
Some said that they were merkat folk ;
Some said the Queen of May
Was comit
Of Peblis to the play.

Than they to the tavern-house
With meikle oly prance ;
Ane spak wi' wordis wonder crouse
' A done with ane mischance !
Braid up the burde,' he hydis tyt,
' We are all in ane trance :
See that our nap'ry be white,
For we will dine and dance,
There out,
Of Peblis to the play.'

Ay as the gudewife brocht in,
Ane scorit upon the wauch,
Ane bade pay, ane other said, 'Nay,
Bide whill we reckon our lauch.'
The gudewife said, 'Have ye na dreid ;
Ye sall pay at ye auch.'
Ane young man start upon his feet,
And he began to lauch,
For heydin,
Of Peblis to the play.

oly prance, boisterous merriment. *braid up the burde*, set up
the board. *hydis tyt*, calls soon. *trance*, dance, party.
wauch, wall. *lauch*, bill, reckoning. at ye *auch*, what ye
owe. *heydin*, scorn.

ANONYMOUS

He gat ane trencheour in his hand
And he began to compt :
' Ilk man twa and ane ha'penny !
To pay thus we were wont.'
Ane other start upon his feet,
And said, ' Thou art owre blunt
To tak sic office upon hand !
Be God thou 'servit ane dunt
Of me,
Of Peblis to the play.'

' Ane dunt,' quod he, ' what devil is that ?
Be God, you dar not do 't !'
He start till ane broggit staff,
Winceand as he were wood.
All that house was in ane reird :
Ane cryit, ' The haly rude !
Help us, Lord, upon this erd,
That there be spilt na blude
Herein,
Of Peblis to the play !'

They thrang out at the door at anis
Withouthin ony reddin' ;
Gilbert in ane gutter glade,
He gat na better beddin'.
There was not ane of them that day
Wald do ane otheris biddin'.

ANONYMOUS

Thereby lay three and thretty-some
Thrunland in ane middin'

Of draff,

Of Peblis to the play.

Ane cadger on the merkat gate
Heard them bargane begin ;
He gaif ane shout, his wife came out ;
Scantly scho micht ourhye him : ¹

* * * * * *

He held, scho drew, for dust that day
Micht na man see ane styme

To red them.

Of Peblis to the play.

He start to his great grey mare,
And off he tumblit the creelis.
'Alas !' quod scho, 'Hald our gudeman !'
And on her knees scho kneelis.
'Abide,' quod scho ; 'Why, nay,' quod he ;
In-till his stirrupis he lap ;
The girdin brak, and he flew off,
And upstart baith his heelis,

At anis,

Of Peblis to the play.

His wife came out, and gaif ane shout,
And be the fit scho gat him ;

thrunland, tumbling about. *middin' of draff*, heap of
refuse. *bargane*, to fight. *ourhye*, overtake. *see ane*
styme, see an atom. *red*, separate. *girdin brak*, girth
broke. *fit*, foot.

¹ Two lines of this stanza seem to be lost.

ANONYMOUS

All bedirtin drew him out ;
 ‘ Lord God ! richt weil that sat him ! ’
 He said, ‘ Where is yon cubroun knaif ? ’
 Quod scho, ‘ I rede ye, lat him
 Gang hame his gates.’ ‘ Be God,’ quod he,
 ‘ I sall anis have at him

Yit,

Of Peblis to the play.’

‘ Ye ’fild me, fy for shame ! ’ quod scho ;
 ‘ See as ye have drest me !
 How feel ye, sir ? ’ ‘ As my girdin brak,
 What meikle devil may lest me.
 I wait weil what ; it was
 My awn grey mare that kest me :
 Or gif I was forfochtin faint,
 And syne lay down to rest me,

Yonder,

Of Peblis to the play.’

Be that the bargane was all playit,
 The stringis start out of their nocks ;
 Seven-some that the tulzie made,
 Lay gruffiling in the stocks.
 John Jackson of the nether ward
 Had lever have giffin an ox
 Or he had comen in that company,
 He sware be Goddis locks,

And manis baith,

Of Peblis to the play.

sat him, became him. *cubroun*, low-born. *lest*, hinder.
forfochtin, exhausted. *be that*, by the time that. *nocks*,
 notches (of bows). *gruffiling*, grovelling.

ANONYMOUS

With that Will Swane come sweatand out,
 Ane meikle miller man ;
 ‘ Gif I sall dance have donn, lat see,
 Blaw up the bagpipe than !
 The Schamou’s dance I maun begin ;
 I trow it sall not pane.’
 So heavily he hockit about,
 To see him, Lord, as they ran,
That tide,
 Of Peblis to the play !

They gadderit out of the toun,
 And nearer him they dreuch ;
 Ane bade gife the dancerys room ;
 Will Swane makis wonder teuch.
 Than all the wenches Te he ! they playit ;
 But Lord, as Will Young leuch !
 ‘ Gude gossip, come hync your gates,
 For we have dansit aneuch,
At anis,
 At Peblis to the play.’

Sa fiercely fire-het was the day
 His face began to frekill.
 Than Tisbe tuk him by the hand,
 Was new comen fra the Seckill.
 ‘ Alas,’ quod scho, ‘ what sall I do ?
 And our door has na stekill ! ’

hockit, rocked. *makis wonder teuch*, performs wondrous long.
come hync your gates, come your ways hence. *at anis*, for one
 time. *stekill*, latch.

ANONYMOUS

And scho to-ga as her tail brint,
And all the carlis to ceckle

At her,
Of Peblis to the play.

The piper said, ' Now I begin
To tire for playing to you ;
Bot yit I have gotten naething
For all my piping to you.
Three ha'pennies for half ane day
And that will not undo you ;
And gif ye will gife me richt nocht,
The meikle Devil gang wi' you ! '

Quod he,
Of Peblis to the play.

Be that the dancing was all done,
Their leif tuk less and mair ;
When the winklottis and the wooeris twinit
To see it was hairt sair.
Wat Atkin said to fair Ales,
' My bird, now will I fare.'
The devil a word that scho might speak
Bot swoonit that sweet of swair

For kindness,
Of Peblis to the play.

He sippilit like ane faderless fole ;
' And be still, my sweet thing ! '
' Be the haly rude of Peblis
I may nocht rest for greeting.'

leif, leave. *Ales*, Alison. *that sweet of swair*, that fair one
of the glen-foot. *sippilit*, made a sipping noise.

ANONYMOUS

He whissillit and he pipit baith,
To mak her blyth that meeting :
' My honey part, how sayis the sang,
There sall be mirth at our meeting
Yit,
Of Peblis to the play.'

Be that the sun was settand shaftis ;
And near done was the day :
There men micht hear shriken of chaftis
When that they went their way.
Had there been mair made of this sang,
Mair suld I to you say.
At Beltane ilka body bown'd
To Peblis to the play.

38. *The Murning Maiden*

STILL under the leavës green,
This hinder day, I went alone :
I heard ane may sair murne and maen ;
To the King of Love scho made her moan.
Scho sichit sely sore ;
Said : ' Lord, I lufe thy lore ;
Mair woe dreit never woman one ;
O langsome life, and thou were gone,
Than suld I murne no more ! '

As red gold-wire shinit her hair,
And all in green the may scho glade ;

37. *shriken of chaftis*, smack of lips (in kissing). 38. *this hinder day*, yesterday. *sichit sely*, sighed wretchedly. *glade*, glided.

ANONYMOUS

Ane bent bow in her hand scho bare,
 Under her belt were arrowis braid.
 I followit on that fre,
 That seemly was to see.
 With still murning her moan scho made ;
 That bird under a bank scho bade,
 And leanit to ane tree.

‘ Wanweird ! ’ scho said, ‘ what have I wrocht,
 That on me kyth’t has all this care ?
 True lufe so dear I have thee bocht !—
 Certis so sall I do na mair.
 Sen that I go beguil’d
 With ane that faith has ’fil’d,
 That gars me oft-syis sich sair,
 And walk amang the holtis hair,
 Within the woodis wild.

‘ This great disease for lufe I dree :
 There is no tongue can tell the woe !
 I lufe the lufe, that lufes not me ;
 I may not mend, but murning mo,
 Whill God send some remead,
 Throw destiny or dede ;
 I am his friend, and he my foe !
 My sweet, alas ! why does he so ?
 I wrocht him never na feid !

‘ Withouttin feign I was his friend,
 In word and wark. Great God it wait !

fre, lady. *bird*, young woman. *kyth’t has*, has brought.
holtis hair, grey uplands. *whill*, till. *dede*, death. *feid*,
 cause of feud, wrong. *wait*, knows.

ANONYMOUS

Where he was placit, there list I leynd
 Doand him service air and late ;
 He kepand eftir syne
 Till his honour and mine.
 But now he gais ane other gate,
 And has no e'e to my estate ;
 Whilk does me all this pine.

' It does me pine that I may prufe
 (That makis me thus murning mo)
 My lufe he lufes ane other lufe ;
 Alas, sweethairt ! Why does he so ?
 Why sould he me forsake :
 Have mercy on his make !
 Therefore my hairt will burst in two,
 And thus, walking with da and roe,
 My life now here I take.'

Than weepit scho, lusty in weid ;
 And on her wayis can scho went.
 In hy eftir that heynd I yeid,
 And in my armis coud her hent,
 And said : ' Fair lady, at this tide
 With leif ye maun abide,
 And tell me, who you hidder sent,
 Or why ye bear your bow so bent
 To slay our deer of pride ?

<i>list I leynd</i> , was I well pleased.	<i>make</i> , mate.	<i>da and roe</i> ,
<i>doe and roe-deer</i> .	<i>lusty in weid</i> , fair of raiment.	<i>hy</i> , haste.
<i>yeid</i> , followed.	<i>coud her hent</i> , caught her.	

ANONYMOUS

‘ In waithman weid sen I you find
In this wod walkand your alone,
Your milk-white handis we sall bind
Whill that the blude burst fra the bone ;
Chargeand you to preison,
To the King’s deep dungeon.
They may ken be your fedderit flane
Ye have been mony beistis bane,
Upon thir bentis broun.’

That fre answer’d with fair afeir,
And said : ‘ Sir, mercy for your micht !
Thus maun I bow and arrowis bear,
Because I am ane baneist wicht ;
So will I be full lang.
For God’s lufe lat me gang,
And here to you my troth I plicht,
That I sall, neither day nor nicht,
No wild beast wait with wrang.

‘ Thoch I walk in this forest free
With bow, and eke with fedderit flane,
It is weil mair than dayis three,
And meet or drink yit saw I nane.
Thoch I had never sic need
My self to win my bread,
Your deer may walk, sir, there alane,
Yet was I never na beistis bane :
I may not see them bleed.

waithman weid, huntsman’s dress.
arrow. *bentis broun*, brown mooks.

fedderit flane, feathered

ANONYMOUS

‘ Sen that I never did you ill,
It were no skill ye did me scaith.
Your deer may walk wherever they will :
I win my meat with na sic waith.
I do bot little wrang
But gif I flouris fang.
Gif that ye trow not in my aith,
Tak here my bow and arrowis baith,
And lat my awn self gang.’

‘ I say your bow and arrowis bricht—
I bid not have them, be Sanct Bride !
Bot ye maun rest with me all nicht,
All nakit sleepand be my side.’
‘ I will not do that sin ;—
Leif you this warld to win ! ’
‘ Ye are so hale of hue and hide,
Lufe has me fangit in this tide :
I may not fra you twin.’

Than lukit scho to me, and leuch ;
And said : ‘ Sic lufe I rede you layne ;
Albeit ye mak it never sa teuch,
To me your labour is in vain ;
Were I out of your sicht
The space of half a nicht,
Suppose ye saw me never again—
Lufe has you strenyeit with little pain,
Thereto my troth I plicht.’

waith, skill. *fang, fangit*, catch, caught. *layne*, conceal.

ANONYMOUS

I said : ‘ My sweet, forsooth I sall
 For ever lufe you, and no mo.
 Thoch others lufe, and leif withal,
 Maist certainly I do not so ;
 I do you true lufe hecht,
 Be all thy bewis bricht :
 Ye are so fair, be not my foe ;
 Ye sall have sin, and ye me slo
 Thus throw ane sudden sicht.’

‘ That I you slay, that God forshield !
 What have I done, or said, you till ?
 I was not wont wapins to wield ;
 Bot am ane woman—gif ye will—
 That surely fearis you ;
 And ye not me, I trow.
 Therefore, good sir, take in none ill :
 Sall never berne gar brief the bill
 At bidding me to bow.

‘ Into this wood aye walk I sall,
 Ledand my life as woeful wicht ;
 Here I forsake baith bower and hall,
 And all thir biggings that are bricht !
 My bed is made full cauld
 With beastis brym and bauld,
 That gars me say, baith day and nicht,
 Alas that ever the tongue suld hecht
 That hairt thocht not to hauld ! ’

hecht, promise. *bewis*, limbs. *sall never berne*, etc. (paraphrased) may mean ‘ no man (*berne*) shall ever make me bend my bow at you.’ *brym*, cruel.

ANONYMOUS

Thir words out throw my hairt so went
 That near I weepit for her woe ;
 But thereto wald I not consent,
 And said that it suld not be so ;
 Into my armis swythe
 Embrasit I that blythe,
 Sayand, ' Sweet hairt, of harmis ho !
 Found sall I never this forest fro,
 Whill ye me comfort kyth.'

Than kneelit I before that clear,
 And meikle coud her mercy craif
 That seemly than, with sober cheer,
 Me of her gudliness forgaif :
 It was no need, I wiss,
 To bid us other kiss ;
 There micht no hairts mair joy resaif,
 Nor other culd of other haif :
 Thus brocht were we to bliss.

39.

When Tayis Bank

WHEN Tayis bank was blumit bricht
 With blossomes blicht and braid,
 Be that river ran I doun richt,
 Under the ryss I red.
 The merle melit with all her micht,
 And mirth in morning made,
 Throw solace sound and seemly sicht,
 Alswith a sang I said.

38. *ho*, pause. *found*, go. *kyth*, show. *clear*, fair one.
 39. *blicht*, bright. *ryss*, brushwood. *alswith*, forthwith.

ANONYMOUS

Under the bank where bliss had been
I bownit me to abide,
Ane holene heav'nly hewit green
Richt heyndly did me hide.
The sun shine owre the shawis sheen,
Full seemly me beside,
In bed of blumes bricht beseen,
A sleep couth me ourslide.

About all blumit was my bower,
With blossomes brown and blue,
Ourfret with mony fair fresh flower,
Halesome, of heav'nly hue,
With shakeris of the sheen dew shour,
Shining my courtenis shew,
Arrayit with a rich verdure,
Of natouris workis new.

Raising the birdis fra their rest,
The reid sun raise with rawis,
The lark sang loud, while licht nicht lest,
A lay of luvis lawis ;
The nightingale woke off her nest,
Singing, ' The day updawis ' ;
The mirthful mavis, merriest,
Shill shoutit throw the shawis.

All flouris grew that firth within,
That man couth haif in mind,

holene, holly. *beseen*, provided. *ourslide*, did overtake.
ourfret, embroidered. *shakeris*, drops. *firth*, wood.

ANONYMOUS

And in that flood all fish with fin,
 That créate were be kind ;
 Under the ryss the ra did rin
 Owre ron, owre root, owre rind,
 The dun deer dansit with a din,
 And herdis of hart and hind.

Wod Winter, with his wallowand wind,
 But weir away was went,
 Brasit about with wild woodbind
 Were bewis on the bent ;
 Alone under the lusty lind
 I saw ane luesome lent,
 That ferly were so fair to find
 Under the firmament.

Scho was the lustiest on live,
 Alone leant on a land,
 And fairest figure be sic five,
 That ever in firth I fand ;
 Her comely colour to describe
 I dar nocht tak on hand,
 More womanly born of a wife
 Was never, I dar warrand.

To creäture that was in care,
 Or cauld of cruelty,
 A blicht blenk of her visage bare,
 Of bale his bute nicht be.

ra, roe. *ron*, branch. *rind*, trunk. *wallowand*, withering.
but weir, without doubt. *brasit*, wrapt. *lind*, linden-tree.
lent, maiden. *be sic five*, by five such, by a great deal.

ANONYMOUS

Her hide, her hue, her heav'nly hair
Micht heavy haintis uphie,
So ángelic under the air
Never wicht I saw with ee.

The blossomes that were blicht and bricht
By her were black and blue,
Scho gladit all the fowl of flicht
That in the forest flew.
Scho micht haif comfort king or knicht,
That ever in countrie I knew,
As wale and well of warldly wicht,
In womanly virtúe.

Her colour clear, her countenance,
Her comely crystal een,
Her portraiture of most plesance,
All picture did prevene ;
Of every virtue to avance,
When ladies praisit been,
Richest in my remembrance
That rose is rootit green.

This mild, meek, mansuet Mergrit,
This pearl poleist most white,
Dame Natouris dear dochter discreet,
The diamond of delight,
Never formit was to found on feet
Ane figure more perfite,
Nor none on mould that did her meet
Micht mend her worth a mite.

prevene, surpass. *found*, go. *mould*, earth.

ANONYMOUS

This mirthful maid to meet I ment,
 And merkit furth on mold,
 Bot sune within a wane scho went,
 Most heav'nly to behold.
 The bricht sun with his beamis blent
 Upon the bertis bold,
 Fairest under the firmament
 That formit was on fold.

As paradise that place but peer
 Was plesant to my sicht,
 Of forest and of fresh river,
 Of firth and fowl of flicht ;
 Of birdis bay on bonk and brier
 With blumes breakand bricht,
 As Heav'n, in to this Erd down here,
 Hairtis to hald on hicht.

So went this womanly away
 Amang thir woodis wide,
 And I to hear thir birdis gay
 Did in a bonk abide,
 Where ron and ryss raise in array,
 Endlang the river side ;
 This happnit me in a time in May,
 In-till a morning tide.

The river throw the ryss couth rout
 And roseries raissis on raw,
 The sheen birdis full shill couth shout
 Into that seemly shaw ;

ment, went. *merkit furth*, set forth. *wane*, dwelling. *blent*,
 shone. *bertis*, leafage. *bay*, abounding. *on raw*, in a row.

ANONYMOUS

Joy was within and joy without
Under that unlonkest wa',
Where Tay ran down with streamis stout
Full strecht under Stobshaw.

40. *The Reeds in the Loch say :*

'THOCH raging stormes move us to shake,
And wind mak waters us o'erflow ;
We yield thereto, but do not break,
And in the calm unbent we grow.

'So, baneist men, (thoch princes rage),
And prisoners, be not despairit.
Abide the blast whill that it 'suage ;
For time sic causis has repairit.'

41. *Welcome to May*

BE glaid all ye that luvaris been,
For now has May depaint with green
The hillis, valis and the meadis,
And flouris lustily upspreadis.
Awauk out of your sluggairdy,
To hear the birdis melody,
Who 's sugarit notis, loud and clear,
Is now ane paradise to hear.
Go walk upon some river fair,
Go tak the fresh and wholesome air,

39. *unlonkest wa'*, fairest bank.

40. *baneist*, banished.

ANONYMOUS

Go luik upon the flourist fell,
 Go feel the herbis plesant smell,
 Whilk will your comfort gar incress,
 And all avoid your heaviness.
 The new-clad purpour heaven espy ;
 Behald the lark now in the sky,
 With busy wing scho climbis on hicht,
 For great joy of the dayis licht.
 Behald the verdure fresh of hue,
 Powderit with green, white, and blue,
 Wherewith dame Flora, in this May,
 Dois richly all the field array ;
 And how Aurora, with visage pale,
 Imbalmës with her crystal bale
 The green and tender pilës ying,
 Of every gress that does upspring ;
 And with her berial droppis bricht
 Makis the gressis gleam of licht.
 Luik on the saufir firmament,
 And on the annammellit orient ;
 Luik or Phœbus put up his heid,
 As he does raise his banneris reid ;
 He does the east so bricht attire,
 That all seemis birning in a fire ;
 Whilk comfort does to every thing,
 Man, bird, beast, and flourissing.
 Wherefore, luvaris, be glaid, and licht,
 For short is your heavy nicht,
 And lengthit is your merry day,
 Therefore ye welcome new this May.

bale, light.
saufir, sapphire.

pilës ying, young blades.
annammellit, enamelled.

berial, beryl-like.

ANONYMOUS

And, birdis, do your haill plesance,
With merry song and observance,
This May to welcome at your micht,
At fresh Phœbus' uprising bricht ;
And all ye flouris that does spread
Lay furth your leaves upon braid,
And welcome May with bening cheer,
The queen of every moneth clear.
And every man thank in his mind
The God of nature and of kind,
Whilk ordainit all for our behufe,
The erd under, the air abufe,
Bird, beast, flour, time, day and nicht,
The planetis for to gife us licht.

42. *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*

IN Auchtermuchty there dwelt ane man,
Ane husband, as I heard it tauld,
Wha weil could tipple out a can,
And neither luvit hunger nor cauld.
Whill anis it fell upon a day,
He yokit his pleuch upon the plain ;
Gif it be true as I heard say,
The day was foul for wind and rain.

He lousit the pleuch at the landis en',
And draif his oxen hame at even ;
When he come in he lookit ben,
And saw the wife baith dry and clean,
And sittand at ane fire beikand bauld,
With ane fat soup as I heard say :

42. *beikand*, basking.

ANONYMOUS

The man being very weet and cauld,
Between thae twa it was na play.

Quoth he, ' Where is my horses' corn ?
My ox has neither hay nor strae ;
Dame, ye maun to the pleuch to-morne,
I sall be hussy, gif I may.'
' Husband,' quod scho, ' Content am I
To tak the pleuch my day about,
Sa ye will rule baith calvis and kye,
And all the house baith in and out.

' Bot sen that ye will hussif-skep ken,
First ye sall sift, and syne sall knead ;
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luik that the bairnis be snodly cled.
Ye'se lay ane soft wisp to the kiln,
We haif ane dear farm on our heid ;
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keep weil the gaislingis fra the gled.'

The wife was up richt late at even,
I pray God gife her evil to fare,
Scho kirn'd the kirn, and scum'd it clean,
And left the gudeman bot the bledoch bare.
Than in the morning up scho gat,
And on her hairt laid her disjeune,
Scho put as meikle in her lap,
As micht haif ser'd them baith at noon.

hussif-skep, housewifery. *gaislingis*, goslings. *gled*, kite.
bledoch, buttermilk. *disjeune*, breakfast.

ANONYMOUS

Sayis, ' Jock, will thou be maister of wark,
 And thou sall haud and I sall call ;
 I'se promise thee ane gude new sark,
 Either of round claith or of small.'
 Scho lousit oxen aucht or nine,
 And hynt ane gadstaff in her hand ;
 And the gudeman raise eftir syne,
 And saw the wife had done command.

And ca'd the gaislingis furth to feed,
 There was bot seven-some of them all,
 And by there comis the greedy gled,
 And lickit up five, left him bot twa.
 Than out he ran in all his main,
 How sune he heard the gaislingis cry ;
 Bot than or he come in again,
 The calvis brak louse and soukit the kye.

The calvis and kye being met in the loan,
 The man ran with ane rung to red ;
 Than by there comis ane ill-willy cow,
 And brodit his buttock whill that it bled.
 Than hame he ran to ane rock of tow,
 And he sat down to 'say the spinning ;
 I trow he loutit owre near the lowe,
 Quod he, ' This wark has ill beginning.'

Than to the kirn that he did stoure,
 And jumlit at it whill he swat,

hynt, took. *soukit the kye*, sucked the cows. *loan*, meadow.
rung to red, cudgel to set them in order. *rock*, distaff. *loutit*,
stooped. *lowe*, flame. *jumlit*, churned. *whill*, till.

ANONYMOUS

When he had jumlit a full lang hour,
 The sorrow crap of butter he gat.
 Albeit na butter he could get,
 Yit he was cummerit with the kirn,
 And syne he het the milk owre het,
 And sorrow spark of it wald yirn.

Than ben there come ane greedy sow,
 I trow he cun'd her little thank,
 And in scho shot her meikle mou',
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank.
 He cleikit up ane crukit club,
 And thocht to hit the sow ane rout ;
 The twa gaislingis the gled had left,
 That straik dang baith their harnis out.

Than he bure kindling to the kiln,
 Bot scho start all up in ane lowe,
 Whatever he heard, whatever he saw,
 That day he had na will to mow.
 Than he yeid to tak up the bairnis,
 Thocht to haif fund them fair and clean ;
 The first that he gat in his armis
 It was all dirt up to the een.

Than up he gat on ane knowe-heid,
 On her to cry, on her to shout,
 Scho heard him, and scho heard him not,
 Bot stoutly steer'd the stottis about.

yirn, earn, curdle. *cun'd*, owed. *harnis*, brains. *yeid*,
 went. *stottis*, oxen.

ANONYMOUS

Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lousit the pleuch and syne come hame ;
Scho fand all wrang that sould been richt,
I trow the man thocht richt great shame.

Quod he, ' My office I forsake
For all the dayis of my life,
For I wald put ane house to wraik,
Had I been twenty dayis gudewife.'
Quod scho, ' Weil mot ye bruik the place,
For truly I will never accep' it.'
Quod he, ' Fiend fall the liaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it.'

Than up scho gat ane meikle rung,
And the gudeman made to the door ;
Quod he, ' Dame, I sall hald my tongue,
For an we fecht I 'll get the waur.'
Quod he, ' When I forsook my pleuch,
I trow I bot forsook my seill,
And I will to my pleuch again,
For I and this house will never do weil.'

48. *Wha has gude Malt*

WHА has gude malt and makis ill drink,
Wa mot be her weird !
I pray to God scho rot and stink,
Seven year aboon the erd ;
About her bier na bell to clink,
Nor clerk sing, lewed nor lear'd ;

42. *bruik*, enjoy. *seill*, happiness. 43. *wa mot be*, may woe be.

ANONYMOUS

Bot quite to hell that scho may sink
 The taptre while scho steir'd :
 This beis my prayer
 For that man-slayer,
 Whill Christ in Heaven sall heird.

Wha brewis and givis me of the best,
 Sa it be stark and stale,
 White and clear, weil to digest,
 In Heaven mete her that ale !
 Lang mot scho lif, lang mot scho lest
 In liking ane gude sale ;
 In Heaven or erd that wife be best,
 Without barrat or bale ;
 When scho is deid,
 Withouttin plead,
 Scho pass to Heaven all hail.

44. *Why sould nocht Allane¹ honorit be ?*

WHEN he was young, and cled in green,
 Haifand his hair about his een,
 Baith men and women did him maen,
 When he grew on yon hillis hie :
 Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

His foster fader fure of the toun,
 To vissy Allane he made him boun ;

43. *taptre*, spigot. *steir'd*, was pulling out. *stale*, old.
barrat, trouble. 44. *fure*, went out of. *vissy*, inspect.

¹ The Allane of the poem is Allan-a-Maut or John Barleycorn.

ANONYMOUS

He saw him lying alas ! in swoon,
 For fault of help, and like to die ;
 Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

They saw his heid begin to rive,
 Syne for ane nurice they send belyve,
 Wha brocht with her fifty and five
 Of men of war full prevely :
 Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

They rushit furth like hellis rookis,
 And every one of them had heukis ;
 They caught him shortly in their cluikis,
 Syne band him in ane creddill of tree :
 Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

They brocht him inwart in the land,
 Syne every friend made him his band,
 While they micht either gang or stand,
 Never ane fute fra him to flee :
 Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

The greatest coward in this land,
 Fra he with Allane enter in band,
 Thoch he may neither gang nor stand,
 Yit forty sall not gar him flee :
 Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

Sir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,
 With ane sedge feddir in his top ;

rive, split. *heukis*, sickles. *creddill of tree*, wooden cradle
 or waggon-frame. *fra he*, once he. *in band*, into partnership.
hewmond, helmet. *cop*, cup. *sedge feddir*, fleur-de-lys.

ANONYMOUS

Fra hand to hand so does he hop,
Whill some may neither speak nor see :
Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

In Yule, when ilk man singis his carol,
Gude Allane lies in-to ane barrel ;
When he is there, he doubtis no peril
To come on him be land or sea :
Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

Yit was there never sa gay a gallane,
Fra he meet with our maister, Sir Allane,
Bot gif he hald him by the hallane,
Backward on the flure fallis he :
Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

My maister Allane grew so stark,
Whill he made mony cunning clerk,
Upon their face he settis his mark,
A blude-reid nose beside their ee :
Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

My maister Allane I may sair curse,
He levis no mony in my purse :
At his command I maun deburse
More nor the twa pairt of my fee :
Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

And last, of Allane to conclude,
He is bening, courteous and gude,
And servis us of our daily food,
And that with liberalitie :
Why sould nocht Allane honorit be ?

hald him, supported himself.

hallane, partition (see Glossary).

BALLADS

45.

Sir Patrick Spens

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blood-red wine :
' O where will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine ? '

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee :
' Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

' To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

BALLADS

‘ O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send me out at this time of the year
To sail upon the sea ?

‘ Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.’

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi’ a’ the speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway
Began aloud to say :

‘ Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud,
And a’ our queenis fee ! ’
‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie !

‘ For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half fou o’ gude red goud
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

gane, suffice. *half fou*, eighth part of a peck.

BALLADS

‘ Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’,
Our gude ship sails the morn’ :
‘ Now, ever alake ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

‘ I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we ’ll come to harm.’

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm,
And the waves came o’er the broken ship,
Till a’ her sides were torn.

‘ O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land ? ’

‘ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,
But I fear you ’ll ne’er spy land.’

gurly, boisterous.

BALLADS

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

‘ Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And let na the sea come in.’

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And they wapped them roun’ that gude ship’s
side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel’d shoon ;
But lang or a’ the play was play’d,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flattered on the faem,
And mony was the gude lord’s son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A’ for the sake of their true loves,
For them they ’ll see nae mair.

bout, bolt. *wap*, pack. *flattered*, floated.

BALLADS

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kames in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they 'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

46. *Thomas the Rhymer*

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e,
And there he saw a lady bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee :
' All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

45. *goud kames*, gold combs.

46. *ferlie*, marvel.

BALLADS

‘ O no, O no, Thomas,’ she said,
‘ That name does not belong to me ;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

‘ Harp and carp, Thomas,’ she said,
‘ Harp and carp along wi’ me,
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.’

‘ Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me ’ ;
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

‘ Now, ye maun go wi’ me,’ she said,
‘ True Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me,
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro’ weal or woe, as may chance to be.’

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
She ’s ta’en True Thomas up behind,
And aye whene’er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on—
The steed gaed swifter than the wind—
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

carp, sing thy song.

BALLADS

‘ Light down, light down, now, True Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee ;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

‘ O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers ?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho’ after it but few enquires.

‘ And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven ?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho’ some call it the road to heaven.

‘ And see not ye that bonnie road,
That winds about the fernie brae ?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

‘ But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see,
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye ’ll ne’er get back to your ain countrie.’

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded thro’ rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

leven, lawn.

BALLADS

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern
light,

And they waded thro' red blude to the knee ;
For a' the blude that 's shed on earth
Rins thro' the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree ;
' Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,
It will give thee tongue that can never lie.'

' My tongue is mine ain,' True Thomas said ;
' A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

' I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladie ' :
' Now hold thy peace,' the lady said,
' For as I say, so must it be.'

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,
And till seven years were gane and past
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

47. *Bonnie George Campbell*

HIE upon Hielands,
And laigh upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rode out on a day.

45. *stern*, star. *dought*, would be able.

BALLADS

He saddled, he bridled,
And gallant rode he ;
And hame cam his guid horse,
But never cam he.

Out cam his mother dear,
Greeting fu' sair ;
And out cam his bonnie bride
Riving her hair.

'The meadow lies green,
The corn is unshorn ;
But bonnie George Campbell
Will never return.'

Saddled and bridled
And booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee :

But toom cam his saddle,
All bloody to see ;
Oh, hame cam his guid horse,
But never cam he.

48.

Edward

'WHY dois your brand sae drap wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi' bluid,
And why sae sad gang ye O ?'

BALLADS

‘ O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hawk sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot he O.’

‘ Your hawk’s bluid was never sae reid,
Edward, Edward,
Your hawk’s bluid was never sae reid,
My dear son, I tell thee O.’
‘ O I hae killed my reid-roan steed,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free O.’

‘ Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steed was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
Some other dule ye dree O.’
‘ O I hae killed my fader dear,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fader dear,
Alas, and wae is me O !’

‘ And whatten penance will ye dree, for that,
Edward, Edward ?
And whatten penance will ye dree for that ?
My dear son, now tell me O.’
‘ I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither,
I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I’ll fare over the sea O.’

BALLADS

‘ And what will ye do wi’ your towers and your ha’,
Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye do wi’ your towers and your ha’,
That were sae fair to see O ? ’

‘ I’ll let them stand till they down fa’,
Mither, mither,
I’ll let them stand till they down fa’,
For here never mair maun I be O.’

‘ And what will ye leave to your bairns and your
wife,

Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your
wife,

Whan ye gang over the sea O ? ’

‘ The warldis room, lat them beg thro’ life,

Mither, mither,

The warldis room, lat them beg thro’ life,
For hame never mair will I see O.’

‘ And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,

Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear ?

My dear son, now tell me O.’

‘ The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,

Mither, mither,

The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Sic counsels ye gave to me O.’

BALLADS

49.

Marie Hamilton

MARIE HAMILTON 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair ;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast ;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Then he listened to the priest.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands ;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than the queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the king's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the king's court,
And the king the only man.

She hadna been about the king's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The king is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the Abbey-tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be.

BALLADS

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea :
' Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonnie babe !
Ye'se get nae mair o' me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladies a',
That Marie Hamilton 's brought to bed,
And the bonnie babe 's mist and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up then started our gude queen,
Just at her bed-feet,
Saying, ' Marie Hamilton, where 's your babe ?
For I am sure I heard it greet.'

' O no, O no, my noble queen,
Think no such thing to be !
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.'

' Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,
Get up and follow me ;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly put she on,
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

BALLADS

The queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green,
And every town that they cam to,
They took Marie for the queen.

‘ Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi’ me !
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie.’

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was gaun to Edinburgh town,
And a’ to be put down.

‘ Why weep ye so, ye burgess-wives,
Why look ye so on me ?
O I am going to Edinburgh town
A rich wedding for to see ! ’

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee,
And lang or e’er she cam down again
She was condemned to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow Port,
She laughed loud laughters three ;
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,
The tears blinded her e’e.

hooly, slowly. *burd*, maid.

BALLADS

‘ Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The night she ’ll hae but three ;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

‘ O often have I dress’d my queen,
And put gold upon her hair ;
But now I ’ve gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

‘ Often have I dress’d my queen,
And often made her bed ;
But now I ’ve gotten for my reward
The gallows-tree to tread.

‘ I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail owre the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
But that I ’m coming hame !

‘ I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog’s death I ’m to die !

‘ For if my father and mother get wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O meikle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me !

‘ O little did my mother ken,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die ! ’

BALLADS

50.

The Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a maen ;
The tane unto the tother say,
' Where sall we gang and dine to-day ? '

' In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

' His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady 's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

' Ye 'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I 'll pike out his bonnie blue een ;
Wi ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We 'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

' Mony a one for him makes maen,
But nane sall ken where he is gane ;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

fail, turf.

hause-bane, collar-bone.

BALLADS

51. *The Lass of Lochroyan*

‘ O WHA will shoe my bonnie foot ?
And wha will glove my hand ?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi’ a lang, lang linen band ?

‘ O wha will kame my yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame ?
And wha will father my young son
Till Lord Gregory come hame ? ’

‘ Thy father will shoe thy bonnie foot,
Thy mither will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till Lord Gregory come to land.

‘ Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame, *
And God will be thy bairn’s father
Till Lord Gregory come hame.’

‘ But I will get a bonnie boat,
And I will sail the sea ;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me.’

Syne she ’s gar’d build a bonnie boat,
To sail the salt, salt sea ;
The sails were o’ the light-green silk,
The tows o’ taffety.

BALLADS

She hadna sail'd but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

' Now whether are ye the Queen herself
(For so ye weel might be),
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan
Seekin' Lord Gregory ? '

' O I am neither the Queen,' she said,
' Nor sic I seem to be ;
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory.'

' O see na thou yon bonnie bower,
It 's a' covered o'er wi' tin ?
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
Lord Gregory is within.'

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height ;

Says—' Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land !
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Close by the salt sea strand.'

She sail'd it round, and sail'd it round,
And loud, loud crièd she—
' Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free ! '

BALLADS

She 's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she 's gane ;
And long she knock'd, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

' O open the door, Lord Gregory !
O open, and let me in !
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin.'

' Awa', awa', ye ill woman !
Ye 're no come here for good !
Ye 're but some witch, or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood.'

' I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea ;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan ;
O open the door to me !'

' Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan
(As I trow thou binna she),
Now tell me some o' the love tokens
That past between thee and me.'

' O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine ?

' O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine ;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

BALLADS

‘ And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin’d me o’ my maidenheid,
Right sair against my will ?

‘ Now, open the door, Lord Gregory !
Open the door, I pray !
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day.’

‘ If thou be the Lass of Lochroyan
(As I kenna thou be),
Tell me some mair o’ the love tokens
Past between me and thee.’

Fair Annie turn’d her round about—
‘ Weel ! since that it be sae,
May never a woman, that has born a son,
Hae a heart sae fou o’ wae !

‘ Take down, take down, that mast o’ gowd !
Set up a mast o’ tree !
It doesna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie.’

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

‘ Oh I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
I wish it may prove true !
That the bonnie Lass of Lochroyan
Was at the yett e’en now.

BALLADS

‘ O I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
The thought o’ t gars me greet !
That fair Annie o’ Lochroyan
Lay could dead at my feet.’

‘ Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye make a’ this din,
She stood a’ last night at your door,
But I trow she wan na in.’

‘ O wae betide ye, ill woman !
An ill dede may ye die !
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me.’

O he ’s gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare ;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it toss’d her sair.

‘ And hey, Annie, and ho, Annie !
O Annie, winna ye bide ! ’
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

‘ And hey, Annie, and ho, Annie !
Dear Annie, speak to me ! ’
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roar’d the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dash’d the boat on shore ;
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie rose no more.

BALLADS

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan ;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonnie young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair ;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And syne he kiss'd her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

' O wae betide my cruel mother !
An ill death may she die !
She turn'd my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

' O wae betide my cruel mother !
An ill death may she die !
She turn'd fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me.'

52.

Clerk Sanders

CLERK SANDERS and may Marg'ret
Walk'd owre yon garden green,
And sad and heavy was the love,
I wat, it fell this twa between.

BALLADS

‘ A bed, a bed,’ Clerk Sanders said,
‘ A bed, a bed, for you and me ’ ;
‘ Fye no, fye no,’ the lady said,
‘ Until the day we married be.

‘ For in it will come my seven brothers,
And a’ their torches burning bright ;
They ’ll say, “ We hae but ae sister,
And here her lying wi’ a knight.” ’

‘ Ye ’ll take the sword frae my scabbard,
And lowly, lowly lift the gin,
And you may say, your oath to save,
You never let Clerk Sanders in.

‘ Ye ’ll take a napkin in your hand,
And ye ’ll tie up baith your een,
An ye may say, your oath to save,
That ye saw na Sandy sen late yestreen.

‘ Ye ’ll take me in your armes twa,
Ye ’ll carry me ben into your bed,
And ye may say, your oath to save,
In your bower-floor I never tread.’

She has ta’en the sword frae his scabbard,
And lowly, lowly lifted the gin ;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She never let Clerk Sanders in.

She has ta’en a napkin in her hand,
And she tied up baith her een ;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
She saw na him sen late yestreen.

BALLADS

She has ta'en him in her armes twa,
And carried him ben into her bed ;
She was to swear, her oath to save,
He never in her bower-floor tread.

In and came her seven brothers,
And all their torches burning bright ;
Says they, ' We hae but ae sister,
And see there her lying wi' a knight.'

Out and speaks the first of them,
' I wat they hae been lovers dear ' ;
Out and speaks the next of them,
' They hae been in love this many a year.'

Out and speaks the third of them,
' It were great sin this twa to twain ' ;
Out and speaks the fourth of them,
' It were a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

Out and speaks the fifth of them,
' I wat they 'll ne'er be twain'd by me ' ;
Out and speaks the sixt of them,
' We 'll tak our leave and gae our way.'

Out and speaks the seventh of them,
' Altho' there were no a man but me,
I bear the brand into my hand
Sall quickly gar Clerk Sanders die.'

Out he has ta'en a bright long brand,
And he has striped it throw the strae,
And throw and throw Clerk Sanders' body
I wat he has gar'd cold iron gae.

BALLADS

Sanders he started, and Marg'ret she lap't,
Intill his arms where she lay,
And well and wellsome was the night,
I wat it was between these twa.

And they lay still, and sleepéd sound,
Until the day began to daw ;
And kindly till him she did say,
' It 's time, true love, ye were awa'.'

They lay still, and sleepéd sound,
Until the sun began to shine ;
She look't between her and the wa',
And dull and heavy was his een.

She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,
I wat it had fallen this twa between ;
But it was the blood of his fair body,
I wat his life days were na lang.

' O Sanders, I 'll do for your sake,
What other ladies would na thole ;
When seven years is come and gone,
There 's ne'er a shoe go on my sole.

' O Sanders, I 'll do for your sake
What other ladies would think mair ;
When seven years is come and gone,
There 's ne'er a comb go in my hair.

thole, endure.

BALLADS

‘ O Sanders, I ’ll do for your sake
What other ladies would think lack ;
When seven years is come and gone,
I ’ll wear nought but dowie black.’

The bells gaed clinking throw the town,
To carry the dead corpse to the clay,
An sighing says her, may Marg’ret,
‘ I wat I bide a dulefu’ day.’

Then in and cam her father dear,
Cannie cam he steppin’ in ;
Says, ‘ Haud your tongue, my doughter dear,
What need you mak sic heavy maen ?

‘ Haud your tongue, my doughter dear,
Let all your mourning a-be ;
I ’ll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
An I ’ll come back and comfort thee.’

‘ Comfort well your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be ;
For it was neither lord nor loun,
That was in bower last night wi’ me.’

53.

Sweet William’s Ghost

LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,
Sat sewing her silken seam ;
By her came a pale, pale ghost,
With many a sich and maen.

52. *dowie*, sad.

53. *sich and maen*, sigh and moan.

BALLADS

‘ Are ye my father, the king ? ’ she says,
‘ Or are ye my brother John ?
Or are ye my true-love, Sweet William,
From England newly come ? ’

‘ I ’m not your father, the king,’ he says,
‘ No, no, nor your brother John ;
But I ’m your true-love, Sweet William,
From England that ’s newly come.’

‘ Have ye brought me any scarlets so red ?
Or any silks so fine ?
Or have ye brought me any precious things,
That merchants have for sale ? ’

‘ I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
No, no, nor the silks so fine ;
But I have brought you my winding-sheet,
O’er many’s the rock and hill.

‘ O Lady Marjorie, Lady Marjorie,
For faith and charitie,
Will you give to me my faith and troth,
That I gave once to thee ? ’

‘ O your faith and troth I ’ll not give thee,
No, no, that will not I,
Until I get ae kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you lie.’

‘ My lips they are sae bitter,’ he says,
‘ My breath it is sae strong,
If you get ae kiss of my ruby lips,
Your days will not be long.

BALLADS

‘ The cocks they are crawling, Marjorie,’ he says,
‘ The cocks they are crawling again ;
It ’s time the deid should part the quick,
Marjorie, I must be gane.’

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she came to yon church-yard ;
O there the grave did open up,
And young William he lay down.

‘ What three things are these, Sweet William,’ she
says,
‘ That stands here at your head ? ’
‘ It ’s three maidens, Marjorie,’ he says,
‘ That I promised once to wed.’

‘ What three things are these, Sweet William,’ she
says,
‘ That stands here at your side ? ’
‘ It is three babes, Marjorie,’ he says,
‘ That these three maidens had.’

‘ What three things are these, Sweet William,’ she
says,
‘ That stands here at your feet ? ’
‘ It is three hell-hounds, Marjorie,’ he says,
‘ That ’s waiting my soul to keep.’

She took up her white, white hand,
And she struck him in the breast,
Saying, ‘ Have there again your faith and troth,
And I wish your soul good rest.’

BALLADS

54.

Edom o' Gordon

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
‘ We maun draw to a hald.

‘ And whatna hald sall we draw to,
My merry men and me ?
We will gae to the house of the Rhodes,
To see that fair ladie.’

She had nae sooner busket hersel,
Nor putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner sitten down,
Nor sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were closed about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
As fast as she could drie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could with him agree.

As soon as he saw the lady fair,
And her yetts all lockèd fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his heart was aghast.

hald, resting-place.

BALLADS

‘ Come down to me, ye lady fair,
Come down to me ; let ’s see ;
This night ye ’se lie by my ain side,
The morn my bride sall be.’

‘ I winna come down, ye false Gordon,
I winna come down to thee ;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.’

‘ Gie up your house, ye fair lady,
Gie up your house to me,
Or I will burn yoursel therein,
Bot and your babies three.’

‘ I winna gie up, you false Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee,
Tho’ you should burn mysel therein,
Bot and my babies three.’

‘ Set fire to the house,’ quoth false Gordon,
‘ Sin better may nae be ;
And I will burn hersel therein,
Bot and her babies three.’

‘ And e’en wae worth ye, Jock my man !
I paid ye weil your fee ;
Why pu’ ye out my ground-wa-stane,
Lets in the reek to me ?

fee, wages.

BALLADS

‘ And e’en wae worth ye, Jock my man !
For I paid you weil your hire ;
Why pu’ ye out my ground-wa-stane,
To me lets in the fire ? ’

‘ Ye paid me weil my hire, ladie,
Ye paid me weil my fee,
But now I ’m Edom o’ Gordon’s man,
Maun either do or die.’

O then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nurses knee,
‘ Dear mother, gie owre your house,’ he says,
‘ For the reek it smithers me.’

‘ I winna gie up my house, my dear,
To nae sic traitor as he ;
Come weil, come wae, my jewels fair,
Ye maun tak share wi’ me.’

O then bespake her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma’ ;
‘ O row me in a pair o’ sheets,
And tow me owre the wa’.

They row’d her in a pair of sheets,
And tow’d her owre the wa,
But on the point of Edom’s spear
She got a deadly fa’.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreeps !

BALLADS

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre ;
O gin her face was wan !
He said, ' You are the first that e'er
I wished alive again.'

He turned her owre and owre again ;
O gin her skin was white !
He said, ' I might hae spar'd thy life
To been some man's delight.

' Busk and boun, my merry men all,
For ill dooms I do guess ;
I canna luik in that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass.'

55.

Johnie Faa

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they sang sweetly !
They sang sae sweet and sae very compleat,
That down came our fair lady.

And she cam tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her ;
As soon as they saw her weil-fared face,
They coost the glamour o'er her.

' Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I 'll follow the gypsy laddie.

55. *weil-fared*, comely.

BALLADS

‘ Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
And my good lord beside me ;
This night I ’ll lie in a tenant’s barn,
Whatever sall betide me ! ’

‘ Oh, come to your bed,’ says Johnie Faa,
‘ Oh, come to your bed, my dearie :
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
Your lord sall nae mair come near ye.’

‘ I ’ll go to bed to my Johnie Faa,
I ’ll go to bed to my dearie ;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
My lord sall nae mair come near me.

‘ I ’ll mak a hap to my Johnie Faa,
And I ’ll mak a hap to my dearie ;
And he ’s get a’ the coat gaes round,
And my lord sall nae mair come near me.’

And when our lord came hame at e’en,
And speir’d for his fair lady,
The tane she cry’d, and the tother reply’d
‘ She ’s awa’ wi’ the gypsy laddie ! ’

‘ Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I ’ll gae seek my fair lady.’

hap, covering.

BALLADS

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho we were nae bonnie ;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

56. *The Douglas Tragedy*

‘ RISE up, rise up now, Lord Douglas,’ she says,
‘ And put on your armour so bright ;
Let it never be said, that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

‘ Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest’s awa the last night.’

He ’s mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o’er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy’d her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o’er the lea.

‘ Light down, light down, Lady Marg’ret,’ he said,
‘ And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brothers bold,
And your father, I mak a stand.’

BALLADS

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her so
dear.

'O hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,
'For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

'O choose, O choose, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For ye have left me no other guide.'

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

dighted, wiped.

BALLADS

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear :
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she gan to fear.

‘ Hold up, hold up, Lord William,’ she says,
‘ For I fear that you are slain ! ’
‘ ’Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water sae plain.’

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a’ by the light of the moon,
Until they cam to his mother’s ha’ door,
And there they lighted down.

‘ Get up, get up, lady mother,’ he says,
‘ Get up, and let me in !—
Get up, get up, lady mother,’ he says,
‘ For this night my fair lady I ’ve win.

‘ O mak my bed, lady mother,’ he says,
‘ O mak it braid and deep !
And lay Lady Marg’ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.’

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg’ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they !

Lord William was buried in St. Marie’s kirk,
Lady Marg’ret in Marie’s quire ;
Out o’ the lady’s grave grew a bonnie red rose,
And out o’ the knight’s a brier.

BALLADS

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near ;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough !
For he pull'd up the bonnie brier,
An' flang 't in St. Marie's Loch.

57. *The Wife of Usher's Well*

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she ;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came back to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she 'd never see.

' I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood ! '

56. *plat*, knit together.

57. *carline*, rustic.

BALLADS

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh ;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

' Blow up the fire, my maidens !
Bring water from the well !
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

And she has made to them a bed,
She 's made it large and wide ;
And she 's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
' 'Tis time we were away.'

The cock he hadna craw'd but ance,
And clapped his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
' Brother, we must awa'.

syke, furrow. *sheugh*, trench.

BALLADS

‘ The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin’ worm doth chide ;
Gin we be missed out o’ our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

‘ Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Farewell to barn and byre !
And fare ye weel, the bonnie lass
That kindles my mother’s fire.’

58. *The Baron o’ Brackley*

O INVEREY came down Deeside, whistling and
playing ;
He ’s lighted at Brackley’s yetts at the day dawing :

Says, ‘ Baron o’ Brackley, are ye within ?
There ’s sharp swords at the yett will gar your
blood spin.’

The lady raise up, to the window she went ;
She heard her kye lowing owre hill and owre bent.

‘ O rise up, John,’ she says, ‘ turn back your kye,
They ’re owre the hills rinning, they ’re skipping
away.’

‘ Come to your bed, Peggy, and let the kye rin,
For were I to gang out, I would never get in.’

57. *channerin’*, fretting.
kye, cows.

58. *bent*, field, open country.

BALLADS

Then she's cried on her women, they quickly cam
ben :

'Take up your rocks, lassies, and fight a' like men,

'Though I 'm but a woman, to head you I 'll try,
Nor let these vile Highland-men steal a' our kye.'

Then up gat the baron, and cried for his graith,
Says, 'Lady, I 'll gang, though to leave you I 'm
laith.

'Come, kiss me, my Peggy, nor think I 'm to
blame ;

For I weel may gang out, but I 'll never win in !'

When the Baron o' Brackley rade through the close,
A gallanter baron ne'er mounted a horse.

Though there cam wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonnie Brackley but his brother
and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw,
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what was
twa ?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround,
And they 've pierced bonnie Brackley wi' mony a
wound.

ben, in. *rocks*, distaffs. *graith*, armour.

BALLADS

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey.

' O cam ye by Brackley, and was ye in there ?
Or saw ye his Peggy dear, riving her hair ? '

' O I cam by Brackley, and I was in there,
But I saw not his Peggy dear, riving her hair.'

' O fy on you, lady ! how could ye do sae ?
You opened your yetts to the fause Inverey.'

She eat wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in ;
She welcomed the villain that slew her baron.

She kept him till morning, syne bade him be gane,
And showed him the road that he wouldna be ta'en.

' Through Birss and Aboyne,' she says, ' lyin' in
a tour,
Owre the hills o' Glentanar you 'll skip in an hour.'

There is grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha' ;
But the Baron o' Brackley is dead and awa'.

59.

Glenkindie

GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,
He harped to the king ;
Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That e'er harped on a string.

58. *lyin' in a tour*, in the course of a journey.

BALLADS

He 'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out o' a stane,
Or milk out o' a maiden's breast
That bairn had never nane.

He 's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang ;
And aye as he harpit to the king,
To haud him unthought lang :

' I 'll gi'e you a robe, Glenkindie,
A robe o' the royal pa',
Gin ye will harp i' the winter's night
Afore my nobles a'.'

He 's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
He 's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young countess,
That love did wauken keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
And syne he has harpit a gay ;
And mony a sich atween hands
I wat the lady ga'e.

Says, ' Whan day is dawen, and cocks hae
crawen,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
It 's ye may come to my bower door
And streek you by my side.

haud him unthought lang, keep him from brooding. *wappit*,
flapped. *streek*, stretch.

BALLADS

‘ But look that ye tell na Gib, your man,
For naething that ye dee ;
For an ye tell him, Gib, your man,
He ’ll beguile baith you and me.’

He ’s ta’en his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang ;
And he is hame to Gib, his man,
As fast as he could gang.

‘ Oh might I tell you, Gib, my man,
Gin I a man had slain ? ’
‘ Oh that ye might, my gude master,
Although ye had slain ten.’

‘ Then take ye tent now, Gib, my man,
My biddin’ for to dee,
And, but an ye wauken me in time,
Ye shall be hangit hie.

‘ When day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
I ’m bidden gang till yon lady’s bower
And streek me by her side.’

‘ Then gae to your bed, my gude master,
Ye ’ve waukit, I fear, owre lang ;
For I ’ll waken you in as gude time
As ony cock i’ the land.’

tent, care. *but an*, unless. *waukit*, been awake.

BALLADS

He 's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit his master asleep,
Syne fast awa' did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
As fast as he could rin ;
When he cam till that lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin.

' Oh, wha is this,' says that lady,
' That opens na and comes in ? '
' It 's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
Oh, open and lat me in ! '

She kent he was nae gentle knight
That she had latten in ;
For neither when he gaed nor cam,
Kiss'd he her cheek or chin.

He neither kiss'd her when he cam,
Nor clappit her when he gaed ;
And in and at her bower window
The moon shone like the gleed.'

' Oh, ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
And riven is your sheen,
And ravell'd is your yellow hair
That I saw late yestreen.'

chappit at the chin, knocked at the doorpost. *gleed*, bright
fire.

BALLADS

‘ The stockings they are Gib, my man’s,
They came first to my hand ;
And this is Gib, my man’s shoon,
At my bed-feet they stand ;
I ’ve ravell’d a’ my yellow hair,
Coming : gainst the wind.’

He ’s ta’en the harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he cam to his master,
As fast as he could gang.

‘ Win up, win up, my gude master,
I fear ye sleep owre lang ;
There ’s nae a cock in a’ the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn.’

Glenkindie ’s ta’en his harp in hand,
He harpit and he sang,
And he has reach’d the lady’s bower,
Afore that e’er he blan.

When he cam to the lady’s bower,
He chappit at the chin,
‘ Oh, wha is that at my bower-door,
That opens na and comes in ? ’
‘ It ’s I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
And in I canna win.’

blan, stopped.

BALLADS

‘ Forbid it, forbid it,’ the lady said,
‘ That it as you say should be ;
For if it be sae, then Gib, your man,
Hath beguil’d baith you and me.

‘ Forbid it, forbid it,’ says that lady,
‘ That ever sic shame betide ;
That I should first be a wild loun’s lass,
And then a young knight’s bride.’

He ’s ta’en his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang ;
And he is hame to Gib, his man,
As fast as he could gang.

‘ Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Till I pay you your fee ;
Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
Weel payit sall ye be.’

And he has ta’en him, Gib, his man,
And he has hanged him hie,
And he ’s hangit him o’er his ain yett.
As high as high could be.

60.

The Nut-brown Bride

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet
Sate a’ day on a hill ;
When night was come and sun was set
They had not talked their fill.

59. *yell, gate.*

BALLADS

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill :
‘ Ah, I will never wed a wife
Against my ain friends’ will.’

‘ Gif ye will never wed a wife,
A wife will ne’er wed ye.’
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

‘ O rede, O rede, mither,’ he says,
‘ A gude rede gie to me ;
O shall I tak the nut-brown bride,
And let fair Annet be ? ’

‘ The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane ;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it will sune be gane.’

And he has till his brother gane :
‘ Now brother, rede ye me,
Ah, shall I marry the nut-brown bride,
And let fair Annet be ? ’

‘ The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-brown bride has kye.
I wad hae ye marry the nut-brown bride,
And cast fair Annet by.’

rede, counsel.

BALLADS

‘ Her oxen may die i’ the house, billie,
And her kye into the byre ;
And I shall hae nothing to mysel’
But a fat fadge by the fire.’

And he has till his sister gane :
‘ Now, sister, rede ye me,
O, shall I marry the nut-brown bride,
And set fair Annet free ? ’

‘ I ’se rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the brown bride alane,
Lest ye should sigh and say, alas !
What is this we brought hame ? ’

‘ No, I will tak my mither’s counsel,
And marry me out o’ hand ;
And I will tak the nut-brown bride ;
Fair Annet may leave the land.’

Up then rose fair Annet’s father
Twa hours or it were day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

‘ Rise up, rise up, fair Annet,’ he says,
‘ Put on your silken sheen ;
Let us gae to St. Marie’s kirk
And see that rich weddin’.’

billie, brother.
woman.

fat fadge, big flat loaf ; (*metaph.*) a clumsy

BALLADS

‘ My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And dress to me my hair ;
Where’er ye laid a plait before
See ye lay ten times mair.

‘ My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And dress to me my smock ;
The one half is o’ the holland fine,
The other o’ needle-work.’

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind ;
Wi’ siller he was shod before,
Wi’ burning gowd behind.

Four and twenty siller bells
Were a’ tied till his mane,
And ae tift o’ the norland wind
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet’s side ;
And four and twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had been a bride.

And when she cam to Marie’s kirk,
She sat on Marie’s stane ;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

tift, puff. *cleading*, clothing. *skinkled*, sparkled.

BALLADS

And when she cam into the kirk,
She shimmered like the sun ;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He ga'e it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-brown bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite,
' And where gat ye that rose-water
That does mak ye sae white ? '

' O I did get the rose-water
Where ye will ne'er get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.'

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And straik fair Annet unto the heart
That word she never spak mair.

BALLADS

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what might be ;
But when he saw her dear heart's bluid,
A' wod-wroth waxed he.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-brown bride
That fell dead at his feet.

' Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he said,
' Now stay, my dear,' he cried ;
Then straik the dagger intil his heart,
And fell dead by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quire ;
And o' the tane there grew a birk,
The other a bonnie brier.

And aye they grew, and aye they threw,
As they would fain be near ;
And by this ye may ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

61.

Cospatrick

COSPATRICK has sent o'er the faem ;
Cospatrick brought his lady hame ;
And fourscore ships have come her wi',
The lady by the greenwood tree.

60. *wod-wroth*, mad-wrath.

BALLADS

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,
And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour,
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run ;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall.

' O is your saddle set awry ?
Or rides your steed for you owre high ?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,
That ye suld be Cospatrick's bride ? '

' I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride ;
But I am sorrowing, in my mood
That I suld leave my mother good.

' But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrie ? '
' The custom thereof, my dame,' he says,
' Will ill a gentle lady please.

' Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded ;
But he 's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

bouted, bolted. *pall*, rich cloth.

BALLADS

‘ Yet, gin you ’re sure that you ’re a maíd,
Ye may gae safely to his bed ;
But gif o’ that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsel o’ your bour.’

The lady ’s called her bour-maiden,
That waiting was into her train ;
‘ Five thousand merks I ’ll gi’e to thee,
To sleep this night with my lord for me.’

When bells were rung, and mass was sayn,
And a’ men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonnie maid,
Into a chamber they were laid.

‘ Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web ;
And speak up, my bonnie brown sword, that winna
lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me ? ’

‘ It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded ;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be.’

O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claes on did ;
And he has ta’en him through the ha’,
And on his mother he did ca’.

bour, bower.

BALLADS

‘ I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christen land !
I courted a maiden, meek and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi’ child.’

‘ O stay, my son, into this ha’,
And sport ye wi’ your merrymen a’ ;
And I will to the secret bour,
To see how it fares wi’ your paramour.’

The carline she was stark and sture,
She aff the hinges dang the door ;
‘ O is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father’s groom ? ’

‘ O hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee :
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

‘ It fell on a summer’s afternoon,
When a’ our toilsome task was done,
We cast the keviles us amang
To see which suld to the greenwood gang.

‘ Ohon ! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my weird it was the hardest !
The kevil it on me did fa’,
Whilk was the cause of a’ my woe.

carline, old woman. *stark and sture*, strong and rough.
dang, dashed. *keviles*, lots.

BALLADS

‘ For to the greenwood I maun gae,
To pu’ the red rose and the slae ;
To pu’ the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother’s bour and mine.

‘ I hadna pu’d a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hende,
Wi’ high-coll’d hose and laigh-coll’d shoon,
And he seemed to be some kingis son ;

‘ And be I a maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o’ day ;
And be I a maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

‘ He gae me a lock o’ his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it evermair ;
He gae me a carknet o’ bonnie beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

‘ He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a’ thing.’
‘ What did ye wi’ the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there ? ’

‘ O bring that coffer unto me,
And a’ the tokens ye sall see.’
‘ Now stay, daughter, your bower within,
While I gae parley wi’ my son.’

hende, gentleman.
lace.

laigh-coll’d, low-cut.

carknet, neck-

BALLADS

O she has ta'en her through the ha',
And on her son began to ca',
'What did ye wi' the bonnie beads
I bade ye keep against your needs ?

'What did ye wi' the gay gold ring
I bade ye keep abune a' thing ?'
'I gae them to a lady gay,
I met in greenwood on a day.

'But I would gie a' my halls and tours,
I had that lady within my bours ;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that lady to my wife.'

'Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours,
Ye have that bright burd in your bours,
And keep, my son, your very life,
Ye have that lady to your wife.'

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The lady bore a bonnie son ;
And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,
'Cospatrick is my father's name.'
O row my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk.

burd, damsel. *row*, wrap.

BALLADS

62

The Gay Goshawk

‘ O WELL is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee,
For ye can carry a love-letter
To my true love from me.’

‘ O how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know ?
I bear the lips to her never spak,
And the eyes that her never saw.’

‘ The thing of my love’s face that ’s white
It ’s that of dove or maw ;
The thing of my love’s face that ’s red
Is like blood shed on snaw.

‘ And when you come to the castle,
Light on the bush of ash,
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she comes from the mass.

‘ And when she gaes into the house
Sit ye upon the whin ;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she goes out and in.’

And when he flew to that castle,
He lighted on the ash ;
And there he sat and sang their loves,
As she came from the mass.

maw, seagull.

BALLADS

And when she went into the house,
He flew unto the whin ;
And there he sat and sang their loves,
As she went out and in.

‘ Come hither, come hither, my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon,
Till I go to my west window,
And hear a birdie’s moan.’

She ’s gane unto her west window,
And fainly aye it drew,
And soon into her white silk lap
The bird the letter threw.

‘ Ye ’re bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa ;
And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava.’

‘ I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands off my hair ;
I send him the heart that ’s in my breast ;
What would my love have mair ?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye ’ll bid him meet me there.’

She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she ;
‘ An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me ;

send, message. *ava*, at all.

BALLADS

That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland bury me.

‘ At the first kirk of fair Scotland
You cause the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland
You cause the mass be sung ;

‘ At the third kirk of fair Scotland
You deal gold for my sake ;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
O there you ’ll bury me at.

‘ And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me.’
‘ Your asking is but small,’ he said,
‘ Weel granted it shall be.’

She hied her to her mother dear,
As fast as gang could she ;
‘ An asking, an asking, my mother dear,
An asking ye grant me ;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland bury me.

‘ And now, my tender mother dear,
This asking grant you me.’
‘ Your asking is but small,’ she said,
‘ Weel granted it shall be.’

BALLADS

She hied her to her sister dear,
As fast as gang could she ;
' An asking, an asking, my sister dear,
An asking ye grant me ;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland bury me.

' And now, my tender sister dear,
This asking grant you me.'
' Your asking is but small,' she said,
' Weel granted it shall be.'

She hied her to her seven brothers,
As fast as gang could she ;
' An asking, an asking, my brothers seven,
An asking ye grant me ;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland bury me.

' And now, my tender brothers dear,
This asking grant you me.'
' Your asking is but small,' they said,
' Weel granted it shall be.'

Then down as dead that lady drapped
Beside her mother's knee.
Then out it spak an auld witch-wife,
By the fire-side sat she,

Says, ' Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,

BALLADS

And drap it on her rose-red lips,
And she will speak again :
For much a lady young will do
To her true-love to win.'

They drapped the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin ;
They drapped it on her red-rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

Her brothers they went to a room
To make to her a bier ;
The boards o' it was cedar-wood,
And the plates o' it gold so clear.

Her sisters they went to a room
To make to her a sark ;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
And the steeking silken wark.

' But well is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee ;
Come shew to me any love-tokens
That you have brought to me.'

' She sends you the rings from her fingers,
The garlands from her hair ;
She sends you the heart within her breast,
And what would you have mair ?
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
She bids you meet her there.'

steeking, stitching.

BALLADS

‘ Come hither, all my merry young men,
And drink the good red wine ;
For we must on to fair England,
To free my love frae pine.’

At the first kirk of fair Scotland
They gar’d the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland
They gar’d the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland
They dealt gold for her sake ;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
Her true love met them at.

‘ Set down, set down the corpse,’ he said,
‘ Till I look on the dead.
The last time that I saw her face
She ruddy was and red ;
But now, alas, and woe is me !
She ’s wallowit like a weed.’

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin ;
With lily-white cheek and leamin’ een
She looked and laughed to him.

‘ Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine,
For I have fasted for your love
These weary lang days nine ;

wallowit, withered. *leamin’ een*, gleaming eyes. *chive*, share.

BALLADS

There 's not a steed in your stable
But would have been dead ere syne.

' Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn ;
For you can say in the south of England
Your sister gave you a scorn.

' I came not here to fair Scotland
To lie amang the meal ;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the silks so weel.

' I came not here to fair Scotland
To lie amang the dead ;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the gold so red.'

63.

Tam Lin

' O I FORBID you, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

' There 's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But they leave him a wad,
Either their rings or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.'

62. *ere syne*, long since. *meal*, mould. 63. *wad*, pledge.

BALLADS

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little aboon her bree,
And she 's awa' to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well ;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel'.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, ' Lady, thou 's pu' nae mae.

' Why pu's thou the rose, Janet ?
And why breaks thou the wand ?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh,
Withouten my command ? '

' Carterhaugh it is my ain ;
My daddie gave it me :
I 'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she is to her father's ha'
As fast as she can hie.

BALLADS

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba' :
And out then cam the fair Janet,
Aunce the flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out then cam the fair Janet,
As green as onie glass.

Out then spak an old grey knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa',
And says, ' Alas ! fair Janet, for thee,
But we 'll be blamed a' ! '

' Haud yere tongue, ye auld-faced knight,
Some ill death may ye die !
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I 'll father nane on thee.'

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild ; '
' And ever, alas ! sweet Janet,' he says,
' I think thou gaes wi' child.'

' If that I gae wi' child, father,
Mysel' maun bear the blame ;
There 's ne'er a laird about your ha'
Shall get the bairn's name.

' If my love were an earthly knight,
As he 's an elfin grey,
I wadna gie my ain true-love,
For nae lord that ye hae.

BALLADS

‘ The steed that my true-love rides on
Is lighter than the wind ;
Wi’ siller he is shod before,
Wi’ burning gowd behind.’

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she ’s awa’ to Carterhaugh
As fast as she ^{re} can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel’.

She hadna pu’d a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
When up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, ‘ Lady, thou pu’s nae mae.

‘ Why pu’s thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a’ to kill the bonnie babe,
That we gat us between ? ’

‘ O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,’ she says,
‘ For ’s sake that died on tree,
If e’er ye was in holy chapel,
Or Christendom did see ? ’

BALLADS

‘ Roxburgh he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day
That wae did me betide.

‘ And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and a snell ;
When we were frae the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell,
The Queen o’ Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill to dwell.

‘ And pleasant is the fairy land,
But, an eerie tale to tell,
Aye, at the end of seven years,
We pay a tiend to hell ;
I am sae fair and fu’ o’ flesh,
I ’m feared it be mysel’.

‘ But the night is Hallowe’en, lady,
The morn is Hallowday ;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

‘ Just at the mirk and midnight hour,
The fairy folk will ride ;
And they that wad their true-love win
At Miles Cross they maun bide.’

snell, keen, piercing. *tiend*, tithe.

BALLADS

‘ But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
Or how my true-love know,
Amang sae mony unco knights,
The like I never saw ? ’

‘ O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne let pass the brown ;
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu’ ye his rider down.

‘ For I ’ll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town ;
Because I was an earthly knight,
They gie me that renown.

‘ My right hand will be gloved, lady,
My left hand will be bare ;
Cocked up shall my bonnet be,
And kaim’d down shall my hair ;
And thae’s the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

‘ They ’ll turn me in your arms, lady,
Into an esk and adder ;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I am your bairn’s father.

‘ They ’ll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion bold ;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
As ye shall love your child.

unco, unknown. *esk*, eft.

BALLADS

‘ Again they ’ll turn me in your arms,
To a red-het gaud of airn ;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I ’ll do to you nae harm.

‘ And last they ’ll turn me in your arms
Into the burning gleed,
Then throw me into well water ;
O throw me in wi’ speed !

‘ And then I ’ll be your ain true-love,
I ’ll turn a naked knight,
Then cover me wi’ your green mantle,
And cover me out o’ sight.’

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Janet in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o’ the night,
She heard the bridles ring ;
The lady was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown ;
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
And pu’d the rider down.

gaud of airn, goad of iron. *gleed*, blaze.

BALLADS

Sae weel she minded what he did say,
And young Tam Lin did win ;
Syne covered him wi' her green mantle,
As blythe 's a bird in Spring.

Then out spak the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush o' broom :
' Them that has gotten young Tam Lin,
Has gotten a stately groom.'

Out then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
And an angry woman was she :
' Shame betide her ill-faured face,
And an ill death may she die !
For she 's ta'en awa' the bonniest knight
In a' my companie.

' But had I ken'd, Tam Lin,' she says,
' What now this sight I see,
I wad hae ta'en out thy twa grey een,
And put in twa een o' tree.'

64.

Gil Morice

GIL MORICE was an earl's son,
His name it waxéd wide ;
It was na for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride,
But it was for a lady gay
That lived on Carron side.

BALLADS

‘ Where shall I get a bonnie boy
That will win hose and shoon,
That will gae to Lord Barnard’s ha’,
And bid his lady come ?

‘ And ye maun rin my errand, Willie ;
And ye may rin wi’ pride ;
When other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ye shall ride.’

‘ Oh no, oh no, my master dear !
I dare na, for my life ;
I ’ll no gae to the bauld baron’s
For to tryst forth his wife.’

‘ My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie,’ he said ;
‘ How can ye strive against the stream ?
For I sall be obeyed.’

‘ But oh, my master dear,’ he cried,
‘ In greenwood ye ’re your lane ;
Gie owre sic thochts, I wald ye rede,
For fear ye should be ta’en.’

‘ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha’,
Bid her come here wi’ speed ;
If ye refuse my high command,
I ’ll gar your body bleed.

rede, counsel.

BALLADS

‘ Gae, bid her take this gay mantle--
 ’Tis a’ gowd but the hem ;
Bid her come to the gude greenwood,
 And bring nane but her lane.

‘ And there it is, a silken sark,
 Her ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
And bid her come to Gil Morice,
 Speir nae bauld baron’s leave.’

‘ Yes, I will gae your black errand
 Though it be to your cost ;
Since ye by me will na be warned,
 In it ye sall find frost.

‘ The baron he ’s a man of might,
 He ne’er could bide to taunt,
As ye will see before it ’s night,
 How sma’ ye ha’e to vaunt.

‘ And sen I maun your errand rin,
 Sae sair against my will,
I ’se mak a vow, and keep it trow,
 It sall be done for ill.’

And when he came to broken brig
 He bent his bow and swam ;
And when he came to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

her lane, herself only.

BALLADS

And when he came to Barnard's ha',
 Would neither chap nor ca' ;
But set his bent bow to his breast
 And lightly lap the wa'.

He wald na tell the man his errand,
 Though he stood at the gate ;
But straight into the ha' he cam,
 Where they were set at meat.

' Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
 My message winna wait ;
Dame, ye maun to the gude greenwood
 Before that it be late.

' Ye 're bidden tak this gay mantle,
 'Tis a' gowd but the hem ;
You maun gae to the gude greenwood
 E'en by yoursel' alane.

' And there it is, a silken sark,
 Your ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morice,
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave.'

The lady stampit wi' her foot,
 And winkit wi' her e'e ;
But a' that she could say or do,
 Forbidden he waldna be.

chap, knock.

BALLADS

‘ It ’s surely to my bower-woman ;
It ne’er could be to me.’
‘ I brought it to Lord Barnard’s lady ;
I trow that ye be she.’

Then up and spak the wily nurse,
The bairn upon her knee,
‘ If it be come frae Gil Morice,
It ’s dear welcome to me.’

‘ Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud ’s I hear ye lie ;
I brought it to Lord Barnard’s lady ;
I trow ye be na she.’

Then up and spak the bauld baron,
An angry man was he ;
He ’s ta’en the table wi’ his foot,
Sae has he wi’ his knee,
Till siller cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gar’d flee.

‘ Gae, bring a robe of your cleiding,
That hings upon the pin ;
And I ’ll gae to the gude greenwood,
And speak wi’ your leman.’

‘ Oh, bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,
I rede ye, bide at hame ;
Ne’er wyte a man for violence
That ne’er wat ye wi’ nane.’

ezar, maple-wood. *cleiding*, clothing. *wyte*, blame.

BALLADS

Gil Morice sate in gude greenwood,
He whistled and he sang :
' Oh, what mean a' the folk coming ?
My mother tarries lang.'

The baron came to the greenwood
Wi' meikle dule and care ;
And there he first spied Gil Morice,
Kaiming his yellow hair.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My lady lo'ed thee weel ;
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.

' Yet ne'ertheless, now, Gil Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Ye'se rue the day ye e'er was born ;
That head shall gae wi' me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand
And slait it on the strae ;
And through Gil Morice' fair body
He's gar'd cauld iron gae.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice' head
And set it on a spear ;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

slait, wiped.

BALLADS

And he has ta'en Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steed,
And brocht him to his painted bower,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun ;
And there she saw Gil Morice' head
Come trailing to the toun.

' Far better I lo'e that bluidy head,
Bot and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands
As they lig here and there.'

And she has ta'en her Gil Morice,
And kissed baith mouth and chin :
' I was ance as fu' o' Gil Morice
As the hip is o' the stane.

' I got ye in my father's house,
Wi' meikle sin and shame ;
I brocht thee up in gude greenwood,
Under the heavy rain.

' Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleep ;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weep.'

lig, lie.

BALLADS

And syne she kissed his bluidy cheek,
And syne his bluidy chin :
' O better I lo'e my Gil Morice
Than a' my kith and kin ! '

' Away, away, ye ill woman,
And an ill death mat ye dee :
If I had ken'd he 'd been your son,
He 'd ne'er been slain for me.'

65. *The Demon Lover*

' O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more ? '
' O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.'

' O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife ;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.'

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e :
' I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

' I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea ;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee.'

BALLADS

‘ If ye might have had a king’s daughter,
Yoursel’ ye had to blame ;
Ye might have taken the king’s daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.

‘ If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go ? ’

‘ I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land ;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.’

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin ;
‘ O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I ’ll never see you again.’

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold ;
But the sails were o’ the taffetie,
And the masts o’ the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his e’e.

drumlie, dark, discoloured.

BALLADS

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

‘ O hold your tongue of your weeping,’ says he,
‘ Of your weeping now let me be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.’

‘ O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ? ’
‘ O yon are the hills of heaven,’ he said,
‘ Where you will never win.’

‘ O whaten a mountain is yon,’ she said,
‘ All so dreary wi’ frost and snow ? ’
‘ O yon is the mountain of hell,’ he cried,
‘ Where you and I will go.’

He struck the tapmast wi’ his hand,
The foremast wi’ his knee ;
And he brak that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

66.

Young Benjie

OF a’ the maids o’ fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie ;
And young Benjie was her ae true-love,
And a dear true-love was he.

BALLADS

And wow ! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie ;
But aye the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae ;
And she said she 'd choose another love,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie ;
And he 's gane by the wan moonlight,
To meet his Marjorie.

' O open, open, my true love,
O open, and let me in ! '
' I darena open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within.'

' Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonnie burd,
Sae loud 's I hear ye lie ;
As I came by the Loudon banks,
They bade gude-e'en to me.

' But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang !
It sets ye choose another love,
And let young Benjie gang.'

plea, dispute. *sets*, becomes.

BALLADS

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her e'e—
' I darena, darena let thee in,
But I 'll come down to thee.'

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
' O what ill hae I done ? '
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith, laith to be dang,
But ere she wan the Loudon banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
' O see na ye what I see ? '
And out then spak her second brother,
' It 's our sister Marjorie ! '

Out then spak her eldest brother,
' O how shall we her ken ? '
And out then spak her youngest brother,
' There 's a honey-mark on her chin.'

Then they 've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground,
' O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found ?

linn, waterfall. *dang*, dashed down.

BALLADS

‘ The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say.’

Wi’ doors ajar, and candle-light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o’ the night,
The cocks began to crow ;
And at the dead hour o’ the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

‘ O wha has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin !
Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye o’er the linn ? ’

‘ Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laid my love upon ;
He was sae stout, and proud-hearted,
He threw me o’er the linn.’

‘ Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang ?
Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang ?

lykewake, the watching of a corpse during the night. *streikit*,
laid-out. *thraw*, writhe. *dout*, fear.

BALLADS

‘ Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye maunna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang.

‘ Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
To wait young Benjie on.

‘ And aye, at every seven years’ end,
Ye ’ll tak him to the linn ;
For that ’s the penance he maun dree,
To scug his deadly sin.’

67. *The Elfin Knight*

THERE stands a knight at the tap o’ yon hill,
Owre the hills and far awa’ ;
He has blawn his horn loud and shill,
The cauld wind ’s blawn my plaid awa’.

‘ If I had the horn that I hear blawn,
And the knight that blows that horn ! ’

She had nae sooner thae words said
Than the elfin knight cam to her side.

‘ Arena ye owre young a may
Wi’ onie young man down to lie ? ’

66. *gravat*, cravat. *scug*, expiate.

BALLADS

‘ I have a sister younger than I,
And she was married yesterday.’

‘ Married wi’ me ye sall ne’er be nane
Till ye mak to me a sark but a seam.

‘ And ye maun shape it knife-, shear-less,
And ye maun sew it needle-, threed-less.

‘ And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,
Where water never stood nor ran.

‘ And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,
Where the sun ne’er shone sin’ man was born.’

‘ Gin that courtesie I do for thee,
Ye maun do this for me.

‘ Ye ’ll get an acre o’ gude red land
Atween the saut sea and the sand.

‘ I want that land for to be corn,
And ye maun ear it wi’ your horn.

‘ And ye maun saw it without a seed,
And ye maun harrow it wi’ a threed.

‘ An ye maun shear it wi’ your knife,
And na tyne a pickle o’t for your life.

but, without. cistran, cistern. ear, till. tyne a pickle
lose a grain.

BALLADS

‘ And ye maun mou it in yon mouse-hole,
And ye maun thresh it in your shoe-sole.

‘ And ye maun fan it wi’ your looves,
And ye maun sack it in your gloves.

‘ And ye maun bring it owre the sea,
Fair and clean and dry to me.

‘ And whan that your wark is weel deen,
Owre the hills and far awa’,
Ye ’se get your sark without a seam.
The cauld wind ’s blawen my plaid awa’.’

68. *The Battle of Otterbourne*

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindsays, light and gay ;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burned the dales of Tync,
And part of Bambrough-shire ;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

67. *mou*, store. *your looves*, palms of your hands.
bound him, got himself ready.

BALLADS

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about :
' O wha 's the lord of this castle,
Or wha 's the lady o't ? '

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie !
' I am the lord of this castle,
My wife 's the lady gay.'

' If thou 'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me !
For ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane o' us shall die.'

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

' Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell ;
But your sword sall gae wi' me.'

' But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three ;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me.'

fell, hide.

BALLADS

‘ The Otterbourne ’s a bonnie burn,
 ’Tis pleasant there to be ;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
 To feed my men and me.

‘ The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
 The birds fly wild from tree to tree ;
But there is neither bread nor kail,
 To fend my men and me.

‘ Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
 Where you shall welcome be ;
And if you come not at three dayis end,
 A fause lord I ’ll ca’ thee.’

‘ Thither will I come,’ proud Percy said,
 ‘ By the might of Our Ladie ! ’
‘ There will I bide thee,’ said the Douglas,
 ‘ My troth I plight to thee.’

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 Upon the bent sae brown ;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
 Sent out his horse to grass ;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
 His ain servant he was.

fend, support.

pallions, pavilions, tents.

BALLADS

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
' O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy 's hard at hand.'

' Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
Sae loud I hear ye lie ;
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

' But I ha'e dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye :
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.'

He belted on his gude braid sword,
And to the field he ran ;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain !
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy, with his good broadsword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

dight, tackle. *swakked*, clashed,

BALLADS

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said, 'Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.'

'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane !
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

'My wound is deep ; I fain would sleep ;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lea.

'O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e ;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merry men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

braken bush, fern brake.

BALLADS

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon ;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain ;
They swakked swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

' Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy,' he said,
' Or else I vow I'll lay thee low !'
' To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,
' Now that I see it must be so ?'

' Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lily lea !'

' I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier ;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he were here.'

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the ground ;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the hand.

swakked, smote.

BALLADS

This deed was done at Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day ;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

69.

Fair Annie

‘ It ’s narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane ;
For I ’m gaun o’er the sea, fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi’ her I will get gowd and gear ;
Wi’ you I ne’er got nane.

‘ But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale ?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride
That I bring o’er the dale ? ’

‘ It ’s I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale ;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o’er the dale.’

‘ But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair ;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair.’

69. *your lane*, by yourself.

BALLADS

‘ But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane ?
Have I not borne seven sons to thee,
And am with child again ? ’

She ’s ta’en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand ;
And she ’s up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

‘ Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o’er yon sea-strand,
And see your father’s new-come bride
Before she come to land.’

She ’s ta’en her seven sons in her hand ;
I wot she didna fail !
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o’er the dale.

‘ You ’re welcome to your house, Lord Thomas ;
‘ You ’re welcome to your land ;
You ’re welcome, with your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand.

‘ You ’re welcome to your ha’s, lady,
You ’re welcome to your bowers ;
You ’re welcome to your hame, lady,
For a’ that ’s here is yours.’

‘ I thank thee, Annie ; I thank thee, Annie ;
Sae dearly as I thank thee !
You ’re the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

BALLADS

‘ There came a knight out o’er the sea,
And steal’d my sister away ;
The shame scoup in his company,
And land where’er he gae ! ’

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha’ ;
And a’ to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa’.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine ;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with brown ;
And aye she turned her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he ’s ta’en down the silk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin ;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turned him round about,
And smiled amang his men ;
Says, ‘ Like ye best the old lady,
Or her that ’s new come hame ? ’

scoup, skip. *had*, hold, preserve.

BALLADS

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,
To hear what they might say ;
' And ever alas ! ' fair Annie cried,
' That I should see this day !

' Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
Running on the castle wa',
And I were a grey cat mysel',
I soon would worry them a'.

' Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
Running o'er yon lily lea,
And I were a grew-hound mysel',
Soon worried they a' should be.'

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
And dreary was her sang ;
And ever, as she sobbed and grat,
' Wae to the man that did the wrang ! '

' My gown is on,' said the new-come bride,
' My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.

forbye, apart. *grew-hound*, grey-hound.

BALLADS

‘ What ails ye, what ails ye, fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan ?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone ?

‘ O wha was ’t was your father, Annie,
Or wha was ’t was your mother ?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brother ? ’

‘ The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother :
And a’ the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother.’

‘ If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine ;
And it shall not be for lack o’ gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.

‘ For I have seven ships o’ mine ain,
A’ loaded to the brim ;
And I will gie them a’ to thee,
Wi’ four to thine eldest son.
But thanks to a’ the powers in heaven,
That I gae maiden hame ! ’

girds, hoops. *tyne*, lose.

BALLADS

70.

Binnorie

THERE was twa sisters in a bower,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
There came a knight to be their wooer,
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove an' ring ;
But he loved the youngest abune a' thing,

He courted the eldest wi' brooch and knife ;
But loved the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
And much envied her sister fair.

Into her bower she couldna rest ;
Wi' grief an' spite she almost brast.

Upon a morning fair an' clear,
She cried upon her sister dear :

' Oh, sister, come to yon sea-strand,
And see our father's ships come to land.'

She 's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her down to yon sea-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came an' threw her in.

BALLADS

She took her by the middle sma',
And dash'd her bonnie back to the jaw.

' O sister, sister, tak my hand,
And I 'se mak you heir to a' my land.

' O sister, sister, tak my middle,
And ye 'se get my gowd and my gowden girdle.

' O sister, sister, save my life,
And I swear I 'se never be nae man's wife.'

' Foul fa' the hand that I should tak,
It 's twined me and my warld's mak.

Your cherry cheeks an' yellow hair,
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonnie mill-dam.

Oh, out it came the miller's son,
And saw the fair maid swimmin' in.

' O father, father, draw your dam ;
Here 's either a mermaid or a swan.'

The miller quickly drew the dam,
And there he found a drowned woman.

jaw, wave, water. *twined*, parted. *mak*, mate.

BALLADS

You couldna see her yellow hair,
For gold and pearl that were so rare.

You couldna see her middle sma',
For gowden girdle that was sae braw.

You couldna see her fingers white,
For gowden rings that was sae gryte.

An' by there came a harper fine,
That harpèd to the king at dine.

When he looked that lady upon,
He sighed, and made a heavy moan.

He 's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing
Was ' Farewell to my father the king ! '

The nextin tune that he played syne
Was ' Farewell to my mother the queen ! '

The lasten tune that he played then
Binnorie o' Binnorie
Was ' Wae to my sister, fair Ellen ! '
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnoric.

BALLADS

71.

May Colvin

FAUSE Sir John a-wooing came
To a maid of beauty fair ;
May Colvin was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He wooed her but, he wooed her ben,
He wooed her in the ha',
Until he got this lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

He went down to her father's bower,
Where a' the steeds did stand,
And he's taken one of the best steeds
That was in her father's hand.

He's got on, and she's got on,
And fast as they could flee,
Until they came to a lonesome part—
A rock by the side of the sea.

'Loup off the steed,' says fause Sir John,
'Your bridal bed you see ;
Here have I drowned seven young ladies,
The eight ane you shall be.

'Cast off, cast off, my May Colvin,
All, and your silken gown,
For its owre good and owre costly
To rot in the salt-sea foam.

but, ben, the outer and the inner room.

BALLADS

‘ Cast off, cast off, my May Colvin,
All, and your embroidered shoon,
For they are owre good and owre costly
To rot in the salt sea-foam.’

‘ O turn you about, O fause Sir John,
And look to the leaf o’ the tree,
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see.’

He turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o’ the tree ;
So swift as May Colvin was
To throw him into the sea.

‘ O help, O help, my May Colvin !
O help, or else I drown,
I ’ll tak you hame to your father’s bower,
And set ye down safe and sound.’

‘ No help, no help, thou fause Sir John,
No help nor pity thee,
Though seven king’s daughters you have
drowned,
But the eight shall not be me.’

So she went on her father’s steed
As swift as she could flee,
And she cam hame to her father’s bower
Before it was break of day.

BALLADS

Up then spak the pretty parrot,
‘ May Colvin, where have you been ?
What has become of fause Sir John,
That wooed you so late the ’streen ?
‘ He wooed you but, he wooed you ben,
He wooed you in the ha’,
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa’.’
‘ O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me.
Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,
Your cage of the root of the tree.’
Up then spak the king himsel’,
In the bed-chamber where he lay,
‘ What ails the pretty parrot
That prattles so long ere day ? ’
‘ There came a cat to my cage door,
It almost worried me,
And I was calling on May Colvin
To take the cat from me.’

72.

The Battle of Harlaw

As I cam in by Dunidier,
And down by Wetherha’,
There were fifty thousand Hielan’men
A’ marching to Harlaw.
In a dree, dree, drady drumtie dree.

71. *the ’streen*, last night.

BALLADS

As I cam on, an' farther on,
An' doun an' by Balquhain,
Oh, there I met Sir James the Rose,
Wi' him Sir John the Græme.

' Oh, cam ye frae the Hielan's, man ?
An' cam ye a' the way ?
Saw ye Macdonell and his men
Come marchin' frae the Skye ? '

' Yes, she cam frae ta Hielan's, man,
An' she cam a' ta way,
An' she saw Macdonell an' his men
Come marchin' frae the Skye.'

' Oh, were ye near, and near eneuch ?
Did ye their numbers see ?
Come, tell to me, John Hielan'man,
What micht their numbers be ? '

' Yes, she was near, an' near eneuch,
An' she their numbers saw ;
There was fifty thousan' Hielan'men
A' marchin' for Harlaw.'

' Gin that be true,' quo' James the Rose,
' We 'll no come meikle speed ;
So we 'd better cry in our merry men,
And turn our horses' heads.'

' Oh no, oh no ! ' quo' John the Græme,
' That thing maun never be ;
The gallant Græmes were never beat,
We 'll try what we can dee.'

BALLADS

As I cam on, an' farther on,
An' doun and by Harlaw,
They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw ;
For Hielan' swords gied clash for clash,
At the battle o' Harlaw !

The Hielan'men wi' their lang swords,
They laid on us fu' sair ;
And they drave back our merry-men
Three acres breadth an' mair.

Brave Forbës did to his brither say,
' Now, brither, dinna ye see ?
They beat us back on ilka side,
And we 'se be forced to flee ! '

' Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
That thing maun never be ;
Tak ye your good sword in your hand,
And come your ways wi' me.'

' Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
The clans they are owre strang ;
An' they drive back our merry-men
Wi' swords baith sharp an' lang.'

Brave Forbës to his men did say,
' Now tak your rest awhile ;
Until I to Drumminnor send
To fetch my coat o' mail.'

BALLADS

Brave Forbës servant then did ride,
And his horse it did na fail ;
For in twa hours and a quarter,
He brought the coat o' mail.

Then back to back the brithers twa
Gaed in amo' the thrang ;
And they hewed down the Hielan'men,
Wi' swords baith sharp an' lang.

Macdonell he was young and stout,
Had on his coat o' mail,
An' he has gane out through them a',
To try his han' himsel'.

The first ae straik that Forbës strak,
Made the great Macdonell reel ;
The second stroke that Forbës strak,
The great Macdonell fell.

An' siccan a pilleurichie,
The like ye never saw,
As was amang the Hielan'men
Whan they saw Macdonell fa'.

And whan they saw that he was deid,
They turned an' ran awa' ;
And they buried him in Seggat's Lan',
Some twa three miles awa'.

siccan a pilleurichie, such a commotion.

BALLADS

They rade, they ran, an' some did gang,
But they were o' sma' record ;
For Forbës an' his merry men
Slew maist a' by the road.

On Monanday at mornin'
The battle it began ;
On Saturday at gloamin'
Ye 'd scarce tell wha had wan.

An' sic a weary burying,
The like ye never saw,
As there was the Sunday after that
On the muirs down by Harlaw.

And gin Hielan' lasses speir at you
For them that gaed awa',
Ye may tell them plain and plain eneuch,
They 're sleeping at Harlaw !

73. *Young Waters*

ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cool,
And the round tables began,
O, there is come to our king's court
Mony a well-favoured man.

The queen luk't owre the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And there she saw Young Waters
Come riding to the town.

BALLADS

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind ;
Ane mantle, of the burning gowd,
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden-graithed his horse before,
And siller-shod behind ;
The horse Young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spake a wily lord,
And to the queen said he :
' O, tell me, wha 's the fairest face
Rides in the company ? '

' I 've seen lord, and I 've seen laird,
And knights of high degree ;
But a fairer face than Young Waters'
Mine een did never see.'

Out then spake the jealous king,
And an angry man was he :
' Oh, if he had been twice as fair,
You might have excepted me.'

' You 're neither laird nor lord,' she says,
' But the king that wears the crown ;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland,
But to thee maun bow down.'

gowden-graithed, golden-accoutred.

BALLADS

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wad nae be ;
But for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

They hae ta'en Young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet ;
They hae ta'en Young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

' Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the weet ;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

' Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the rain ;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town,
Ne'er to return again.'

They hae ta'en to the Heading Hill
His young son in his cradle ;
And they hae ta'en to the Heading Hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

They hae ta'en to the Heading Hill,
His lady fair to see ;
And for the words the queen had spoke,
Young Waters he did die.

BALLADS

74.

Johnie Armstrang

SOME speikis of lords, some speikis of lairds,
And sic-like men of hie degree ;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Some time called Laird of Gilnockie.

The King he writes a loving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To come and speak with him speedily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene,
They were a gallant companie :
' We 'll ride and meet our lawful King,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

' Make kinnen and capon ready, then,
And venison in great plentie ;
We 'll welcome here our royal King ;
I hope he 'll dine at Gilnockie ' :

They ran their horse on the Langholm houn,
And brak their spears wi' meikle main ;
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows—
' God bring our men weel back again ! '

When Johnie cam before the King,
' Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him :
He weened he was a King as weel as he.

kinnen, rabbits.

BALLADS

‘ May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me ?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
And a subject of yours, my liege,’ said he.

‘ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor’s life,
And now I ’ll not begin wi’ thee.’

‘ Grant me my life, my liege, my King !
And a bonnie gift I ’ll gi’e to thee ;
Full four-and-twenty milk white steeds,
Were a’ foaled in ae year to me.

‘ I ’ll gie thee a’ these milk-white steeds
That prance and nicker at a spear,
And as meikle gude English gilt
As four o’ their braid backs dow bear.’

‘ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor’s life,
And now I ’ll not begin wi’ thee.’

‘ Grant me my life, my liege, my King !
And a bonnie gift I ’ll gi’e to thee ;
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
That gang thro’ a’ the year to me.

nicker, neigh. *gilt*, gold. *dow*, can.

BALLADS

‘ These four-and-twenty mills complete
Sall gang for thee thro’ a’ the year,
And as meikle of gude red wheat
As a’ their happers dow to bear.’

‘ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor’s life,
And now I ’ll not begin wi’ thee.’

‘ Grant me my life, my liege, my King !
And a great gift I ’ll gi’e to thee ;
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters’ sons
Sall for thee fecht, tho’ a’ should flee.’

‘ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor’s life,
And now I ’ll not begin wi’ thee.’

‘ Grant me my life, my liege, my King !
And a brave gift I ’ll gi’e to thee ;
All between here and Newcastle town
Sall pay their yearly rent to thee.’

‘ Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be !
I grantit never a traitor’s life,
And now I ’ll not begin wi’ thee.’

‘ Ye lied, ye lied, now, King,’ he says,
‘ Altho’ a King and Prince ye be !
For I ’ve loved naething in my life,
I weel dare say it, but honesty—

BALLADS

‘ Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deer ;
But England suld have found me meal and maut
Gif I had lived this hundred year.

‘ She suld have found me meal and maut,
And beef and mutton in a’ plentie ;
But never a Scots wife could have said
That e’er I skaith’d her a puir flea.

‘ To seek het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie :
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me.

‘ But had I kend, ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wad’st been to me,
I wad hae keepit the Borderside,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

‘ Wist England’s King that I was ta’en,
Oh, gin a blythe man he wad be !
For ance I slew his sister’s son,
And on his breast-bane brak a tree.’

John wore a girdle about his middle,
Embroidered owre wi’ burning gold.
Bespangled wi’ the same metal,
Maist beautiful was to behold.

BALLADS

There hang nine targats at Johnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound :
' What wants that knave that a King should have,
But the sword of honour and the crown ?

' O, where got thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy bree ? '
' I gat them in the field fechtung,
Where, cruel King, thou durst not be.

' Had I my horse and harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It suld have been tauld this hundred year,
The meeting of my King and me !

' God be with thee, Kirsty, my brother,
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun !
Lang may'st thou live on the Borderside
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down !

' And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee !
But, an thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou 'lt never be.

' Farewell, my bonnie Gilnock Hall,
Where on Eskside thou standest stout !
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about.'

targats, tassels. *bree*, brow.

BALLADS

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie ;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die ;

Because they saved their country dear
Frae Englishmen. Nane were sae bauld.
While Johnie lived on the Borderside,
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

75. *Jamie Telfer*

It fell about the Martinmastide,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ride,
And he 's owre to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire ;
The second guide that they met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwick water.

' What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide ? '
' Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee ;
But gin ye 'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's calf I 'll let thee see.'

And when they cam to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clam' the peel ;
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
And ranshacked the house right weel.

BALLADS

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear aye rowing in his e'e ;
He pled wi' the Captain to hae his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The Captain turned him round and leuch ;
Said, ' Man, there 's naething in thy house
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now would fell a mouse.'

The sun wasna up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming of a new-fa'en snaw,
Jamie Telfer has run ten miles a-foot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stob's Ha',

And when he cam to the fair tower yett,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot,
' Wha 's this that brings the fray to me ? '

' It 's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be !
There 's naething left at the fair Dodhead
But a wae fu' wife and bairnies three.'

' Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
For succour ye'se get nane frae me !
Gae seek you succour where ye paid black-mail,
For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me.'

gryming, sprinkling.

BALLADS

Jamie has turned him round about,
I wat the tear blinded his ee,
' I 'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I 'll never see ! '

He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve,
' Wha 's this that brings the fray to me ? '
' It 's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.

' There 's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor ca's stand in the sta',
A' routing loud for their minnie.'

' Alack a wae ! ' quo' auld Jock Grieve,
' Alack ! my heart is sair for thee !
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three.'

Then he has ta'en out a bonnie black,
Was right weel fed with corn and hay,
And he 's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak the fray.

ca's, calves. *routing*, bellowing. *minnie*, dam.

BALLADS

And when he cam to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out and spak him William's Wat,
' O wha 's this brings the fray to me ? '

' It 's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be !
The Captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear ;
For God's sake rise, and succour me ! '

' Alas for wae ! ' quoth William's Wat,
' Alack, for thee my heart is sair !
I never cam by the fair Dodhead
That ever I fand thy basket bare.'

He 's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsel' upon a freckled grey,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer.
To Branksome Ha' to tak the fray.

And when they cam to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,
Said, ' Wha 's this brings the fray to me ? '

' It 's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be !
There 's naught left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'

' Alack for wae ! ' quoth the gude auld lord,
' And ever my heart is wae for thee !
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie !

BALLADS

‘ Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie !
They that winna ride for Telfer’s kye,
Let them never look in the face o’ me !

‘ Warn Wat o’ Harden, and his sons,
Wi’ them will Borthwick Water ride ;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.

‘ Ride by the gate at Priestthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o’ the Lea ;
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o’ Gorrinberry.’

The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadily !
And aye the owre-word o’ the thrang
Was, ‘ Rise for Branksome readily ! ’

The gear was driven the Frostylea up,
Frae the Frostylea unto the plain,
When Willie has looked his men before,
And saw the kye right fast drivand.

‘ Wha drives thir kye ? ’ ’gan Willie say,
‘ To make an outspeckle o’ me ? ’
‘ It ’s I, the Captain o’ Bewcastle, Willie ;
I winna layne my name for thee.’

Slack, Gap. *drivand*, driving. *outspeckle*, laughing-stock.
layne, conceal.

BALLADS

‘ O will ye let Telfer’s kye gae back ?
 Or will ye do aught for regard o’ me ?
 Or by the faith of my body,’ quo’ Willie Scott,
 ‘ I ’se ware my dame’s calfskin on thee ! ’

‘ I winna let the kye gae back,
 Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear ;
 But I will drive Jamie Telfer’s kye,
 In spite of every Scott that ’s here.’

‘ Set on them, lads ! ’ quo’ Willie then ;
 ‘ Fye, lads, set on them cruellie !
 For ere they win to the Ritterford,
 Mony a toom saddle there sall be ! ’

Then til’t they gaed, wi’ heart and hand,
 The blows fell thick as bickering hail ;
 And mony a horse ran masterless,
 And mony a comely cheek was pale.

But Willie was stricken owre the head,
 And through the knapscap the sword has gane ;
 And Harden grat for very rage
 When Willie on the grund lay slain.

But he ’s ta’en aff his gude steel cap,
 And thrice he ’s waved it in the air ;
 The Dinlay snaw was ne’er mair white
 Nor the lyart locks of Harden’s hair.

ware, expend (the whole phrase means, ‘will give thee a kicking’). *toom*, empty. *bickering*, rattling. *knapscap*, head-piece. *grat*, wept. *Dinlay*, a hill in Liddesdale. *lyart*, hoary.

BALLADS

‘ Revenge ! revenge ! ’ auld Wat ’gan cry ;
‘ Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie !
We ’ll ne’er see Tiviotside again,
Or Willie’s death revenged sall be.’

O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie ;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scotts had gotten the victory.

John o’ Brigham there was slain,
And John o’ Barlow, as I hear say ;
And thirty mae o’ the Captain’s men
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

The Captain was run through the thick of the
thigh
And broken was his right leg bane ;
If he had lived this hundred years,
He had never been loved by woman again.

‘ Ha’e back the kye ! ’ the Captain said ;
‘ Dear kye, I trow, to some they be !
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne’er fair lady smile on me.’

Then word is gane to the Captain’s bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy’s land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

BALLADS

‘ I wad lourd have had a winding-sheet,
And helped to put it owre his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scott,
When he owre Liddel his men did lead ! ’

There was a wild gallant amang us a’,
His name was Watty wi’ the Wudspurs,
Cried, ‘ On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us ! ’

When they cam to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi’ trees, and burst the door ;
They loosed out a’ the Captain’s kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
A wee bit o’ the Captain’s kin :
‘ Wha dare loose out the Captain’s kye,
Or answer to him and his men ? ’

‘ It ’s I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee !
And I will loose out the Captain’s kye,
In scorn of a’ his men and he.’

When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcome sight to see !
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

lourd, liefer, sooner. *Wudspurs*, Madspurs.

BALLADS

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' gowd and white monie ;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping ee.

76. *Kinmont Willie*

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde ?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope ?
How they ha'e ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up ?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him owre the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands ;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

' My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will dare this deed avow ?
Or answer by the Border law ?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch ? '

75. *shot*, reckoning, charge.

BALLADS

‘ Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver !
There ’s never a Scot shall set thee free :
Before ye cross my castle yett,
I trow ye shall take farewell o’ me.’

‘ Fear na ye that, my lord,’ quo’ Willie :
‘ By the faith o’ my body, Lord Scroope,’ he said,
‘ I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.’

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha’, where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta’en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta’en the table wi’ his hand,
He gar’d the red wine spring on hie—
‘ Now Christ’s curse on my head,’ he said,
‘ But avenged of Lord Scroope I ’ll be !

‘ O is my basnet a widow’s curch ?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree ?
Or my arm a lady’s lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me ?

‘ And have they ta’en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide ?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side ?

reiver, robber.
curch, coif.

lawing, reckoning.

basnet, helmet.

BALLADS

‘ And have they e’en ta’en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear ?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear ?

‘ O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

‘ I would set that castle in a lowe,
And sloken it with English blood :
There ’s never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

‘ But since nae war ’s between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be ;
I ’ll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be ! ’

He has called him forty marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, called
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has called him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch ;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gloves of green, and feathers blue.

sloken, slake. *splent on spauld*, harness on shoulder.

BALLADS

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright :
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie ;
And five and five, like broken men ;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the Bateable land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Wha should it be but fause Sakelde ?

' Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen ? '
Quo' fause Sakelde ; ' come tell to me ! '
' We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie.'

' Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men ? '
Quo' fause Sakelde ; ' come tell me true ! '
' We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch.'

' Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie ? '
' We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

herry a corbie's nest, rob a raven's nest. *wons*, dwells.

BALLADS

‘ Where be ye gaun, ye broken men ? ’
Quo’ fause Sakelde ; ‘ come tell to me ! ’
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of lear had he.

‘ Why trespass ye on the English side ?
Row-footed outlaws, stand ! ’ quo’ he ;
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause body.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed ;
The water was great and meikle of spate,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie ;
And there the laird gar’d leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank
The wind began full loud to blaw ;
But ’twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa’.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa’ ;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel’
To mount the first before us a’.

row-footed, ‘ footed for death on the wheel. Equiv. to “gallows-faced.” ’—EYRE TODD.

BALLADS

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
' Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed !

' Now sound out, trumpets ! ' quo' Buccleuch ;
' Let 's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie ! '
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
O wha daur meddle wi' me ?

Then speedily to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear ;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a steir.

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
We gar'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
' O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou 's to die ? '

steir, stir.

BALLADS

‘ O I sleep saft, and I wake aft ;
It ’s lang since sleeping was fley’d frae me !
Gi’e my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a’ gude fellows that speir for me.’

Then Red Rowan has hent him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
‘ Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

‘ Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope !
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell ! ’ he cried ;
‘ I ’ll pay you for my lodging mail,
When first we meet on the Borderside.’

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang ;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont’s airns played clang.

‘ O mony a time,’ quo’ Kinmont Willie,
‘ I have ridden horse baith wild and wud ;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne’er bestrode.

‘ And mony a time,’ quo’ Kinmont Willie,
‘ I ’ve prick’d a horse out owre the furs ;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs ! ’

saft, lightly. *fley’d*, frightened. *hent*, taken. *mail*, rent,
charge. *furs*, furrows.

BALLADS

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
'If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trow his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

'He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.'

SIR DAVID LINDSAY

1490-1555

77. *Prologue*

IN-to the Calendis of Januarie,

When fresh Phœbus, be moving circular,
From Capricorn was enterit in Aquarie,
With blastis that the branches made full bare,
The snaw and sleet perturbit all the air,
And flemit Flora from every bank and buss,
Through súpport of the austere Eolus.

Eftir that I the lang winteris nicht

Had lien waukin', in-to my bed, alone,
Throuch heavy thocht, that no way sleep I micht,
Remembering of divers thingis gone :
So up I rose, and clethit me anon.
Be this, fair Titan, with his leamis licht,
Owre all the land had spread his banner bricht.

With cloak and hude I dressit me belyve,

With double shoon, and mittanis on my handis ;
Howbeit the air was richt penetrative,
Yit fure I furth, lansing ourthort the landis
Toward the sea, to short me on the sandis,
Because unblumit was baith bank and brae.
And so, as I was passing be the way,

flemit, frightened. *buss*, bush. *leamis*, gleams. *belyve*,
speedily. *fure*, tared. *lansing*, striding. *short me*, amuse
myself.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY

I met dame Flora, in dule weid dissaguisit,
 Whilk in-to May was dulce and delectable ;
With stalwart stormis her sweetness was supprisit ;
 Her heavenly hues were turnit in-to sable,
 Whilkis umwhile were to luvaris amiable.
Fled from the frost, the tender flouris I saw
Under dame Naturis mantle lurking law.

Pensive in hairt, passing full soberly
 Unto the sea, forward I fure anon.
The sea was furth, the sand was smooth and dry ;
 Then up and down I musit mine alone,
 Till that I spyit ane little cave of stone
Heich in ane craig : upwart I did approach
But tarrying, and clamb up in the roche :

And purposit, for passing of the time,
 Me to defend from otiosity,
With pen and paper to register in rime
 Some merry matter of antiquity :
 Bot Idleness, ground of iniquity,
Scho made so dull my spreitis, me within,
That I wist nocht at what end to begin,

But sat still in that cave, where I nicht see
 The weltering of the wavis, up and down,
And this false warldis instability
 Unto that sea makand comparison,
 And of this warldis wrechit variation
To them that fixes all their whole intent,
Considering who most had suld most repent.

umwhile, erstwhile. *but*, without.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY

So, with my hude my heid I happit warm,
And in my cloak I fauldit both my feet ;
I thocht my corps with cauld suld tak no harm,
My mittanis held my handis weil in heat ;
The scowland craig me coverit from the sleet.
There still I sat, my bonës for to rest,
Till Morpheus with sleep my spreit opprest.

So, throw the busteous blastis of Eolus,
And throw my wauking on the nicht before,
And throw the seais moving marvellous,
Be Neptunus, with mony rout and roar,
Constrainit I was to sleep, withouttin more :
And what I dreamit, in conclusion
I sall you tell, ane marvellous Vision.

From *The Dreame*.

ALEXANDER SCOTT

Floruit 1545-1568

78. *A Rondel of Love*

Lo ! what it is to lufe,
Learn ye, that list to prufe,
Be me, I say, that no wayis may
The grund of grief remufe,
Bot still decay, both nicht and day :
Lo ! what it is to lufe.

77. *happit*, wrapped.

ALEXANDER SCOTT

Lufe is ane fervent fire,
Kendillit without desire :
Short plesour, lang displesour,
Repentance is the hire ;
Ane puir tressour without mesour :
Lufe is ane fervent fire.

To lufe and to be wise,
To rege with gud advice,
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
Incertain is the dice :
There is no man, I say, that can
Both lufe and to be wise.

Flee alwayis from the snare ;
Learn at me to be ware ;
It is ane pain and double trane
Of endless woe and care ;
For to refrain that danger plain,
Flee alwayis from the snare.

79.

Hence Hairt

HENCE hairt, with her that must depairt,
And hald thee with thy soverane,
For I had lever want ane hairt
Nor haif the hairt that does me pain ;
Therefore go, with thy lufe remain,
And lat me lif thus unmolest ;
And see that thou come not again,
But bide with her thou luvis best.

78. *rege*, quarrel.

79. *nor*, than.

ALEXANDER SCOTT

Sen scho that I haif servit lang
 Is to depairt so suddenly,
 Address thee now, for thou sall gang
 And bear thy lady company.
 Fra scho be gone, hairtless am I,
 For why ? thou art with her possest ;
 Therefore, my hairt, go hence in hy,
 And bide with her thou luvis best.

Thoch this belappit body here
 Be bound to servitude and thrall,
 My faithful hairt is free inteir
 And mind to serf my lady at all.
 Wald God that I were perigall
 Under that redolent rose to rest !
 Yit at the least, my hairt, thou sall
 Abide with her thou luvis best.

Sen in your garth the lily white
 May not remain amang the laif,
 Adieu, the flour of haill delight !
 Adieu the succour that may me saif !
 Adieu the fragrant balmë suaif,
 And lamp of ladies lustiest !
 My faithful hairt scho sall it haif
 To bide with her it luvis best.

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
 Her absence, sen scho must depairt,
 And specially ye luvaris true,
 That woundit been with luvis dart :

address, prepare. *hy*, haste. *belappit*, beleaguered. *at*
all, wholly. *perigall*, worthy. *laif*, rest. *suaif*, sweet.

ALEXANDER SCOTT

For some of you sail want ane hairt
As weil as I : therefore at last
Do go with mine, with mind inwart,
And bide with her thou luvist best.

80.

To Luve Unluvit

To luve unluvit it is ane pain ;
For scho that is my soverane,
Some wanton man so hie has set her
That I can get no lufe again,
But breks my hairt, and nocht the better.

When that I went with that sweet may,
To dance, to sing, to sport and play,
And oft-times in my armis plet her ;
I do now murne both nicht and day,
And breks my hairt, and nocht the better.

Where I was wont to see her go
Richt trimly passand to and fro,
With comely smilis when that I met her ;
And now I lif in pain and woe,
And breks my hairt, and nocht the better.

Whatten ane glaikit fule am I
To slay myself with melancholy,
Sen weil I ken I may nocht get her !
Or what suld be the cause, and why,
To brek my hairt, and nocht the better ?

80. *hie*, high.
sen, since.

plet, folded.

glaikit fule, stupid fool.

ALEXANDER SCOTT

My hairt, sen thou may nocht her please,
Adieu, as gude lufe comes as gaes,
Go choose ane other and forget her ;
God gife him dolour and disease,
That breks their hairt, and nocht the better.
Quoth Scott when his wife left him.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

? 1545-? 1610

81. *The Bankis of Helicon*

DECLARE, ye bankis of Helicon,
Parnassus hillis and dalis ilk one,
And fountain Caballine,
Gif ony of your Muses all,
Or nymphës may be peregall
Unto my lady sheen ?
Or if the ladies that did lave
Their bodies by your brim
So seemly were or yit so suave,
So beautiful or trim ?
Contemple, exemple
Tak be her proper port,
Gif ony sa bonnie
Amang you did resort.

No, no. Forsooth was never none
That with this perfite paragon
In beauty nicht compare :

81. *Caballine*, caused by the foot of a *caballus*—the horse Pegasus. *peregall*, quite worthy of. *contemple*, look you.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

The Muses would have given the gree
To her as to the A-per-se
And peerless pearl preclare,
Thinking with admiration
Her person so perfite.
Nature, in her creation,
To form her tuk delight.
Confess then, express then
Your nymphs and all their trace,
For beauty, of duty,
Suld yield and give he place.

Apelles—wha did sa decore
Dame Venus' face and briest before,
With colouris exquisite,
That nane micht be compared theretill
Nor yit na painter had the skill
The body to complete—
Were he this lively goddess' grace
And beauty to behauld,
He wald confess his craft and face
Surpast a thousand fauld :
Not able, in table,
With colours competent,
So quickly or likely
A form to represent.

Or had my lady been alive,
When the three goddesses did strive,
And Paris was made judge,

A-per-se, paragon. *table*, a picture.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

False Helene, Menelaus' make,
Had ne'er caused King Priamus' wraik
 In Troy, nor had refudge ;
For either scho the prize had won
 As wale of womanheid ;
Or ellis with Paris, Priam's son,
 Had gone in Helen's steid ;
 Esteemèd and deemèd
 Of colour twice so clear ;
 Far sweeter, and meeter
 To have been Paris' fere.

As Phœbus' tress her hair and breeis,
With angel hue and crystal eeis,
 And tongue most eloquent ;
Her teeth as pearl in coral set ;
Her lippis and cheekis pumice fret ;
 As rose maist redolent ;
With ivoire neck and pomellis round
 And comely intervall ;
Her lily lyre so soft and sound,
And proper memberis all ;
 Baith brichter and tichter
 Than marble poleist clean ;
 Perfiter and whiter
 Than Venus, lufis queen.

Her angel voice in melody
Does pass the heavenly harmony,
And Sirens' song most sweet ;

make, mate. *wale*, the choicest. *fere*, companion.
breeis, eyebrows. *pomellis*, breasts. *lyre*, skin.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

For to behauld her countenance,
Her gudely grace and governance,
It is a joy complete ;
Sa witty, virtuous, and wise,
And prudent but compare ;
Without all wickedness and vice,
Maist douce and debonair ;
In vesture and gesture
Maist seemly and modèst ;
With wordis and bourdis
To solace the opprest.

Na thing there is in her at all
That is not supernatural,
Maist proper and perfite :
So fresh, so fragrant and so fair,
As Deës and dame Beauty's heir,
And dochter of delight ;
With qualities and form divine
Be nature sa decor'd,
As goddess of all feminine,
Of men to be ador'd :
Sa blisséd that wisséd
Scho is in all men's thocht,
As rarest and fairest
That ever Nature wrocht.

Her luikis, as Titan radiant,
Wald pierce ane hairt of adamant,
And it to love allure ;

but, beyond. *bourdis*, jokes, pleasant words. *Deës*, goddess.
wisséd, desired (one).

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

Her burning beauty does embrace
My breist, and all my mind amaze,
And body haill combure.

I have no shift bot to resing
All power into her handis ;
And willingly my hairt to bring,
To bind it in her bandis,
To languiss in anguiss,
Sore woundit and opprest,
Forleitit, or treitit,
As scho sall think it best.

I hope sa peerless pulchritude
Will not be void of mansuetude,
Nor cruelly be bent ;
Sa, lady, for thy courtesie,
Have pity on my miserie,
And lat me not be shent ;
What praise have ye to be severe,
Or cruelly to kill
Your woeful woundit prisonèr,
All youldin in your will ;
Ay preising but ceasing
Maist hum'ly for to serve ?
Then prufe me, and lufe me,
As deedis sall deserve.

And gif ye find deceit in me,
Or ony quaint conceit in me,
Your bounty till abuse,

combure, consume. *resing*, resign. *forleitit*, forsaken.
treitit, kindly used. *shent*, undone. *youldin*, yielded to.
preising but ceasing, endeavouring without ceasing.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

My double dealing be disdain
Acquit, and pay me hame again
And flatly me refuse ;
Bot sen I mean sinceritie,
And true lufe from my hairt,
To quite me with austeritie
Forsooth were not your pairt ;
Or trap me, or wrap me
Maist wrangfully in woe,
Forsaking and wraiking
Your servant as your foe.

Alas ! let not true amitie
Be quite with so great crueltye,
Nor service be disdain ;
Bot rather, hairt, be ruthful,
And ye sall find me truthful,
Constant, secret and plain :
In sorrow let me not consome,
Nor langer dolour dree,
But suddenly pronounce the dome
Gif I sall lif or die :
That having my craving,
Mirthful I may remain,
Or speed sune the dede sune,
And put me out of pain.

- ♦ *be*, by. death. *wraiking*, destroying. *dree*, suffer. *the dede*, my

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

82.

Adieu to his Mistress

ADIEU, O daisy of delight ;
Adieu, most pleasant and perfite ;
 Adieu, and haif gude nicht :
Adieu, thou lustiest on live ;
Adieu, sweet thing superlative ;
 Adieu, my lamp of licht !
Like as the lizard does indeed
 Live by the manis face,
Thy beauty likewise suld me feed,
 If we had time and space.
 Adieu now ; be true now,
 Sen that we must depairt.
 Forget not, and set not
 At licht my constant hairt.

Albeit my body be absent,
My faithful hairt is vigilant
 To do you service true ;
Bot when I hant into the place
Where I was wont to see that face,
 My dolour does renew.
Then all my pleasure is bot pain,
 My cares they do incress ;
Until I see your face again
 I live in heaviness.
 Sair weeping, but sleeping
 The nichtis I ourdrive ;
Whiles murning, whiles turning,
 With thoughtis pensitive.

manis face, man's face (old writers frequently mention the friendship between the lizard and the man). *hant into*, frequent.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

Sometime Good Hope did me comfort,
Saying, the time suld be bot short
Of absence to endure.

Then courage quickens so my spreit,
When I think on my lady sweet,
I hald my service sure.

I can not plaint of my estate,
I thank the gods above ;
For I am first in her conceit,
Whom both I serve and love.
Her friendis ay weindis

To cause her to revoke ;
Scho bidis, and slidis
No more than does a rock.

O lady, for thy constancie,
A faithful servant sall I be,
Thine honour to defend ;
And I sall surely, for thy sake,
As doth the turtle for her make,
Love to my lifis end.
No pain nor travail, fear nor dreid,
Sall cause me to desist.
Then ay when ye this letter read,
Remember how we kiss'd ;
Embracing with lacing,
With other's tearis sweet,
Sic blissing in kissing
I quit till we twa meet.

weindis, try, insinuate. *make*, mate.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

83. *The Night is near Gone*

HAY ! now the day dawis,
The jolly cock crawis,
Now shroudis the shawis
 Throw Nature anon.
The throstle-cock cryis
On lovers wha lyis ;
Now skaillis the skyis :
 The night is near gone.

The fieldis ourflowis
With gowans that growis
Where lilies like lowe is,
 As red as the ro'an.
The turtle that true is,
With notes that renewis,
Her pairtie pursueis :
 The night is near gone.

Now hartis with hindis,
Conform to their kindis,
Hie tursis their tyndis,
 On grund where they groan.
Now hurchonis, with haris,
Ay passes in pairis ;
Whilk duly declaris
 The night is near gone.

dawis, dawns. *shroudis the shawis*, the woods attire themselves.
skaillis, clear. *lowe*, flame. *ro'an*, rowan,
mountain-ash. *pairtie*, partner. *hie tursis their tyndis*,
toss high their tines, their antlers. *hurchonis*, hedgehogs.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

The season excellis
Through sweetness that smellis ;
Now Cupid compellis
Our hairtis each one
On Venus wha wakis,
To muse on our makis,
Syne sing, for their sakis :
‘ The night is near gone.’

All courageous knightis
Aganis the day dichtis
The breist-plate that bricht is,
To fecht with their fone.
The stonèd steed stampis
Through courage and crampis,
Syne on the land lampis :
The night is near gone.

The freikis on fieldis
That wight wapins wieldis
With shining bright shieldis
As Titan in trone ;
Stiff spearis in restis,
Owre courseris crestis,
Are broke on their breistis :
The night is near gone.

So hard are their hittis,
Some sways, some sittis,

makis, mates. *dichtis*, prepare. *fone*, foes. *crampis*,
capers (?). *lampis*, gallops. *freikis*, stout fellows.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

And some perforce flittis
On grund whill they groan.
Syne groomis that gay is,
On blonkis that brayis,
With swordis assayis :
The night is near gone.

84.

Sonnet

TO HIS MISTRESS

BRIGHT amorous e'e where Love in ambush lies,
Clear crystal tear distill'd at our depairt,
Sweet secret sigh more piercing nor a dairt,
Inchanting voice, bewitcher of the wise,
White ivory hand whilk thrust my fingers prize :—
I challenge you, the causers of my smart,
As homicides, and murtherers of my heart,
In Reason's court to suffer ane assise.
Bot oh ! I fear, yea rather wot I weil,
To be repledg'd ye plainly will appeal
To Love, whom Reason never culd command :
Bot since I can not better mine estate,
Yit while I live, at least I sall regrate
Ane e'e, a tear, a sigh, a voice, a hand.

85.

An Admonition to Young Lasses

A BONNIE ' No,' with smiling looks again,
I wald ye learn'd, sen they so comely are.
As touching ' Yes,' if ye suld speak so plain,
I might reprove you to haif said so far.

83. *flittis*, remove, are thrown down. *whill*, till. *groomis*, gallants. *blonkis that brayis*, white horses that neigh. 84. *depairt*, parting.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

Nocht that your grant in ony wayis micht gar
Me loathe the fruit that courage oucht to choose ;
Bot I wald only haif you seem to scar,
And let me tak it, feigning to refuse ;

And warstle, as it were against your will,
Appearing angry, thoch ye haif no ire :
For haif, ye hear, is haldin half a fill.
I speak not this, as trowing for to tire :
Bot, as the forger, when he feeds his fire
With sparks of water, maks it burn more bauld ;
So, sweet denial doubles bot desire,
And quickens courage fra becoming cauld.

Wald ye be made of, ye maun mak it nice ;
For dainties here are delicate and dear,
Bot plenty things are prized to little price ;
Then thoch ye hearken, let no wit ye hear,
Bot look away, and len' them ay your ear :
For, follow love, they say, and it will flee.
Wald ye be lov'd, this lesson maun ye leir ;
Flee whilome love, and it will follow thee.

86. *May-morn and Cupid*

ABOUT ane bank, where birdis on bewis
Ten thousand timis their notis renewis
Ilk hour into the day,

85. *oucht*, ought. *scar*, take fright. *for haif, ye hear, is haldin half a fill*. For possession (to haif), they say, is considered (haldin) half a surfeit (a fill). *plenty*, plentiful. *let no wit*, give no sign. *whilome*, for a time. 86. *bewis*, boughs.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

The merle and mavis nicht be seen,
The progne and the philomene,
 Whilk causit me to stay.

I lay and leanit me to ane buss
 To hear the birdis bir ;

Their mirth was sa melodious
 Throw nature of the year :
 Some singing, some springing
 With wingis into the sky ;
 So trimly and nim'ly
 Thir birdis they flew me by.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare,
Wha fed amang the flouris fair,
 Were happing to and fro.
I saw the cunning and the cat,
Whase downis with the dew was wat,
 With mony beistis mo.

The hart, the hind, the doe and roe,
 The fowmart, and the fox
Were skipping all fra brae to brae,
 Amang the water brocks ;
 Some feeding, some dreiding
 In case of sudden snares ;
 With skipping and tripping
 They hantit all in pairs.

The air was sa attemperate,
But ony mist immaculate,
 Bot purifyit and clear ;

bir, sound. *hurcheon*, hedgehog. *cunning*, cony. *brocks*,
badgers (possibly beavers or otters). *but*, without.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

The flouris fair were flourishit,
As Nature had them nourishit
Baith delicate and deir ;
And every bloom on branch and beuch
So prettily were spread,
And hang their heidis out-owre the heuch
In Mayis colour cled ;
Some knopping, some dropping
Of balmy liquor sweet,
Distelling and smelling
Throw Phœbus' halesome heat.

The cuckoo and the cushat cried,
The turtle, on the other side,
Na pleasure had to play ;
So shill in sorrow was her sang
That, throw her voice, the roches rang ;
For Echo answerit ay,
Lamenting sair Narcissus' case,
Wha starvit at the well ;
Wha with the shadow of his face
For lufe did slay himsel.
Whiles weeping and creeping
About the well he bade ;
Whiles lying, whiles crying,
Bot it na answer made.

The dew as diamonds did hing
Upon the tender twists and ying,
Our-twinkling all the trees ;

deir, wild. *beuch*, bough. *heuch*, cliff. *knopping*, budding.
cushat, ringdove. *shill*, shrill. *roches*, (poetic form of) rocks.
starvit, perished. *twists*, twigs. *ying*, young.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

And ay where flouris flourishit fair,
There suddenly I saw repair

In swarms the sounding bees.
Some sweetly has the honey socht,
Whill they were cloggit sore ;
Some willingly the wax has wrocht,
To heap it up in store.

So heaping with keeping,
Into their hives they hide it,
Precisely and wisely
For winter they provide it.

To pen the pleasures of that park,
How every blossom, branch, and bark

Against the sun did shine,
I leif to poetis to compile
In stately verse and lofty style :

It passes my ingine.
Bot as I museit my alane,
I saw ane river rin
Out-owre ane craggy rock of stane,
Syne lichtit in ane lin,
With tumbling and rumbling
Amang the roches round,
Devalling and falling
Into that pit profound.

To hear thae startling streamis clear
Me-thocht it music to the ear,
What descant did abound

whill, till. *ingine*, genius. *my alane*, by myself. *de-*
valling, descending. *thae*, those.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

With treble sweet, and tenor just,
And ay the echo repercent
Her diapason sound,
Set with the Ci-sol-fa-uth cleif,
Thereby to know the note ;
There soundit a mighty semibreif
Out of the elfis throat.
Discreetly, mair sweetly
Nor crafty Amphion,
Or Muses that uses
At fountain Helicon.

Wha wald have tirit to hear that tune,
Whilk birdis corroborate ay abune,
Throw shouting of the larkis ?
Some flies sa high into the skies,
Whill Cupid waukinis with the cries
Of Nature's chapel-clerkis,
Wha, leaving all the heavens above,
Alighted in the erd.
Lo, how that little God of Love
Before me there appeared !
So mild-like and child-like,
With bow three quarteris scant,
So moyly and coyly,
He lukit like ane sant.

Ci-sol-fa-uth cleif. The syllables *ut, re, mi, fa sol, la* were used in the teaching of singing. *elfis throat*, the elf, Echo's throat. *uses*, are wont to be. *whill*, till. *erd*, earth. *moyly*, mildly.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

Ane cleanly crisp hang owre his eyes,
His quiver by his naked thighs

Hang in ane silver lace.

Of gold, betwix his shoulders, grew
Twa pretty wings wherewith he flew ;

On his left arm ane brace.

This god aff all his gear he shuke
And laid it on the grund.

I ran as busy for to luik

Where ferlies might be fund.

Amazit I gazit

To see that gear sa gay ;

Persaving my having

He countit me his prey.

His youth and stature made me stout ;
Of doubleness I had na doubt,

Bot bourded with my boy.

Quod I, ' How call they thee, my child ? '

' Cupido, Sir,' quod he, and smiled :

' Please you me to employ ;

For I can serve you in your suit,

If you please to impyre,

With wingis to flee, and shafts to shoot

Or flamis to set on fire.

Mak choice then out of those then,

Or of a thousand things ;

Bot crave them, and have them.'

With that I wooed his wings.

crisp, white veil of cobweb lawn.
ferlies, marvels. *having*, demeanour.
jested. *impyre*, lord it.

brace, arm-covering.
stout, bold. *bourded*,

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

‘ What wald thou give, my friend,’ quod he,
‘ To have thae pretty wingis to flee,
 To sport thee for a while ?
Or what, gif I suld len’ thee here
My bow and all my shooting gear,
 Somebody to beguile ? ’
‘ That gear,’ quod I, ‘ cannot be bocht,
 Yet wald I haif it fain.’
‘ What gif,’ quod he, ‘ it cost thee nocht
 Bot rend’ring it again ? ’
 His wingis than he bringis than,
 And band them on my back :
‘ Go fly now,’ quod he now,
 ‘ And so my leif I tak.’

I sprang up on Cupido’s wingis
Who bow and quiver baith resingis
 To lend me for ane day.
As Icarus with borrowit flicht
I mountit heicher nor I micht ;
 Owre perilous ane play.
Than furth I drew that deadly dairt
 Whilk sometime shot his mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton hairt,
 In hope to hurt ane other.
 It hurt me, it burt me,
 The ofter I it handle,
Come see now, in me now,
 The butterfly and candle.

resingis, resigns. *burt*, burnt.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

As scho delights into the lowe,
So was I browdin in my bow,
 As ignorant as scho ;
And as scho flies whill scho be firit,
Sa, with the dart that I desirit,
 My hand has hurt me too.
As foolish Phaëton, be suit,
 His fatheris cart obtain'd,
I langed in Lufis bow to shoot,
 Bot wist not what it mean'd.
 Mair wilful than skilful
 To flee I was so fond,
Desiring, impyring,
 And sa was seen upon 't.

Too late I knaw, wha hewis too hie,
The spail sall fall into his e'e ;
 Too late I went to schulis.
Too late I heard the swallow preach,
Too late Experience does teach—
 The schule-maister of fulis.
Too late to find the nest I seek,
 When all the birds are flowin ;
Too late the stable-door I steek,
 When all the steeds are stowin.
 Too late ay their state ay
 All foolish folk espy ;
 Behind so, they find so
 Remead, and so do I.

From The Cherry and the Slae.

lowe, flame. *browdin*, foolishly taken up with. *firit*, burnt.
be, by. *hewis too hie*, hews (a tree) too high. *spail*, splinter.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

1496-1586

87. *Advice to Leesome Merriness*

WHEN I have done consider
This warldis vanitie,
Sa brukil and sa slidder,
Sa full of miserie ;
Then I remember me
That here there is no rest ;
Therefore apparentlie
To be merrie is best.

Let us be blyth and glad,
My friendis all, I pray.
To be pensive and sad
Na-thing it help us may.
Therefore put quite away
All heaviness of thocht :
Thoch we murne nicht and day
It will avail us nocht.

88. *Satire on the Toun Ladies*

SOME wifis of the burrows-toun
Sa wonder vain are and wantoun,
In warld they wat not what to wear,
On claithis they wair mony a croun ;
And all for newfangilness of gear.

87. *leesome*, lawful. *sa brukil and sa slidder*, so brittle and
so slippery. 88. *wat*, know. *wair*, spend.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

Their bodies bravelie they attire
 Of carnal lust to eke the fire ;
 I ferlie why they have na fear
 To gar men deem what that they desire ;
 And all for newfangilness of gear.

Their gouns are costlie, and trimlie traillis,
 Barrit with velvous, sleif, neck, and taillis ;
 And their foreskirt of silkis seir
 Of finest camroche their fo'c'sailis ;
 And all for newfangilness of gear.

And of fine silk their furrit cloakis,
 With hingand sleevis, like geill pockis ;
 Na preaching will gar them forbear
 To wear all thing that sin provokis ;
 And all for newfangilness of gear.

Their wyliecoats maun weil be hewit,
 Broudirit richt braid, with pasmentis sewit ;
 I trow, wha wald the matter speir,
 That their gudemen had cause to rew it
 That ever their wifis wear sic gear.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin
 Barrit aboon with tasteis drawin ;
 With gartens of ane new mannér,
 To gar their courtliness be knawin ;
 And all for newfangilness of gear.

eke, add to. *ferlie*, wonder. *taillis*, skirts. *silkis seir*, various silks. *camroche* cambric. *fo'c'sailis*, fo'c'sles, the high breast trimming of a lady's dress which was like the lofty fo'c'sle of an ancient ship. *geill pockis*, jelly-bags. *wyliecoats*, under-petticoats. *broudirit*, embroidered. *tasteis drawin*, drawn tops or headpieces.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

Sometime they will bear up their gown,
To shaw their wyliecoat hingand doun ;
And sometime baith they will upbear,
To shaw their hose of black or broun ;
And all for newfangilness of gear.

Their collars, carcats, and hals-beadis,
With velvet hats heich on their headis,
Cordit with gold like ane younkeir,
Brouderit about with golden threadis ;
And all for newfangilness of gear.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muillis !
In kirk are not content of stulis,
The sermon when they sit to hear ;
Bot carries cushingis like vain fulis ;
And all for newfangilness of gear.

I maen of them their honour dreidis ;
Why sould they nocht have honest weidis,
To their estate doand effeir ?
I maen of them their state exceedis ;
And all for newfangilness of gear.

For sometimes wifis sa grave has been,
Like giglets cled wald nocht be seen.
Of burgess wifis thoch I speak here,
Think weil of all women I mean,
On vanities that wastës gear.

carcats, and hals-beadis, necklaces and throat-beads. younkeir, younker, young spark. muillis, sandals. maen, lament. doand effeir, doing what is becoming. think weil, be sure.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

They say wifis are so delicate
In feeding, feasting, and bankat,
Some not content are with sic cheer
As weil may súffice their estate ;
For newfangilness of cheer and gear.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
In spice and druggis on ane day
Than wald their mothers in ane year ;
Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
When they sa vainly waste their gear.

Therefore young wifis specially,
Of all sic faultis hald you free,
And moderately to lif now leir
In meat and claith accordingly ;
And nocht sa vainly waste your gear.

Use not to skift athort the gate,
Nor na mum-cairtis, air nor late ;
Be na dancer, nor this dangèr
Of you be ta'en an ill conceit
That ye are able to waste gear.

Hant ay in honest companie,
And all suspicious places flee ;
Let never harlot come you near,
That wald you lead to lecherie,
In hope to get therefor some gear.

mony pack, many a fortune.
gate, glide across the street.
cards.

leir, learn. *skift athort the*
mum-cairtis, mumming (playing)

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

My counsel I give generally
To all women, whatever they be,
This lesson for to con perquer,
Syne keep it weil continually
Better nor ony warldly gear.

Leif, burgess men, or all be lost,
On your wifis to mak sic cost,
Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir :
Scho that may not want wine and roast
Is able for to waste some gear.

Between them and nobillis of blude
Na difference bot ane velvous hude !
Their camroche curches are as dear ;
Their other claithis are as gude ;
And they as costly in other gear.

Bot, wald great ladies tak gude heed
To their honoûr, and find remead,
They suld thole na sic wifis to wear,
Like lordis wifis, lady's weid,
As dames of honour in their gear.

I speak for na despite truly
(Myself am nocht of faultis free),
Bot that ye sould nocht persevere
Into sic foolish vanitie,
For na newfangilness of gear.

perquer, by heart. *leif*, leave off. *bleir*, disgrace. *thole*,
allow.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

Of burgess wifis thoch I speak plain,
Some landwart ladies are as vain,
As be their claithing may appear ;
Wearand gayer nor them may gain :
On owre vain claithis wastand gear.

89. *Aganis the Thievis of Liddisdale*

OF Liddisdale the common thievis
Sa pertlie stealis now and reifis,
That nane may keep
Horse, nolt, nor sheep,
Nor yit dar sleep
For their mischiefis.

They plainlie throw the countrie ridis ;
I trow the meikle devil them guidis ;
Where they onset
Ay in their gate
There is na yett
Nor door them bidis.

They leif richt nocht ; wherever they gae
There can na thing be hid them frae ;
For, gif men wald
Their houses hald,
Than wax they bauld
To burn and slay.

88. *landwart*, country. *Wearand*, wearing. 89. *reifis*, rob.
leif richt nocht, just leave nothing.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

Thae thiefs have nearhand herreit hail
Ettrick Forest and Lauderdale ;
 Now are they gane
 In Lothiane,
 And sparis nane
 That they will wale.

Thae landis are with stouth sa socht,
To éxtreme povertie are brocht ;
 Thae wicked shrewis
 Has laid the plowis,
 That nane or few is
 That are left oucht.

By common taking of black-mail,
They that had flesh and bread and ale,
 Now are sa wraikit,
 Made puir and nakit,
 Fain to be slaikit
 With water-kail.

Thae thiefs that stealis and tursis hame,
Ilk ane of them has ane to-name :
 Will of the Lawis,
 Hab of the Shawis ;
 To mak bare wa'is,
 They think na shame.

herreit, harried. *wale*, choose. *with stouth sa socht*, so
visited with robbery. *laid*, rendered useless. *oucht*, aught,
anything. *wraikit*, wrecked. *tursis*, carry off. *to-name*,
nickname.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

They spuilye puir men of their packis ;
They leif them nocht on bed nor backis ;
 Baith hen and cock,
 With reel and rock,
 The Lairdis Jock,
All with him takis.

They leif not spindle, spoon, nor spit,
Bed, bowster, blanket, serk, nor sheet :
 John of the Park
 Ripes kist and ark ;
 For all sic wark
He is richt meet.

He is weil kend, John of the Side ;
A greater thief did never ride :
 He never tires
 For to break byres ;
 Owre muir and mires
Owre gude ane guide.

There is anc, callit Clement's Hob,
Fra ilk puir wife reifis her wob,
 And all the laif,
 Whatever they haif :
 The devil resaif
Therefor his gob !

spuilye, despoil. *rock*, distaff. *ripes kist*, searches chest.
wob, web. *gob*, stomach.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND

To sic great stouth whae'er wald trow it,
But gif some great man it allowit ?

Richt sair I rue,
Thoch it be true,
There is sa few
That dar avow it.

Of some great men they have sic gate,
That ready are them to debate

And will up-wear
Their stolen gear,
That nane dar steir
Them, air nor late.

What causes thieffis us our-gang
Bot want of justice us amang ?

Nane takis care
Thoch all forfare :
Na man will spare
Now to do wrang.

Of stouth thoch now they come gude speed
That neither of men nor God has dreid,

Yit, or I die,
Some sall them see
Hing on a tree
Whill they be deid.

sic gate, such access. *them to debate*, take up the cudgels for
them. *up-wear*, protect. *us our-gang*, to oppress us. *forfare*,
perish. *come gude speed of*, are so successful in. *whill*, till.

JOHN BELLENDEN

floruit 1533-1587

90. *Address to Bellona and King James V.*

ARMIPOTENT lady, Bellona serene,
Goddess of wisdom and jeopardies of weir,
Sister of Mars, and leader of his rene,
And of his batellis awful messenger,—
Thy weirlike trumpet thunder in mine ear,
The horrible battellis and the bluidy harms
To write of Romanis, the noble men of arms.

And bricht Apollo, with thy course eterne,
That makis the fruitis spring on every ground,
And with thy michty influence does govern
The twinkland sternis about the mappamound,
Thy fiery visage on my verse diffound,
And quicken the spreitis of my dull ingine
With rutuland beames of thy lowe divine.

And ye my soverane be line continual,
Ay come of kingis your progenitouris,
And writës in ornate style poetical
Quick-flowand verse of rethoric colouris,
Sa freshly springand in your lusty flouris
To the great comfort of all true Scottismen,
Be now my muse and leader of my pen !

weir, war. *rene*, dominion, power. *mappamound* (*mappa mundi*), the world. *diffound*, diffuse, pour. *ingine*, genius.

JOHN BELLENDEN

That be your help and favour gracious
I may be able, as ye commandit me,
To follow the prince of story, Livius,
Whase curious reasons tonit are so hie.
And every sence sa full of majesty
That so he passes other storiës all,
As silver Diane does the sternis small.

From the *Prologue upon the Traduction of Titus Livius*.

ALEXANDER HUME

?1560-1609

91. *Of the Day Estivall*

O PERFITE Light, whilk shed away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler owre the day,
Ane other owre the night—

Thy glory when the day foorth flies,
Mair vively does appear,
Nor at midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawës by ;
Syne in the East, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky :

90. *tonit hie*, pitched high. 91. *estivall*, summer. *vively*,
vividly.

ALEXANDER HUME

Whilk sune perceives the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe,
And tunes their sangs like Nature's clerks,
Owre meadow, muir, and stryp.

Our hemisphere is poleist clean
And lightened more and more,
Whill every thing be clearly seen,
Whilk seemèd dim before :

Except the glistering astres bright,
Which all the night were clear,
Offuskèd with a greater light,
Na langer does appear.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And owre the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds with boulden throats,
Aganis his visage sheen,
Takes up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

Up-braids the careful husbandman,
His corns and vines to see ;
And every timous artisan
In buith works busily.

stryp, rill, burn. *offuskèd*, darkened. *boulden*, swelling.
kindly, each after its kind. *up-braids*, up-rises. *buith*, booth.

ALEXANDER HUME

The pastor quits the slothful sleep
And passes foorth with speed,
His little camow-nosèd sheep
And rowting kye to feed.

The passenger from perils sure
Gangs gladly foorth the way :
Brief, every living creàture
Takes comfort of the day.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearles white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the ground.

The misty rock, the clouds of rain
From tops of mountains skails,
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapours takes the vales.

The ample heaven of fabric sure
In cleanness does surpass
The crystal and the silver pure,
Or clearest poleist glass.

The time sa tranquil is and still,
That na where sall ye find—
Saif on ane high and barren hill—
Ane air of piping wind.

camow, flat. *rowting kye*, lowing cows. *rock*, vapour.
skails, disperses.

ALEXANDER HUME

All trees and simples great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Nor they were painted on a wall
Na mair they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purpours sea,
Yea, smother nor the sand ;
The wawis that welt'ring wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

Sa silent is the cessile air,—
That every cry and call,
The hills, and dales, and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
Owre rocks can softly rin,
The water clear like crystal seems,
And makes a pleasant din.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers,
Throw Phœbus' fost'ring heat,
Refresh'd with dew and silver showers,
Casts up ane odour sweet.

The cloggèd, busy humming bees,
That never thinks to drown,
On flowers and flourishes of trees,
Collects their liquor brown.

wawis, waves. *cessile*, yielding. *caller*, fresh.

ALEXANDER HUME

The sun maist like a speedy post,
With ardent course ascends,
The beauty of the heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends.

The burning beams down from his face
Sa fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seeks a place
To save them fra the heat.

The herds beneath some leafy tree,
Amids' the flowers they lie ;
The stable ships upon the sea
Tends up their sails to dry.

Back from the blue paymented whin,
And from ilk plaister wall,
The hot reflexing of the sun
Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timely raise,
All weary, faint, and weak
For heat, down to their houses gais,
Noon-meat and sleep to take.

The caller wine in cave is sought,
Men's brothing breists to cule ;
The water cauld and clear is brought,
And sallets steep'd in ule.

tends, stretch. *paymented whin*, pavedment whinstone
(basalt). *brothing breists*, sweating breasts. *ule*, oil.

ALEXANDER HUME

Some plucks the honey plum and pear,
The cherry and the peach ;
Some likes the reamand London beer,
The body to refresh.

Foorth of their skeps some raging bees
Lies out and will not cast,
Some other swarms hives on the trees
In knots togidder fast.

The corbies, and the kekling kais
May scarce the heat abide,
Hawks prunyeis on the sunny braes
And wedder's back and side.

With gilded eyes and open wings,
The cock his courage shaws,
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
And twenty times he craws.

The dow with whistling wings sa blue,
The winds can fast collect,
His purpour pennes turns mony hue
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went, gane is midday,
The heat does slake at last,
The sun descends down west away,
Fra three of clock be past.

reamand, foaming.
prunyeis, preen themselves.
pigeon.

kekling kais, cackling jackdaws.
wedder, a wether sheep. *dow*,

ALEXANDER HUME

The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength,
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for every where
The wind is sitten down ;
The reek thraws right up in the air
From every tower and town.

The mavis and the philomene
The stirling whistles loud,
The cushats on the branches green
Full quietly they crowd.

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purpour sanguine bright.

Our west horizon circuler,
Fra time the sun be set,
Is all with rubies (as it were)
Or roses reid ourfret.

What pleasure were to walk and see,
Endlang a river clear,
The perfite form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

reek, smoke. *stirling*, starling. *cushats*, wood-pigeons.
reid, red. *ourfret*, embroidered.

ALEXANDER HUME

O, then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalm !

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can till other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

MARK ALEXANDER BOYD

1563-1601

92.

Sonet

FRA bank to bank, fra wood to wood I rin,
Ourhailit with my feeble fantasie ;
Like til a leaf that fallis from a tree,
Or til a reed ourblawin with the win'.

Twa gods guides me ; the ane of them is blin',
Yea and a bairn brocht up in vanitie ;
The next a wife ingenrit of the sea,
And lichter nor a dauphin with her fin.

Unhappy is the man for evermair
That tills the sand and sawis in the air ;
But twice unhappier is he, I lairn,
That feedis in his hairt a mad desire,
And follows on a woman throw the fire,
Led by a blind and teachit by a bairn.

92. *ourhailit*, overcome.

SIR ROBERT AYTON

1570-1638

93. *To an Inconstant Mistress*

I LOVED thee once, I 'll love no more ;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;
Thou art not what thou wert before ;
What reason should I be the same ?
He that can love unlov'd again
Hath better store of love than brain,
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had'st still continued mine ;
Nay, if thou had'st remain'd thine own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou might elsewhere enthrall ;
And then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no pray'r to say
To such as must to others pray.

SIR ROBERT AYTON

Yet do thou glory in thy choice ;
Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
I 'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee,
To love thee still, but go no more
A-begging at a beggar's door.

94. *Inconstancy Reproved*

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest pray'r
That lips could speak, had pow'r to move thee ;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet ; yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth everything it meets :
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou 'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells !
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

SIR ROBERT AYTON

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like fair flow'rs to be thrown aside ;
And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER (EARL OF STIRLING)

1580-1640

95. *Illusion*

IF Fortune's dark eclipse cloud glory's light,
Then what avails that pomp which pride doth
claim ?

A mere illusion made to mock the sight,
Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.

Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon
broken ;

And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades and scarcely leaves behind a token.

Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair ;
Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls
Evanish all—like vapours in the air.

Our painted pleasures but apparel pain ;
We spend our days in dread, our lives in dangers,
Balls to the stars, and thralls to Fortune's reign,
Known unto all, yet to ourselves but strangers.

From *Darius*.

EARL OF STIRLING

96.

To Aurora

O, IF thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest ;
Then thou wouldst melt the ice out of thy breast,
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.
O, if thy pride did not our joys controul,
What world of loving wonders should'st thou see !
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul,
Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine.
And if that aught mischanc'd thou should'st not
 moan,
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone ;
No, I would have my share in what were thine.
 And whilst we thus should make our sorrows
 one,
 This happy harmony would make them none.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN

1585-1649

97.

Madrigal

LIKE the Idalian queen,
Her hair about her eyne,
With neck and breast's ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flow'rs
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd,
The flow'rs did smile, like those upon her face ;
And as their aspen stalks those fingers band,
That she might read my case,
A hyacinth I wish'd me in her hand.

98.

Invocation

PHŒBUS, arise !
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red ;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy càreer may with roses spread ;
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing ;
Make an eternal Spring,
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishèd day,
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark :
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see, than those which by Penèus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise ;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise ;
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay ;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
—The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star ;
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels ;
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue :
Here is the pleasant place,
And ev'ry thing, save her, who all should grace.

99.

Sonnet

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress ;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possest,

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,—
I long to kiss the image of my death.

100.

Sonnet

ALEXIS, here she stay'd ; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair ;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian
mines ;
She set her by these muskèd eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear ;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their
ear.
Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face ;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace :
But, ah ! what serv'd it to be happy so,
Sith passèd pleasures double but new woe ?

101.

Madrigal

THIS life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath :
And though it sometime seem of its own might,
Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
For even when most admired, it in a thought,
As swelled from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.

102.

To his Lute

MY lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear :
Be therefore silent as in woods before,
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

102. *ramage*, warbling.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

103.

Sonnet

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly
train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
flow'rs :
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their
show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but, ah ! my pleasant
hours
And happy days with thee come not again ;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sour.
Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair ;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems, her can restore.
Neglected Virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.

104.

Madrigal

THE beauty, and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears ! O grief ! hung at a feeble thread,
To which pale Atropos had set her knife ;
The soul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart ;

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

Nought else did want, save death, even to be dead ;
When the afflicted band about her bed,
 Seeing so fair him come in lips, cheeks, eyes,
 Cried, ah ! and can death enter paradise ?

105. *Madrigal*

My thoughts hold mortal strife ;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchise ;
But he, grim-grinning King,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

106. *The Book of the World*

OF this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare ;
Find out his power which wildest pow'rs doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no, period of the same ;
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
 Or if by chance our minds do muse on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

107. *For the Baptist*

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild :
His food was locusts, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exil'd.
There burst he forth : ' All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn ?
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn.'
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves, ' Repent, repent ! '

108. *Change should breed Change*

NEW doth the sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the baby year.
My soul, time posts away,
And thou yet in that frost
Which flower and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay :
For shame ! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there, at that immortal sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

109. *To a Nightingale*

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleasèd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
 flowers ;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
Attir'd in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven !
 Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

110. *Song*

THAT Zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
It was for her : that wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were so early seen,
That in the saddest months oft sang the merles,
It was for her ; for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy those our shades, and calm resorts,
It was for her ; and she is gone, O woe !
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

1612-1650

111. *I 'll never Love Thee more*

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part
(Which virtuous souls abhor),
And hold a Synod in thy heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if Committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I 'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant to thy word ;
I 'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword ;
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before ;
I 'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

112. *Verses composed on the Eve of his Execution*

LET them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake ;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air—
Lord ! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I 'm hopeful thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou 'lt raise me with the just.

ROBERT SEMPILL OF BELTREES

? 1595-? 1668

113. *The Epitaph of Habbie Simpson*

PIPER OF KILBARCHAN

KILBARCHAN now may say alas !
For she hath lost her game and grace,
Both *Trixie* and *The Maiden Trace* ;
But what remead ?
For no man can supply his place :
Hab Simson 's dead.

112. *airth*, quarter of the compass.

ROBERT SEMPILL

Now who shall play *The Day it Daws*,
Or *Hunts up when the Cock he craws* ?
Or who can for our kirk-town cause
Stand us in stead ?
On bagpipes now nobody blaws
Sin' Habbie 's dead.

Or who will cause our shearers shear ?
Wha will bend up the brags o' weir,
Bring in the bells, or good play-meir
In time of need ?
Hab Simson could, what needs you speir,
But now he 's dead.

So kindly to his neighbours neist
At Beltane and Saint Barchan's feast
He blew, and then held up his breast,
As he were weid ;
But now we need not him arrest,
For Habbie 's dead.

At fairs he play'd before the spear-men,
All gaily graithèd in their gear, man :
Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords so clear then
Like ony bead :
Now wha will play before such weir-men
Sin' Habbie 's dead ?

brags o' weir, the brags of war (a game). *play-meir*, hobby-horse.
weid, mad. *weir-men*, men-of-war.

ROBERT SEMPILL

At clerk-plays, when he wont to come,
His pipe played trimly to the drum ;
Like bykes of bees he gart it bum,
 And tun'd his reed :
Now all our pipers may sing dumb,
 Sin' Habbie 's dead.

And at horse races many a day,
Before the black, the brown, the grey,
He gart his pipe, when he did play,
 Baith skirl and skreed :
Now all such pastime 's quite away
 Sin' Habbie 's dead.

He counted was a waled wight-man,
And fiercely at football he ran ;
At every game the gree he wan
 For pith and speed ;
The like of Habbie was na than,
 But now he 's dead.

And then, besides his valiant acts,
At bridals he wan many placks ;
He bobbit ay behind folk's backs
 And shook his head :
Now we want many merry cracks,
 Sin' Habbie 's dead.

bykes, hives. *gart*, made. *waled wight-man*, picked strong
man. *the gree he wan*, the prize he won. *placks*, little coins.
cracks, chats.

ROBERT SEMPILL

He was a convoyer of the bride,
With Kittock hinging at his side ;
About the kirk he thought a pride
The ring to lead :
But now we may gae but a guide,
For Habbie 's dead.

So well 's he keepit his decorum,
And all the stots of *Whip-meg-morum* ;
He slew a man, and wac 's me for him,
And bore the feid ;
But yet the man wan hame before him,
And was not dead.

And when he play'd, the lasses leugh
To see him toothless, auld, and teugh :
He wan his pipes besides Barcleugh,
Withouten dread ;
Which after wan him gear eneugh ;
But now he 's dead.

Ay when he play'd the gaislings gethered,
And when he spake the carl blethered,
On Sabbath days his cap was feathered,
A seemly weid ;
In the kirkyard his mare stood tethered,
Where he lies dead.

but, without. *stots*, bouncing turns. *Whip-meg-morum*,
the name of a tune. *feid*, feud. *gaislings gethered*, goslings
gathered. *blethered*, talked nonsense. *weid*, dress.

ROBERT SEMPILL

Alas ! for him my heart is sair,
For of his springs I gat a skair,
At every play, race, feast, or fair,
 But guile or greed ;
We need not look for piping mair,
 Sin' Habbie 's dead.

ANONYMOUS

114. *Maggie Lauder*

WHA wad na be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder ?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what was 't they ca'd her ;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 ' Begone, you hallanshaker,
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.'

' Maggie,' quoth he, ' and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee ;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steir thee ;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter ;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.'

113. *skair*, good share. 114. *speir'd*, asked. *hallanshaker*,
knave. *bladderskate*, chatterer.

ANONYMOUS

‘Piper,’ quoth Meg, ‘Hae you your bags,
Or is your drone in order ?
If you be Rob, I’ve heard of you ;
Live you upo’ the Border ?
The lasses a’, baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter ;
I’ll shake my foot wi’ right goodwill,
Gif you’ll blaw up your chanter.’

Then to his bags he flew wi’ speed,
About the drone he twisted ;
Meg up and wallop’d o’er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
‘Weel done,’ quoth he: ‘Play up,’ quoth she :
‘Weel bobb’d,’ quoth Rob the Ranter ;
‘’Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.’

‘Weel hae you play’d your part,’ quoth Meg,
‘Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
There’s nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I’ve liv’d in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter ;
Gin you should come to Anster Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.’

115. *The Blythsome Bridal*

Fy let us a’ to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there ;
For Jockie’s to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi’ the gowden hair.

ANONYMOUS

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jockie 's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley meal ;
 And there 'll be good saut herring
 To relish a cog of good ale.

And there will be Sawney the souter,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will be bow-leggèd Robbie,
 With thumbless Katie's goodman ;
 And there will be blue-checkèd Dowbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And pluiky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nosed Francie, and Gibbie
 That wins in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
 With snivelling Lily and Tibbie,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
 With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,

lang-kail, colewort. *souter*, cobbler. *blutter*, gabbler.
pluiky-fac'd, pimple-faced. *capper-nosed*, copper- (*i.e.* red)
nosed. *wins*, lives. *how*, hollow. *the stool* (of repentance).
glaikit, giddy.

ANONYMOUS

And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate :
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whitens and speldings enew,
 With singèd sheep-heads and a haggis,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens and farls and baps,
 With swats and weel-scrapèd paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander
 Of flowks that were taken alive.

misle-shinn'd, spotty-legged. *pearlins*, lace. *sybows*,
 onions. *rifarts*, radishes. *carlings*, roasted peas. *fadges*,
 barley-cake. *brachan*, gruel. *fowth*, plenty. *gabbocks*,
 mouthfuls. *powsowdy*, sheep's-head broth. *drammock*, water-
 gruel. *crowdy*, thin porridge. *caller*, fresh. *nowt-feet*,
 cow-heel. *partans*, crabs. *buckies*, whelks. *speldings*,
 smoked fish. *scadlips* (see Glossary). *lapper'd-milk kebbucks*,
 sour milk cheeses. *sowens* (see Glossary). *farls*, cakes. *swats*,
 new ale. *castocks*, cabbage-stalks. *skink*, thin broth. *flowks*,
 flounders.

ANONYMOUS

Scrypt haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We 'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lilting there ;
 For Jockie 's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

116. *The Gaberlunzie-man*

THE pawky auld carle came owre the lea
 Wi' mony good-e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, ' Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man ? '
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
 My dochter's shoulders he gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

' O wow ! ' quo he, ' were I as free
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.'
 He grew canty, and she grew fain,
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa togither were say'n
 When wooing they were sa thrang.

115. *dulse and tangle*, different kinds of sea-weed. *snishing*,
 snuff. 116. *Gaberlunzie*, licensed beggar. *wat*, wet. *cadgily*,
 merrily. *minny*, mother. *thir slee twa*, that sly pair. *thrang*,
 busy.

ANONYMOUS

' And O ! ' quo he, ' an ye were as black
 As ever the crown o' your daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou sould gang.'
 ' And O ! ' quo she, ' an I were as white
 As ever the snaw lay on the dike,
 I 'd clead me braw and lady-like,
 And awa' wi' thee I would gang.'

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her claiths,
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
 To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away ;
 She clapt her hands, cry'd ' Dulefu' day !
 For some of our gear will be gane.'
 Some ran to coffer and some to kist,
 But nought was stown, that could be mist ;
 She danced her lane, cry'd ' Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

<i>clead me</i> , dress myself.	<i>raise a wee</i> , got up a little.	<i>bent</i> ,
open country.	<i>silly</i> , worthy, innocent.	<i>kist</i> , chest.
<i>lane</i> , by herself.		<i>her</i>

ANONYMOUS

‘ Since naething ’s awa’ as we can learn,
The kirn ’s to kirn and milk to earn ;
Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.’
The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife can say,
 ‘ She ’s aff with the gaberlunzie-man.’

‘ O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again ;
For she ’s be burnt, and he ’s be slain,
 The wearifu’ gaberlunzie-man.’
Some rade upo’ horse, some ran afit,
The wife was wood, and out o’ her wit :
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit.
 But ay did curse and did ban,

Meantime far hind out owre the lea,
Fu’ snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang :
The prieving was gude, it pleas’d them baith,
To lo’e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo she, ‘ To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

kirn, churn. *but the house*, to the outside room. *ben*,
inside. *gar ride*, make some one ride. *wood*, mad. *prieving*,
taste.

ANONYMOUS

' O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou' ;
 Sic a poor man she 'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie-man.'
 ' My dear,' quo he, ' ye 're yet owre young,
 And hae na learnt the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae toun to toun,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

' Wi' cauk and keel I 'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed,
 The gaberlunzie to carry O !
 I 'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owre my e'e ;
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we sall sing and be merry O ! '

117. *Tak your Auld Cloak about Ye*

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill ;
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 ' Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.'

116. *ill-fardly*, ill-favouredly. *cauk*, chalk. *keel* (see
 Glossary). 117. *Cromie's*, name for a cow.

ANONYMOUS

‘ O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn ?
Thou ken’st my cloak is very thin ;
It is so bare and overworn,
A cricke he thereon cannot rin ;
Then I ’ll no longer borrow nor lend,
For ance I ’ll new apparell’d be,
To-morrow I ’ll to town and spend,
For I ’ll have a new cloak about me.’

‘ My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kine ;
Aft has she wet the bairns’ mou’,
And I am laith that she shou’d tine ;
Get up, goodman, it is fu’ time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.’

‘ My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear ;
But now its scanty worth a groat,
For I have worn ’t this thirty year ;
Let ’s spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we ’ll die ;
Then I ’ll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.’

flyte, scold. *tine*, be lost.

ANONYMOUS

‘ In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;
He said they were a groat o’er dear,
And ca’d the taylor thief and lown ;
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou ’rt a man of laigh degree,
’Tis pride puts a’ the country down,
Gae tak thy auld cloak about thee.’

‘ Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
I think the warld is a’ run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see, Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
Whilst I sit hurklen in the ase ?
I ’ll have a new cloak about me.’

‘ Goodman, I wat ’tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten :
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be ;
And if you prove a good husband,
E’en tak your auld cloak about ye.’

rang, reigned.
among the ashes.

hool, husk.

hurklen in the ase, crouching

ANONYMOUS

Bell, my wife, she lo'es na strife ;
But she wad guide me if she can ;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I 'm goodman :
Nought 's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
Then I 'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

118.

Annie Laurie

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
Whar early fa's the dew ;
Whar me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true ;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me down and die.

She 's backit like the peacock ;
She 's breastit like the swan ;
She 's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel nicht span ;
Her waist ye weel nicht span,
And she has a rolling eye ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me down and die.

118. *jimp*, slender.

ANONYMOUS

119. *Get Up and Bar the Door*

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than,
When our gudewife got puddin's to mak,
And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor :
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
' Gae out and bar the door.'

' My hand is in my hussif-skep,
Gudeman, as ye may see,
An it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
It 's no be barr'd for me.'

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure ;
That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.

hussif-skep, housewifery.

ANONYMOUS

‘ Now, whether is this a rich man’s house,
Or whether is it a poor ? ’
But never a word wad ane o’ them speak,
For barring o’ the door.

And first they ate the white puddin’s,
And then they ate the black ;
Tho’ muckle thought the gudewife to hersel,
Yet ne’er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,
‘ Here, man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man’s beard,
And I ’ll kiss the gudewife.’

‘ But there ’s nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than ? ’
‘ What ails you at the puddin’ broo,
That boils into the pan ? ’

O up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he ;
‘ Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scald me wi’ puddin’ bree ? ’

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor :
‘ Gudeman, ye ’ve spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.’

broo, broth.

ANONYMOUS

120. *Todlen butt, and todlen ben*

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town,
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
 O ! poverty parts good company.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 Cou'dna my love come todlen hame ?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale ;
 Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
 Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your
 mou' ;
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,
 When todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

butt and ben, the front and back rooms of a house. *fair fa'*,
 good luck befall. *tippenny*, twopenny ale. *neep*, turnip. *kimmer*,
 gossip. *leez me*, blessings. *dow*, dove (pronounced 'doo').

ANONYMOUS

121. *O, Waly, Waly*

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake :
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly gin love be bonny,
A little while when it is new ;
But when it 's auld, it waxes cauld
And wears awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be 'fild by me,
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree ?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

aik, oak.

ANONYMOUS

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see ;
My love was cled in the black velvet,
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sae ill to win,
I 'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel were dead and gone ;
For a maid again I 'll never be.

122. *Ewe-bughts, Marion*

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.
O Marion 's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blink 's in her eye ;
And fain would I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

121. *cramasie*, crimson cloth.
wear, drive.

122. *ewe-bughts*, ewe-folds.

ANONYMOUS

There 's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white hause-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
 At e'en when I come hame.
 There 's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape and glowr with their eye,
 At kirk when they see my Marion ;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I 've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawny quey ;
 I 'll gie them a' to my Marion
 Just on her bridal day ;
 And ye'se get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye 'll be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I 'm young and stout, my Marion ;
 Nane dances like me on the green :
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I 'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle of the cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

hause-bane, neck-bone. *quey*, heifer. *sey*, woollen. *pear-*
lins, lace. *cramasie*, crimson cloth.

ANONYMOUS

123.

Ettrick Banks

ON Ettrick Banks in a summer's night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang ;
My words they were na mony feck.

I said : ' My lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ?
I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomie Law ;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

' All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

her lane, by herself.

mony feck, great number.

ANONYMOUS

' Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I 'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer-shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We 'll laugh and kiss and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.'

124. *Rare Willy drown'd in Yarrow*

WILLY 's rare, and Willy 's fair,
 And Willy 's wondrous bonny ;
 And Willy hecht to marry me
 Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I 'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live-lang winter night
 I lie twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side,
 Pu'd you the rose or lily ?
 Or came you by yon meadow green ?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy ?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

123. *gowans*, daisies.
mate.

124. *hecht*, promised.

marrow

ANONYMOUS

125.

Scornfu' Nancy

NANCY's to the greenwood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
 And Willie he has followed her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring :
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bid him mind wha gat him.

' What ails ye at my dad,' quoth he,
 ' My minnie or my auntie ?
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty :
 With bannocks of gude barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks fu' buttered weil ;
 And was not that right dainty ?

' Although my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yaird,
 A ha' house and a pantry :
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An ourlay 'bout his craggy ;
 And ay until the day he died,
 He rade on gude shanks naggy.'

gowdspink, goldfinch.
stocks, mashed cabbage.
craggy, neck.

ranty-tanty, herb-broth. *chapped*
daffin, nonsense. *ourlay*, cravat.

ANONYMOUS

‘ Now wae and wander on your snout !
Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy ?
Wad ye compare yoursel to me,
A docken till a tansie ?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca’ him souple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonnie mou’
Is sweet like sugar-candy.’

‘ Wow, Nancy, what needs a’ this din ?
Do I not ken this Sandy ?
I ’m sure the chief of a’ his kin
Was Rob the beggar randy :
His minnie Meg upo’ her back
Bare baith him and his billy :
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me your winsome Willie ?

‘ My gutcher left a good braid-sword,
Though it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty ;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.’

Then Nancy turn’d her round about,
And said : ‘ Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;
I ken he disna fear ye :

gutches, grandsire.

ANONYMOUS

Sae haud your tongue and sae nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy ;
For as lang 's Sandy 's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nancy.'

126. *Lord Maxwell's Good-night*

' ADIEU ! madam my mother dear,
But and my sisters two !
Adieu ! fair Robert of Orchardton !
For thee my heart is woe.

' Adieu ! the lily and the rose,
The primrose, sweet to see !
Adieu ! my lady and only joy !
For I maunna stay with thee.

' Tho' I have killed the laird Johnston,
What care I for his feid ?
My noble mind does still incline ;
He was my father's dede.

' Both night and day I laboured oft
Of him revenged to be,
And now I 've got what I long sought ;
But I maunna stay with thee.

' Adieu ! Drumlanrig, false was ay !
And Closeburn, in a band,
When the laird of Lagg fra my father fled,
When the Johnston struck off his hand !

126. *but and*, and also. *dede*, death.

ANONYMOUS

‘ They were three brethren in a band ;
Joy may they never see !
But now I ’ve got what I long sought,
And I maunna stay with thee.

‘ Adieu ! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair !
Adieu ! the castle of the Thrieve,
And all my buildings there !

‘ Adieu ! Lochmaben’s gates so fair,
The Langholm shank, where birks they be!
Adieu ! my lady and only joy !
And, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.

‘ Adieu ! fair Eskdale, up and down,
Where my poor friends do dwell !
The bangisters will ding them down,
And will them sore compel.

‘ But I ’ll revenge that feid mysel
When I come owre the sea ;
Adieu ! my lady and only joy !
For I maunna stay with thee.’

‘ Lord of the land, will you go then
Unto my father’s place,
And walk into their gardens green ?
And I will you embrace.

ANONYMOUS

‘ Ten thousand times I ’ll kiss your face,
And sport, and make you merry.’
‘ I thank thee, my lady, for thy kindness,
But, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.’

Then he took off a great gold ring,
Whereat hang signets three :
‘ Hae, take thee that, my ain dear thing,
And still hae mind o’ me.

‘ But if thou marry another lord
Ere I come owre the sea—
Adieu ! my lady and only joy !
For I maunna stay with thee.’

The wind was fair, the ship was close,
That good lord went away ;
And most part of his friends were there,
To give him a fair convey.

They drank their wine, they did not spare,
Even in the good lord’s sight ;
Now he is o’er the floods so grey,
And Lord Maxwell has ta’en his good-night.

127. *The Bonnie House o’ Airlie*

It fell on a day, and a bonnie simmer day,
When green grew aits and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airlie.

ANONYMOUS

Argyll has raised an hundred men,
An hundred harness'd rarely,
And he 's awa' by the back o' Dunkell,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window ;
And oh, but she looks weary !
And there she spied the great Argyll,
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

' Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
Come down, and kiss me fairly ' :
' O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,
If he shouldna leave a standing stane in Airlie.'

He hath taken her by the left shoulder,
Says, ' Dame, where lies thy dowry ? '
' It 's up and it 's down by the bonnie bank-side,
Amongst the planting o' Airlie.'

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,
They hae sought it baith late and early ;
And they hae found it in the bonnie plum-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airlie.

He hath taken her by the middle sae small,
And oh, but she grat sairly !
He hath laid her down by the bonnie burn-side,
Till he hath plundered the bonnie house o'
Airlie.

grat sairly, wept sore.

ANONYMOUS

‘ Gif my gude lord were here this night,
As he is with Prince Charlie,
Neither you, nor no Scottish lord
Durst have set a foot on the bowling-green
o’ Airlie.

‘ Ten bonnie sons I have borne unto him,
The eleventh ne’er saw his daddie ;
But though I had an hundred mair,
I ’d gie them a’ to Prince Charlie.’

128. *Barbara Allan*

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the west countrie,
Fell in love wi’ Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro’ the town,
To the place where she was dwellin’.
‘ Oh, haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.’

Oh, hooly, hooly, raise she up
To the place where he was lyin’,
And when she drew the curtain by,
‘ Young man, I think ye ’re dyin’.’

‘ O it ’s I ’m sick, and very very sick,
And ’tis a’ for Barbara Allan.’
‘ Oh, the better for me ye’se never be,
Tho’ your heart’s blood were a-spillin’.

128. *hooly, slowly.*

ANONYMOUS

‘ Oh, dinna ye mind, young man,’ said she,
‘ When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin’,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan ? ’

He turned his face unto the wa’,
And death was with him dealin’ :
‘ Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a’,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.’

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighin’, said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringin’,
And every jow that the deid-bell gied,
It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan.

‘ Oh, mother, mother, mak my bed,
And mak it saft and narrow ;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I ’ll die for him to-morrow.’

129. *Leader-haughs and Yarrow*

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight’neth,
He makes all Nature’s beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick’neth :

128. *jow*, clang.

ANONYMOUS

Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams, the silver streams
Of Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth ;
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',
In Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort, their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending ;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
Than Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader-side,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like Daedalus' contriving :
Men passing by do aften cry,
In sooth it hath no marrow ;
It stands as fair on Leader-side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

haughs, river-flats. *kent*, crook. *the bent*, the open country.
marrow, match.

ANONYMOUS

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
They 'll hear the mavis singing ;
Into St. Leonard's banks she bides,
Sweet birks her head o'erhinging.
The lint-white loud and progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth owre the lea,
With nimble wing she sporteth ;
But vows she 'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel resorteth :
By break of day the lark can say,
I 'll bid you a good morrow ;
I 'll stretch my wing, and mounting, sing
O'er Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-wa's, and Wooden-cleuch,
The East and Wester Maineses,
The wood of Lauder 's fair eneuch,
The corns are good in Blainslies,
Where aits are fine, and sald by kind,
That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-mill-bog and Whitslaid Shaws,
The fearful hare she haunteth ;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she *knaws*,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth :

sald by kind, sold by kind, bartered.

ANONYMOUS

Yet when she irks, to Kaidslie birks
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader-Haugh
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying ?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying :
But yet her strength it fails at length,
Nae bielding can she borrow,
In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her,
Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her :
O'er dub and dyke, o'er sheugh and syke,
She 'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till fail'd, she fa's in Leader-Haugh,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknowes,
Where Homes had ance commanding ;
And Drygrange with the milk-white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :
The birds that flee through Reedpath trees,
And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader-Haugh
And bonnie houms of Yarrow.

irks, tires. *bielding*, shelter. *dub*, mud-hole. *sheugh and*
syke, ditch and trench. *houms*, flats.

ANONYMOUS

But Minstrel-Burne cannot assuage
His grief while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth :
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blyth folk kend nae sorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

130. *The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond*

O ye 'll tak the high road, and I 'll tak the low
road,
And I 'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin' ;
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
Though the waefu' may cease from their greetin'.

ANONYMOUS

181. *The Lowlands of Holland*

MY love has built a bonnie ship, and set her on the
sea,
With seven score good mariners to bear her com-
pany.
There 's three score is sunk, and three score dead
at sea ;
And the Lowlands of Holland has twined my love
and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the
main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her
hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea
began to rout ;
My love then, and his bonnie ship, turned wither-
shins about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor comb
come in my hair ;
There shall neither coal nor candle-light shine in
my bower mair ;
Nor will I love another one until the day I die,
For I never loved a love but ane, and he 's drown'd
in the sea.

' O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and
be content ;
' There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need nae sair
lament.'

ANONYMOUS

O ! there is nane in Galloway, there 's nane at a'
for me ;
For I never loved a love but ane, and he 's drown'd
in the sea.

132. *Fair Helen of Kirkconnel*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries ;
Oh that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lea !

Oh, Helen fair, beyond compare,
I 'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt and spoke nae mair ?
She sank, and swoon'd wi' mickle care
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

Curst be the heart that thocht the thocht,
And curst the hand that shot the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnel lea ;

132. *burd*, maid.

ANONYMOUS

I lichtit doun, my sword did draw,
I hackit him in pieces sma',
I hackit him in pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me.

Oh that I were where Helen lies !
Nicht and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise :
' Oh come, my love, to me ! '

Oh Helen fair ! oh Helen chaste !
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish my grave were growin' green,
A windin' sheet drawn owre my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

I wish I were were Helen lies ;
Nicht and day on me she cries ;
I 'm sick of all beneath the skies,
Since my love died for me.

133. *Bessie Bell and Mary Gray*

O BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses ;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.

133. *biggit*, built. *theekit*, thatched.

ANONYMOUS

They theekit it owre wi' rashes green,
They theekit it owre wi' heather ;
But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,
And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lie in Methven kirk-yard,
Amang their noble kin ;
But they maun lie in Stronach Haugh,
To beik forenent the sin.

And Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses ;
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.

134. *A Lyke-wake Dirge*

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleet, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away art paste,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on ;
And Christe receive thye saule.

133. *beik forenent the sin*, bask in the sun. 134. *shoon*, shoes.

ANONYMOUS

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
 Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall pricke thee to the bare bane ;
 And Christe receive thye saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
 Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou comest at laste,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe
 Every nighte and alle,
To purgatory fire thou comest at laste,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
 Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink ;
 And Christe receive thye saule.

If meate or drinke thou never gavest nane,
 Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane ;
 And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
 Every nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle-lighte,
 And Christ receive thye saule.

ANONYMOUS

185. *The Lament of the Border Widow*

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower ;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away ;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear.
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my maen ;
I watched the corpse, myself alane ;
I watched his body night and day ;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ?
O think na ye my heart was wae
When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

poin'd, seized. *happ'd*, covered.

ANONYMOUS

Nae living man I 'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain.
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I 'll chain my heart for evermair.

136. *The Bonnie Earl of Murray*

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands.
Oh ! where hae ye been ?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,
And wherefore did you sae ?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh ! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba' ;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove ;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh ! he was the Queen's luvè.

ANONYMOUS

Oh ! lang will his lady
 Look owre the castle Doune,
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Come sounding thro' the toun.

137. *The Dowie Houms o' Yarrow*

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
 And ere they paid the lawing.
 They set a combat them between,
 To fight it in the dawning.

' O stay at hame, my noble lord,
 O stay at hame, my marrow !
 My cruel brother will you betray
 On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.'

' O fare ye weel, my lady gay !
 O fare ye weel, my Sarah !
 For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
 Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
 As oft she had done before, O ;
 She belted him with his noble brand,
 And he's away to Yarrow.

O, he's gane up yon high, high hill—
 I wat he gaed wi' sorrow
 An' in a den spied nine armed men,
 In the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

137. *lawing*, reckoning. *dawning*, dawn. *marrow*, mate,
 match. *dowie houms*, doleful flats.

ANONYMOUS

‘ O are ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae done before, O ?
Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the bonnie banks o’ Yarrow ?’

‘ I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae done before O ;
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms o’ Yarrow.

‘ If I see all, ye ’re nine to ane ;
And that ’s an unequal marrow ;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.’

Four he hurt, an’ five he slew,
On the dowie houms o’ Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

‘ Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
An’ tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her noble lord,
Who ’s sleepin’ sound on Yarrow.’

‘ Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu’ dream ;
I ken’d there wad be sorrow !
I dreamed I pu’d the heather green,
On the dowie banks o’ Yarrow.’

ANONYMOUS

She gaed up yon high high hill—
I wat she gaed wi' sorrow—
An' in the den spied nine dead men,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kained his hair,
As oft she did before, O ;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

' Now haud your tongue, my dochter dear !
For what needs a' this sorrow ?
I 'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.'

' O haud your tongue, my father dear !
And dinna grieve your Sarah ;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

' Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow ;
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
Whan they came first to Yarrow.'

138. *The Broom of Cowdenknowes*

O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom of Cowdenknowes ;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

137. *ousen*, oxen.

ANONYMOUS

How blyth ilk morn was I to see
My swain come o'er the hill !
He skipt the burn, and flew to me ;
I met him with good will.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay ;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by ;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.

While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

139. *Here awa', there awa'*

HERE awa, there awa', here awa' Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame ;
Long have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now have I gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame ;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

ANONYMOUS

Here awa', there awa', here awa' Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame ;
Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me ;
Ilka thing pleases while Willie 's at hame.

140.

The Mariner's Wife

There 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a',
There 's nae luck about the house
When our gudeman 's' awa'.

BUT are you sure the news is true ?
And are you sure he 's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

Is this a time to think of wark,
When Colin 's at the door ?
Rax me my cloak, I 'll down the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pat ;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw ;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.

140. *rax*, reach.

ANONYMOUS

There are twa hens upo' the bauk,
Have fed this month and mair ;
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown ;
And then gae tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin 's come to town.

My Turkey slippers I 'll put on,
My stockings pearl blue,
And a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he 's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath 's like caller air ;
His very fit has music in 't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I 'm downright dizzy with the joy ;
In troth, I 'm like to greet !

141. *For the Love of Jean*

JOCKY said to JEANY, ' Jeany, wilt thou do 't ? '
' Ne'er a fit,' quo' JEANY, ' for my tocher-good,
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee.'
' E'en 's ye like,' quo' JOCKY, ' ye may let it be.

140. *bauk*, roost. *bigonet*, linen cap. *fit*, foot. *greet*, weep.
141. *tocher-good*, marriage-portion.

ANONYMOUS

‘ I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,
I hae seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkin’ o’er the lea,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

‘ I hae a good ha’ house, a barn and a byre,
A peat-stack ’fore the door, I ’ll make a rantin’ fire,
I ’ll make a rantin’ fire, and merry sall we be :
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.’

Jeany said to Jocky : ‘ Gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I ’ll be the lass mysel :
Ye ’re a bonnie lad, and I ’m a lassie free ;
Ye ’re welcomer to tak me than to let me be.’

142. *Jocky fou, Jenny fain*

JOCKY fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain ;
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell’d his mind :

‘ Jenny, I ’ll nae mair be nice,
Gie me love at ony price ;
I winna prig for red or white,
Love alane can gie delight.

‘ Others seek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a’ that ;
Give me love, for her I court :
Love in love makes a’ the sport.

141. *owsen*, oxen. 142. *couthy*, affectionate. *prig*, haggle, entreat.

ANONYMOUS

‘ Colours mingl’d unco fine,
Common motives lang sin syne,
Never can engage my love
Until my fancy first approve.

‘ It is na meat, but appetite,
That makes our eating a delight ;
Beauty is at best deceit ;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.’

143. *Andro and his Cutty Gun*

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was she,
Blyth was she butt and ben ;
And well she lo’ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And hecht to keep me lawing-free ;
But cunning carlin that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We lo’ed the liquor weel enough ;
But wae ’s my heart, my cash was done
Before that I had quench’d my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
When we had three times toom’d our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro wi’ his cutty gun.

143. *butt and ben*, in and out the house. *leugh*, laughed.
tappit hen, a measure of liquor. *hecht*, promised. *lawing*,
reckoning. *gart me birle*, made me spin. *toom’d our stoup*,
emptied our pot. *neist chappin*, next quart. *heeze*, raise.
cutty gun, short clay pipe.

ANONYMOUS

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted broun ;
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.
 We ca'd the bicker aft about,
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
 And ay the cleanest drinker out
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxter sat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonnie thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

144. *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie*

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, 'Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae.'
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang :
 'The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.
 And ay she milked, etc.

'The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin ;
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in ;
 They winna bught in tho' I should die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.
 They winna bught in,' etc.

143. *kebbuck*, cheese. *jee'd our bun*, moved our seat. *in his oxter*, with his arm round me. 144. *bught in*, go into the fold. .

ANONYMOUS

The gudewife cries butt the house, 'Jenny, come
ben,

The cheese is to mak, and the butter 's to kirn.'
'Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' should sour,
I 'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae half-hour :
It 's ae half-hour, and we 'se e'en mak it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.'

145. *Lizzy Lindsay*

' WILL ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me ?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzy Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be ? '

' To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be ;
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I 'm gaun wi'.'

' O Lizzy, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me ;
For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.'

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she 's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

ANONYMOUS

146. *Woo'd and Married and a'*
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a'
 Was she nae very weel aff,
 Was woo'd and married and a'.

THE Bride came out of the byre,
 And O as she dighted her cheeks,
 'Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado.'

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough ;
 'O haud ye 're tongue, my doughter,
 And ye'se get gear enough ;
 The stirk that stands i' the tether,
 And our braw bawsen'd yade
 Will carry ye hame your corn :
 What wad ye be at, ye jad ?'

Out spake the bride's mither,
 'What deil needs a' this pride ?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;

stirk, bullock. *bawsen'd yade*, white-faced horse.

ANONYMOUS

My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava' ;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.'

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kye ;
' Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
For you 're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife ;
Gin I canna get a better,
I 'se never tak ane i' my life.'

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre ;
' O gin I were but married,
It 's a' that I desire ;
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best we can ;
I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I cou'd get but a man.'

147. *Logie of Buchan*

O LOGIE OF BUCHAN, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd i' the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe an' the viol sae sma' ;
They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

He said : ' Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa ;
He said : ' Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa ;
For the summer is coming, cauld winter 's awa,
And I 'll come and see thee in spite o' them a' ! '

146. *ava'*, at all. 147. *delv'd*, dug.

ANONYMOUS

O Sandy has ousen, has gear and has kye,
A house and a hadden and siller forby,
But I wad hae Jamie wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae Sandy wi' his houses and land.
He said : ' Think na lang, lassie,' etc.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor ;
But daddie and minnie altho' that they be,
There 's nane o' them like my Jamie to me.
He said : ' Think na lang, lassie,' etc.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel ;
He had but ae saxpence and brak it in twa,
And gied me the ha'f o' t, when he gaed awa.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa !
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa !
Summer is coming, cauld winter 's awa,
And ye 'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

148.

Tibbie Fowler

Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,
Courtin' her, and canna get her ;
Filthy elf, it 's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

147. ousen, oxen. gear, wealth. kye, cows. hadden,
farm. minnie, mother. creepie, stool.

ANONYMOUS

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the Glen,
There 's owre mony wooing at her ;
Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,
There 's owre mony wooing at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west ;
Ten cam rowin' owre the water ;
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side :
There 's twa-and-thirty woin' at her.

There 's seven butt, and seven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her ;
Twenty head about the door :
There 's ane-and-forty woin' at her.

She 's got pendles in her lugs ;
Cockle-shells wad set her better !
High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags ;
And a' the lads are woin' at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
Gin she ha'e the penny siller,
Set her up on Tintock tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
An she want the penny siller,
A flie may fell her i' the air,
Before a man be even'd till her.

even'd till, spoken of as a match for,

LORD YESTER

1645-1713

149.

Tweedside

WHEN Meggy and me were acquaint
I carried my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lintwhite on all the gay plain,
Nor goudspink sae bonny as she ;
I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed :
Therefore I maun wander abroad
And lay my banes over the Tweed.

To Meggy my love I did tell,
Saut tears did my passion express ;
Alas ! for I lo'ed her o'er well,
And the women lo'e sic a man less ;
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed :
Therefore I will wander abroad
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF GILBERTFIELD

? 1665-1751

150.

Willie was a wanton Wag

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw ;
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa' :

149. *lintwhite*, linnet.
palm, prize.

goudspink, goldfinch.

150. *gree*,

WILLIAM HAMILTON

His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow ! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw ;
And ay whatever Willie said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-shaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd ?
He wan the love of great and sma' ;
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willie, ' I 've been at the ring ;
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair ;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.'

clag, fault. *jag*, calf-leather. *weapon-shaw*, muster of arms.
fiend a ane, devil a one. *shyre a lick*, complete a wag. *dow*, can.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

‘Then rest ye, Willie, I ’ll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.’
But shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie’s wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare ;
Says, ‘ Well ’s me on your bonny face ;
With bobbing Willie’s shanks are sair,
And I ’m come out to fill his place.’

‘Bridegroom,’ she says, ‘ you ’ll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you ’ll ay be lag,
Unless, like Willie, ye advance :
O ! Willie has a wanton leg.
For wi ’t he learns us a’ to steir,
And foremost ay bears up the ring ;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie’s wanton fling.’

151. *The Last Dying Words of Bonnie Heck, a famous Grey-hound in the Shire of Fife*

ALAS, alas, quo’ bonnie Heck,
On former days when I reflec’ !
I was a dog much in respec’
For doughty deed :
But now I must hing by the neck
Without remead.

O fy, sirs, for black burning shame,
Ye ’ll bring a blunder on your name !

WILLIAM HAMILTON

Pray tell me wherein I 'm to blame.
Is 't in effec',
Because I 'm cripple, auld and lame ?
Quo' bonnie Heck.

What great feats have I done mysel
Within clink of Kilrenny bell,
When I was souple, young, and fell,
But fear or dread ;
John Ness and Paterson can tell,
Whose hearts may bleed.

They 'll witness that I was the vier
Of all the dogs within the shire ;
I 'd run all day and never tire ;
But now my neck,
It must be stretchèd for my hire,
Quo' bonnie Heck.

How nimble could I turn the hare,
Then serve myself ; that was right fair !
For still it was my constant care
The van to lead,
Now what could sery Heck do mair ?
Syne kill her dead.

At the King's-muir, and Kelly-law,
Where good stout hares gang fast awa'.
So cleverly I did it claw,
With pith and speed ;
I bure the bell before them a'
As clear's a bead.

fell, keen. *but*, without. *sery*, cunning, wise.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

I ran alike on a' kind grunds ;
Yea, in the midst of Ardry whins,
I gripp'd the maukins by the buns,
Or by the neck ;
When naething could slay them but guns,
Save bonnie Heck.

I wily, witty was, and gash,
With my auld fellin pawky pash ;
Nae man might ance buy me for cash
In some respec' :
Are they not then confounded rash,
That hangs poor Heck ?

I was a bardy tyke, and bauld ;
Tho' my beard 's grey, I 'm not so auld.
Can any man to me unfauld
What is the feid,
To stane me ere I be well cauld ?
A cruel deed !

Now honesty was ay my drift,
An innocent and harmless shift,
A kail-pot lid gently to lift
Or aumrie sneck :
Shame fa' the chafts dare call that thift,
Quo' bonnie Heck.

So well 's I cou'd play Hocus Pocus,
And of the servants mak Jodocus,

maukins, hares. *buns*, tails. *gash*, sagacious. *fellin*
pawky pash, wonderfully cute head. *bardy*, forward. *feid*,
cause of feud. *aumrie sneck*, cupboard-latch. *chafts*, lips.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

And this I did in every Locus
 Throw their neglec' :
And was not this a merry Jocus ?
 Quo' bonnie Heck.

But now, good sirs, this day is lost
The best dog in the East-Neuk coast ;
For never ane durst brag nor boast
 Me, for their neck.
But now I must yield up the ghost,
 Quo' bonnie Heck,

And put a period to my talking ;
For I'm unto my exit making :
Sirs, ye may a' gae to the hawking,
 And there reflec'
Ye'll ne'er get sic a dog for maukin
 As bonnie Heck.

But if my puppies ance were ready,
Which I gat on a bonnie lady,
'They'll be baith clever, keen, and beddy,
 And ne'er neglec'
To clink it like their ancient daddy,
 The famous Heck.

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE

1665-1746

152. *Were na my Heart light I wad die*

THERE was ance a may, and she lo'ed na men,
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen ;

151. *beddy*, quick at cry. 152. *may*, maiden. *biggit*, built.

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE

But now she cries dool ! and a well-a-day !
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries dool ! etc.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me ;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
He hecht, etc.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she ;
She rais'd sic a pothor 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.
She rais'd, etc.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, etc.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, ' What had he to do with the like of me ? '
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johnny ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I was, etc.

hecht, promised.
groaned.

titty, sister.

dwam, swoon.

grain'd,

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill-eye ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Nor pickles of, etc.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee ;
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lea ;
And then she ran in and made a loud din ;
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then she, etc.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow ;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new :
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upo' the corn-bing.
But now he, etc.

And now he gacs drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes ;
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, etc.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking out o'er yon lily-white lea ;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, etc.

draff, refuse of the malt. *pickles*, small quantities. *mill-*
eye, hole in the corn-bin. *gate*, way. *hing*, hang. *dowie*,
sad. *dow*, can. *hund the tykes*, order the dogs. *steeks*, close.

SIR JOHN CLERK, OF PENNICUIK

1684-1755

153.

The Miller

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller :
For foul day and fair day
He 's ay bringing til her ;
H'as ay a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper ;
And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I speir'd what was his calling ;
' Fair maid,' says he, ' O come and see,
Ye 're welcome to my dwelling.'
Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kist was plenty
Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty ;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standin' in the byre ;
Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse
Was playing at the fire.

speir'd, asked. *couth*, cosy. *kist*, chest.

SIR JOHN CLERK

‘ Good signs are these,’ my mither says,
And bids me tak the miller ;
For foul day and fair day
He ’s ay bringing til her ;
For meal and malt she does na want,
Nor ony thing that ’s dainty ;
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blows o’er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth stane
Before a rousing fire ;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o’er fou nappy.
Who ’d be a king—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy ?

ALLAN RAMSAY

1686-1758

154. *Lochaber no More*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome wi’ thee I ’ve mony day been ;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We’ll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a’ for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho’ borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

153. *fou nappy*, well warmed with drink. 154. *weir*, war.

ALLAN RAMSAY

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind ;
Tho' loudest o' thunders on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd :
But by ease that 's inglorious no fame can be
gain'd ;
And beauty and love 's the reward o' the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I 'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I shou'd luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee wi' love running o'er,
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

155. *The Waukin' o' the Fauld*

My Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I 'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,

ALLAN RAMSAY

I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that 's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I 'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the toun,
That I look down upon a croun.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It maks me blythe and bauld ;
And naething gies me sic delight
As waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
At waukin' o' the fauld.

156. *An Thou were my ain Thing*

An thou were my ain thing,
I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee ;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I lo'e thee !

155. *the lave*, the rest. *wale*, choice, best.

ALLAN RAMSAY

LIKE bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou'
And gar the gods envy me.

Sae lang 's I had the use o' light
I 'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I 'd tell how much I lo'ed thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean !
She moves a goddess o'er the green !
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but mysel aboon thee.

I 'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy or the vine
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time 's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let 's make our hay ;
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee.

While Love does at his altar stand,
Hae there 's my heart, gie me thy hand ;
And with ilk smile, thou shalt command
The will o' him wha lo'es thee.

ALLAN RAMSAY

157. *The Lass of Patie's Mill*

THE lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fan'
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd ;
I wish'd her for my bride.

tedding, spreading. *fan'*, fount.

ALLAN RAMSAY

O had I all the wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd lang life and health,
And pleasure at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.

158. *The Poet's Wish*

FRAE great Apollo, poet say,
What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,
Whan thou bows at his shrine ?
Not Carse o' Gowrie's fertile field,
Nor a' the flocks the Grampians yield,
That are baith sleek and fine :
Not costly things brought frae afar,
As ivory, pearl, and gems ;
Nor those fair straths, that water'd are
Wi' Tay and Tweed's smooth streams,
Which gentily, and daintily
Pare down the flow'ry braes,
As greatly, and quietly,
They wimple to the seas.

Whaever by his canny fate
Is master of a good estate,
That can ilk thing afford,
Let him enjoy 't withoutten care,
And wi' the wale o' curious fare
Cover his ample board.

158. *the wale*, the best.

ALLAN RAMSAY

Much dawted by the gods is he,
Wha to the Indian plain
Successfu' ploughs the wally sea,
And safe returns again
Wi' riches, that hitches
Him high aboon the rest
O' sma' fouk, an' a' fouk
That are wi' poortith prest.

For me, I can be weel content
To eat my bannock on the bent,
And kitchen 't wi' fresh air ;
Of lang-kail I can mak a feast,
And cantily haud up my crest,
And laugh at dishes rare.
Nought frae Apollo I demand,
But thro' a lengthen'd life,
My outer fabric firm may stand,
And soul clear without strife.
May he then but gie then
Those blessings for my skair,
I 'll fairly, and squairly,
Quit a', and seek nae mair.

ROBERT CRAWFORD

? 1695-1733

159. *Down the Burn, Davie*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see,

158. *dawted*, cherished, beloved. *wally*, wavy, stormy. *on the bent*, in the open. *lang-kail*, boiled cabbage. *skair*, share.

ROBERT CRAWFORD

When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye,
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free :
'Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.'

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn-side ;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride.
Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue,
Her locks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet ;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say
They lik'd a walk sae sweet,
And that they aften shou'd return
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth Mary : ' Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.'

160.

Cowdenknowes

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves ;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

ROBERT CRAWFORD

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknowes ;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side,
Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknowes ;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes so green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,
My peaceful, happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At ev'n among the broom.

Ye Powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowdenknowes !

ALEXANDER ROSS

1699-1784

161. *Woo'd and Married and a'*

WOODED and married and a',
Married and wooed and a';
The dandilly toast of the parish
Is wooed and married and a'.
The wooers will now ride thinner,
And by, when they wonted to ca';
'Tis needless to speer for the lassie
That 's wooed and married and a'.

The girss had na freedom of growing
As lang as she wasna awa',
Nor in the town could there be stowing
For wooers that wanted to ca'.
For drinking and dancing and brulyies,
And boxing and shaking of fa's,
The town was for ever in tulyies;
But now the lassie 's awa'.

But had they but ken'd her as I did,
Their errand it wad ha'e been sma';
She neither kent spinning nor carding,
Nor brewing nor baking awa'.
But wooers ran all mad upon her,
Because she was bonnie and braw,
And sae I dread will be seen on her,
When she 's byhand and awa'.

dandilly, spoiled. *girss*, grass. *'brulyies*, quarrels.
tulyies, disputes. *byhand*, finished with, settled.

ALEXANDER ROSS

He 'll roose her but sma' that has married her,
 Now when he 's gotten her a',
 And wish, I fear, he had miscarried her,
 Tocher and ribbons and a'.
 For her art it lay all in her dressing ;
 But gin her braws ance were awa',
 I fear she 'll turn out o' the fashion,
 And knit up her moggans with straw.

For yesterday I gaed to see her,
 And O she was wondrous braw,
 Yet she cried to her husband to gie her
 An ell of red ribbons or twa.
 He up and he set down beside her
 A reel and a wheelie to ca' ;
 She said, Was he this gate to guide her ?
 And out at the door and awa'.

Her neist road was hame till her mither,
 Who speer'd at her now, How was a' ?
 She says till her, ' Was 't for nae ither
 That I was married awa',
 But gae and sit down to a wheelie,
 And at it baith night and day ca',
 And ha'e the yarn reeled by a chielie,
 That ever was crying to draw ! '

Her mother says till her, ' Hech, lassie,
 He 's wisest, I fear, of the twa ;
 Ye 'll ha'e little to put in the bassie,
 Gin ye be backward to draw.

roose, praise. *tocher*, dowry. *moggans*, footless stockings
this gate, this way. *chielie*, fellow. *bassie*, meal-bowl.

ALEXANDER ROSS

'Tis now ye should work like a tiger
 And at it baith wallop and ca',
 As lang 's ye ha'e youthhead and vigour,
 And little anes and debt are awa'.

' Sae swythe awa' hame to your hadding,
 Mair fool than when ye came awa' ;
 Ye maunna now keep ilka wedding,
 Nor gae sae clean-fingered and braw ;
 But mind with a neiper you 're yokit,
 And that ye your end o 't maun draw,
 Or else ye deserve to be dockit ;
 Sae that is an answer for a'.'

Young lucky now finds herself nidder'd,
 And wist na well what gate to ca' ;
 But with hersel even considered
 That hamewith were better to draw,
 And e'en tak her chance of her landing,
 However the matter might fa' ;
 Folk need not on frets to be standing
 That 's wooed and married and a'.

162. *The Bridal o 't*

THEY say that Jockey 'll speed weel o 't,
 They say that Jockey 'll speed weel o 't,
 For he grows brawer ilka day ;
 I hope we 'll hae a bridal o 't :

161. *swythe*, be off. *hadding*, holding, farm. *neiper*,
 partner. *nidder'd*, in a fix. *hamewith*, homeward.

ALEXANDER ROSS

For yesternight, nae farther gane,
The back-house at the side-wa' o 't,
He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen ;
I hope we 'll hae a bridal o 't.

An we had but a bridal o 't,
An we had but a bridal o 't,
We 'd leave the rest unto good luck,
Although there might betide ill o 't.
For bridal days are merry times,
And young folk like the coming o 't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers play the bumming o 't.

The lasses like a bridal o 't,
The lasses like a bridal o 't ;
Then brows maun be in rank and file,
Although that they should guide ill o 't.
The boddom of the kist is then
Turn'd up into the inmost o 't ;
The end that held the keeks sae clean
Is now become the toomest o 't.

The bangster at the threshing o 't,
The bangster at the threshing o 't,
Afore it comes is fidgin' fain
And ilka day 's a-clashing o 't.
He 'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for another o 't ;
And ere he want to clear his shot
His sark 'll pay the tother o 't.

mirdin', courting. *keeks*, linen head-dresses. *toomest*, emptiest.
clashing, talking. *linder*, woollen under-shirt. *clear his shot*,
pay his share.

ALEXANDER ROSS

The pipers and the fiddlers o 't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o 't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o 't.
Fan thick and three-fauld they convene,
Ilk ane envies the tother o 't,
And wishes nane but him alane
May ever see another o 't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o 't,
Fan they hae done wi' eating o 't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the beatin' o 't :
He dances best that dances fast,
And loup at ilka reesing o 't,
And claps his hands frae ' hough ' to ' hough,'
And furls about the feezings o 't.

JAMES THOMSON

1700-1748

163. *The Vale of Indolence*

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;

162. *fan*, when. *aiblins*, maybe, perhaps. *reesing*, spring,
rouse. ' *hough*, ' a shout. *furls*, whirls. *feezings*, turns, twists.

JAMES THOMSON

And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with Spring, with Summer half
imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest ;
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence kest,
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant
green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets
play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;

JAMES THOMSON

Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
move,
As *Idlesse* fancy'd in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky :
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

From *The Castle of Indolence*.

164. *Tell me, thou soul of her I love*

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah ! tell me whither art thou fled ?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead ?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe
When, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas, no comfort know ?

JAMES THOMSON

Oh ! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee—

Should then the weary eye of grief
Beside some sympathetic stream
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream !

165.

To Fortune

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part ;

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away ;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune ! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care—
All other blessings I resign ;
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

DAVID MALLET (OR MALLOCH)

? 1700-1765

166.

William and Margaret

'TWAS at the silent midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown ;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

'Awake !' she cry'd, 'Thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave :
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

DAVID MALLET

‘ This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur’d ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night
To fright the faithless man.

‘ Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

‘ How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

‘ Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left those eyes to weep ?

‘ How could you swear my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt’ring tale ?

‘ That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red ;
Dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death ;
And every charm is fled.

‘ The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

DAVID MALLET

‘ But hark !—the cock has warn’d me hence—
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies
That died for love of you.’

The lark sung loud, the morning smil’d,
And rais’d her glist’ring head :
Pale William quak’d in every limb ;
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret’s body lay,
And stretch’d him on the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call’d on Margaret’s name,
And thrice he wept full sore :
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

167. *The Birks of Invermay*

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life’s winter, will appear ;

DAVID MALLET

At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er ;
The feather'd songsters love no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

WILLIAM HAMILTON, OF BANGOUR

1704-1754

168. *The Braes of Yarrow*

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride ?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?
I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow ;
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride ?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ?

168. *marrow*, mate. *birks*, birches.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow ;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow ;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow reid ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?

What 's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood ?
What 's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow !
O 'tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow ;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ;
And weep around in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

tint, lost. *reid*, red.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight ; but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love ;
In flow'ry bands thou him did'st fetter :
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow ?

gowan, daisy. *flowan*, flowing.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

O Yarrow fields, let never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover ;
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest,—'twas my awn sewing ;
Ah ! wretched me ! I little, little ken'd,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow ;
But ere the to-fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning :
But lang ere night the spear was floun
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover's blood is on thy spear ;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo
me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud ;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailèd in his coffin.

to-fall, oncoming.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me ;
My lover's blood is on thy spear ;
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love ;
With bridal sheets my body cover :
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door ;
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre 's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down ;
O lay his cold head on my pillow :
Tak aff, tak aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth !
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter.
And lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow ;
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

ALISON RUTHERFORD (MRS. COCKBURN)

1712-1794

169. *The Flowers of the Forest*

I 'VE seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling,
I 've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing,
But now it is fled—fled far away.

I 've seen the Forest
Adornèd the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are withered and a' wede away.

I 've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I 've seen Tweed's silver stream
Shining in the sunny beam,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune !
Why this cruel sporting ?
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

wede, perished. *drumly*, discoloured. *row'd*, rolled.

ADAM SKIRVING

1719-1803

170.

Johnnie Cope

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet ?
Or are your drums a-beating yet ?
If ye were wauking I wad wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

COPE sent a letter frae Dunbar :
' Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war
If you 'll meet me in the morning.'

When Charlie looked the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from :
' Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we 'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning !

' Now, Johnnie, be as good 's your word ;
Come, let us try both fire and sword ;
And dinna rin away like a frightened bird,
That 's chased frae its nest in the morning.'

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' in the morning.

the coals, the coal-pit.

ADAM SKIRVING

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin ;
The Highland bagpipes mak a din ;
It 's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speered at him, ' Where 's a' your men ? '
' The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.'

' Now, Johnnie, troth, ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning.'

' I' faith,' quo' Johnnie, ' I got a fleg
Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;
If I face them again, deil break my legs !
So I wish you a gude morning.'

SIR HENRY ERSKINE

? 1720-1765

171. *In the Garb of Old Gaul*

Such our love of liberty, our country and our
laws,
That like our ancestors of old, we 'll stand in
Freedom's cause ;

170. *blate*, shy, backward. *fleg*, fright.

SIR HENRY ERSKINE

We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour
and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter
our laws.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we
come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to
gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in
vain.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial
strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in Autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering
strokes.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;

SIR HENRY ERSKINE

But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase ;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
prove kind.

Then we 'll defend our liberty, our country, and
our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
That they like our ancestors bold, for honour
and applause,
May defy the French, with all their art, to alter
our laws.

JOHN SKINNER

1721-1807

172.

Tullochgorum

COME, gie 's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes a' aside ;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what was done before them ?
Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory a' agree
To drop their whigmigmorum ;

JOHN SKINNER

Let Whig and Tory a' agree
To spend this night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing, alang wi' me,
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him,
Blithe and merry we'll be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we'll be a'
And mak a cheerfu' quorum.
For blithe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them :
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum ;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest ;
They canna please a Scottish taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

fraise, fuss. *dringing*, droning. *dowf and dowie*, dull and heavy.

JOHN SKINNER

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsels distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit
 Like auld philosophorum ?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
 To the Reel o' Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that 's good watch o'er him ;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them ;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
 That 's fond o' Tullochgorum !

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him ;

JOHN SKINNER

May dule and sorrow be his chance,
Dule and sorrow, dule and sorrow,
Dule and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae 's me for him !
May dule and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

173. *The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn*

WERE I but able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I 'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
The ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn
Sic a ewe was never born
Hereabout nor far awa'.
Sic a ewe, etc.

I never needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo' hip or heel ;
Her crooked hornie did as weel,
To ken her by amo' them a'.
She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.
Baith to the, etc.

173. *keil*, red paint. *sweir*, unwilling.

JOHN SKINNER

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor wet could never wrang her ;
Ance she lay an ouk and langer
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw.
Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
And eat the kail, for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tyc'd about the barn wa'.
 My ewie, etc.

A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man could weel hae wist ;
For, silly thing, she never mist
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock ;
And now the laddie has a flock
 O' mair nor thirty head awa'.
 And now, etc.

I lookit aye at even for her,
Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
Or the fowmart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa'.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn
Weel deserved baith girse and corn ;
Sic a ewe was never born,
 Hereabout nor far awa'.
 Sic a ewe, etc.

ouk, week. *lap*, jumped. *tyc'd*, moved slowly. *silly*, worthy.
mishanter, ill-luck. *fowmart*, pole-cat. *girse*, grass.

JOHN SKINNER

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping
(Wha can speak it without weeping ?),
A villain cam when I was sleeping,
 Staw my ewie, horn and a'.
I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa'.
 I got, etc.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,
Sworn I have as well as said it,
Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thraw.
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this, sin' ever I was born;
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly ewie, stown awa'.
 My ewie, etc.

O! had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies do when they grow auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could hae borne,
 Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.
 The loss, etc.

staw, stole. *thraw*, twist. *crook*, a disease which twists
the limbs. *strae-death*, natural death.

JOHN SKINNER

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a bloody villain's knife,
I'm really fley't that our gudewife
 Will never win aboon 't ava'.
O ! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call your muses up and mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae 's, and fell't, and a' !
 Our ewie, etc.

174. *John o' Badenyon*

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years,
 or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the
 world would know ;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and
 gay ;
And here, and there, and everywhere, was like a
 morn in May.
No care I had, no fear of want, but rambled up
 and down ;
And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or
 in town ;
I still was pleased where'er I went ; and, when I
 was alone,
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself wi' John o'
 Badenyon.

173. *fley't*, frightened.
killed.

win aboon't, get over it.

fell't,

JOHN SKINNER

Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I
must find ;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n
improves the mind :
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd
mine eyes ;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart and she
became my choice.
To Cupid now, with hearty prayer, I offer'd many
a vow,
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as
other lovers do ;
But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her
cold as stone—
I left the girl, and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish
hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and
laugh'd at lovers' pain ;
A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something
like divine ;
An honest friend 's a precious gift, and such a gift
was mine.
And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply.
A strait soon came ; my friend I tried—he laugh'd,
and spurn'd my moan ;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

JOHN SKINNER

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a
patriot turn,
Began to dote on Johnnie Wilkes, and cry'd up
parson Horne ;
Their noble spirit I admir'd, and praised their
noble zeal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd
the public weal.
But, e'er a month or two had pass'd, I found
myself betray'd ;
'Twas Self and Party, after all, for all the stir they
made.
At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very
throne ;
I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to
succeed ;
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried
to read :
I bought and borrowed everywhere, and studied
night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that hap-
pen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after
truth :
A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was
pleased with none ;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John o'
Badenyon.

JOHN SKINNER

And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish to
make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness
below ;
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty
name ;
And girls, and friends, and books also, you 'll find
them all the same.
Then be advised, and warning take from such a
man as me ;
I 'm neither pope nor cardinal, nor one of high
degree ;
You 'll meet displeasure everywhere ; then do as I
have done—
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John
o' Badenyon.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

1721-1771

175. *The Tears of Scotland*

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war ;

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day ;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night ;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread :
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend ;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow :
' Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn ! '

176. *Ode to Leven Water*

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white round polished pebbles spread ;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green
May numerous herds and flocks be seen :
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale ;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil ;
And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard !

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT

1722-1777

177. *My Sheep I neglected*

O what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta ? Why broke I my vow ?
O gi'e me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore ;
I 'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook ;
Nae mair for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wild ocean secure me from love.
O fool ! to imagine that aught can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true !

Alas ! 'tis o'er late at thy fate to repine ;
Poor shepherd, Amynta nae mair can be thine :
Thy tears are a' fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return nae again.

JANE ELLIOT

1727-1805

178. *The Flowers of the Forest*

I 'VE heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn o' day ;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning :
' The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.'

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
scorning ;

The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing :
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are
jeering,

The bandsters are lyart, and runkled and grey ;

178. *yowe*, ewe.
buchts, sheep-folds.
bandsters, binders.

loaning, meadow.
leglen, milk-pail.
lyart, grizzled.

wede, withered.
hairst, harvest.
runkled, wrinkled.

JANE ELLIOT

At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching :
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie :
The Flowers of the Florest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the
Border ;
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the
foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We 'll hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning :
' The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.'

DOUGAL GRAHAM

1724-1779

179. *The Turnimspike*

HERSEL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
And mony alterations seen
Amang the Lawland whig, man.

178. *fleeching*, beseeching. *swankies*, lusty lads.

DOUGAL GRAHAM

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsel was driving cows, man ;
There was nae laws about him's name,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsel did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shouder ;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith him's legs be lockit,
O hone ! that e'er she saw the day,
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in the Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration ;
The sodger dwall at our door-cheek,
And that 's the great vexation.

Scotland pe turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on the cadger ;
Nainsel wad durk him for his deeds,
But och ! she fears the sodger.

Another law came after that,
Me never saw the like, man ;
They mak a lang road on the crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

And wow she pe a ponnies road,
Like Loudon corn-riggs, man ;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak other's legs, man.

DOUGAL GRAHAM

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
(In troth they 'll no pe sheaper ;)
For naught put gaun upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

They tak the horse then pe the head,
And there they mak her stand, man ;
She tell them, her hae seen the day
They had na sic command, man.

Nae doubts nainsel maun draw her purse,
And pay him what hims likes, man ;
I 'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy Turnimspike man.

But I 'll awa' to the Highland hills,
Where teil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near your Turnimspike
Unless it pe to purn her !

ADAM AUSTIN

? 1726-1774

180. *For Lack of Gold*

FOR lack of gold she 's left me, O,
And of all that 's dear bereft me, O ;
She me forsook for Athole's duke,
And to endless woe she 's left me, O.

179, *crund*, ground. *toor*, head.

ADAM AUSTIN

A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
For empty titles we must part,
And for glitt'ring show she 's left me, O,

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love ;
Thro' distant climates I must rove
Since Jeanie she has left me, O.
Ye Powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair ;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she 's for ever left me, O.

JAMES BEATTIE

1735-1803

181. *But Who the Melodies of Morn can Tell?*

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell—
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove ?

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid
sings ;

JAMES BEATTIE

The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and,
hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings ;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

From *The Minstrel*.

182. *Epitaph, intended for Himself*

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life ;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys ;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife ;
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Yet, for a while, 'gainst Passion's threatful blast,
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar ;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties ; thou art also frail :
Forgive my lapses ; for thyself mayst fall :
Nor read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man ! to thee, to all.

ALEXANDER GEDDES

1737-1802

183.

Lewie Gordon

Ohone ! my Highlandman ;
Oh ! my bonnie Highlandman !
Weel wad I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O, SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name !
Though his back be at the wa',
Here 's to him that 's far awa' !

Oh ! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeled shoes,
Philabeg abune his knee !—
That 's the lad that I 'll gang wi'.

Princely youth of whom I sing,
Thou wert born to be a King !
On thy breast a regal star
Shines on loyal hearts afar.

Oh ! to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne !
Disasters a' would disappear ;
Then begins the jub'lee year !

laigh, low.

ANDREW ERSKINE

? 1739-1793

184. *How Sweet this lone Vale*

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to
feeling

Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt ;
Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,
A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.

The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping.

Ah ! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb.
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,
And the sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with
gloom.

JAMES MUIRHEAD

1740-1808

185. *Bess the Gawkie*

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,
' Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
And sport awhile wi' Jamie ? '
' Ah, na, lass ! I 'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
For he 's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

JAMES MUIRHEAD

' For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blytheness in his face
 Out owre the muir to Maggie ?
I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss ;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this—
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

' " For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and thraws her check,
And for an hour she 'll hardly speak :
 Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie ?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense.
She 'll gi'e a score without offence ;
Now gi'e me ane into the mense,
 And ye sall be my dawtie."

' " O Jamie, ye ha'e monie ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane,
Or twa, when we do meet again,
 So ne'er think me a gawkie."
" Ah na, lass, that canna be ;
Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
Or onie thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie."

' But, whisht, nae mair o' this we 'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet :
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.'

thraws, twists aside. *into the mense*, into the bargain, one
more. *dawtie*, darling.

JAMES MUIRHEAD

‘ O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I cam by, your gown sae new,
I think you ’ve got it wat wi’ dew.’

Quo’ she, ‘ That ’s like a gawkie ;

‘ It ’s wat wi’ dew, and ’twill get rain,
And I ’ll get gowns when it is gane ;
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came
And tell it to your dawtie.’

The guilt appear’d in Jamie’s cheek :
He cried, ‘ O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne’er could meet my dawtie.’

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggie’s face he knew,
Or yet ca’d Bess a gawkie.

As they gaed owre the muir they sang,
The hills and dales wi’ echo rang,
The hills and dales wi’ echo rang,
‘ Gang o’er the muir to Maggie.’

JOHN EWEN

1741-1821

186.

The Boatie Rows

O WHEEL may the boatie row,
And better may she speed !
And leesome may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns’ bread !

185. *gate*, way. 186. *leesome*, pleasant.

JOHN EWEN

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed !
And weel may the boatie row
That wins my bairns' bread !

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine :
There was three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed !
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !

O weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our pottage meal !
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed !
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel !
He swore we 'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel !
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

JOHN EWEN

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd myself fu' braw :
I trow my heart was dowf and wae
When Jamie gaed awa !
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part !
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up and gotten lear,
They 'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel !
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we 're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They 'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before :
Then, weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread !
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed !

dowf, dull. *lear*, learning. *murlain*, basket. *hirpling*,
hobbling.

MRS. ANNE HUNTER

1742-1821

187. *My Mother bids me bind my Hair*

MY mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue !

‘ For why,’ she cries, ‘ sit still and weep,
While others dance and play ? ’
Alas ! I scarce can go, or creep,
While Lubin is away.

’Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near ;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep, or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

ALEXANDER, DUKE OF GORDON

1743-1827

188. *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*

THERE ’s cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra’bogie ;
Gin I hae but a bonnie lass,
Ye ’re welcome to your cogie.

188. *castocks*, cabbage-stems. *cogie*, drinking-cup.

DUKE OF GORDON

And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight ;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel ;
John Bull loves country dances ;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well ;
Mynheer an allemande prances ;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesomes they dance wondrous light,
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,
Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Come lads, and view your partners weel ;
Wale each a blithesome rogie ;
I 'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She looks sae keen and vogie.
Now, piper lads, bang up the spring,
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogey,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie.
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun hae their come again,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

wale, choose. *vogie*, merry. *prie their mou's*, kiss them.
doited, doddering. *hain*, spare.

DUKE OF GORDON

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie ;
We 'll stop a while, and tak a rest,
And tippie out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk ither to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

HECTOR MACNEILL

1746-1818

189. *Come under my Plaidie*

' COME under my plaidie, the night 's gaun to fa' ;
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw :
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
There 's room in 't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
I 'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw :
Oh, come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me !
There 's room in 't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.'

' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, auld Donald, gae 'wa !
I fearna the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw :
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie ; I 'll no sit beside ye,
Ye may be my gutcher ; auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I 'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he 's young and he 's
bonnie ;
He 's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw ;

189. *hap*, cover. *gutcher*, randfather. *trig*, smart.

HECTOR MACNEILL

Oh, nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly ;
His cheek 's like the new rose, his brow 's like the
snaw.'

' Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa' :
Your Jock 's but a gowk, and has naething ava ;
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back :
He 's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly : I 'll busk ye aye finely,
To kirk or to market there 'll few gang sae braw ;
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.'

' My father 's aye tauld me, my mither and a',
Ye 'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw :
It 's true I lo'e Johnnie—he 's gude and he 's
bonnie,
But, wae 's me ! ye ken he has naething ava.
I hae little tocher : you 've made a good offer :
I 'm now mair than twenty—my time is but sma' ;
Sae, gie me your plaidie, I 'll creep in beside ye,
I thocht ye 'd been aulder than threescore and twa.'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a' :
The day was appointed ; his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary : the night it was dreary ;
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw :

flee, fly. *gowk*, simpleton. *bien*, comfortable. *tocher*,
dowry. *thowless*, spiritless. *tint his gate*, lost his way.

HECTOR MACNEILL

The owlet was screamin'; while Johnnie cried,
'Women

Wad marry Auld Nick if he 'd keep them aye braw !

'O, the deil's in the lasses ! they gang now sae
braw,

They 'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa :
The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage ;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary ! tak tent wha you marry ;
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they 'll whip and
they 'll ca',

Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that 's youthfu' and
bonnie,

And they 'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.'

190. *I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but Ane*

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane ;
He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me ;
He 's willing to mak me his ain ;
And his ain I am willing to be.
He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green ;
The price was a kiss o' my mou' ;
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree ;
I carena for aught but my dear,
For he 's ilka thing lordly to me :

189. *ilk haffet*, each temple (of the head). 190. *coft*, bought.
rokelay, short cloak.

HECTOR MACNEILL

His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet !
His sense drives ilk fear far awa' !
I listen, poor fool ! and I greet ;
Yet, oh ! sweet are the tears as they fa' !

' Dear lassie,' he cries wi' a jeer,
' Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say ;
Though we 've little to brag o'—ne'er fear ;
What 's gowd to a heart that is wae ?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he 's dwining wi' care ;
Now we, though we 've naething but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

' O Marion ! the heart that is true,
Has something mair costly than gear ;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue—
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought you tyne ;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine ! '

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Wae 's me, can I tak it amiss !
My laddie 's unpractised in guile,
He 's free aye to daut and to kiss !
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

tyne, lose. *daut*, fondle, cherish.

MRS. GRANT, OF CARRON

1745-1814

191. *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I cam o'er the Braes o' Balloch ?

SHE vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony ;
But oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
She 's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.

O, she was a canty quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch ;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch !

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie,
To me she ever will be dear
Though she 's for ever left her Johnnie.

MICHAEL BRUCE

1746-1767

192. *Ode to the Cuckoo*

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood !
Attendant on the Spring !
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

191. *walloch*, fling.

MICHAEL BRUCE

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale—
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

Alas ! sweet bird ! not so my fate ;
Dark scowling skies I see
Fast gathering round, and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me.

O could I fly, I 'd fly with thee :
We 'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

JAMES TYTLER

1747-1805

193. *The Bonnie bruckit Lassie*

THE bonnie bruckit lassie,
 She 's blue beneath the een :
She was the fairest lassie
 That dansit on the green.
A lad he lo'ed her dearly,
 She did his love return ;
But he his vows has broken,
 And left her for to mourn.

‘ My shape,’ she says, ‘ was handsome,
 My face was fair and clean ;
But now I 'm bonnie bruckit,
 And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling
 Before that they turned blue ;
But now they 're dull wi' weeping,
 And a' my love, for you.

‘ O could I live in darkness,
 Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
 And has forsaken me !
No other love I suffered
 Within my breast to dwell ;
In nought I have offended,
 But loving him too well ! ’

bruckit, white-faced, pale.

JAMES TYTLER

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass ;
And pressed unto his bosom
The lovely bruckit lass.
' My dear,' he said, ' cease grieving ;
Since that ye lo'ed so true,
My bonnie, bruckit lassie,
I 'll faithfu' prove to you.'

JOHN LOGAN

1748-1788

194. *The Braes of Yarrow*

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover !
For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers ;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas ! his watery grave in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN

Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him :
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow :
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother :
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the Forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look ;
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou little maid ;
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the Forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

wraith, spirit. *marrow*, mate.

JOHN LOGAN

—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

JOHN LOWE

1750-1798

195.

Mary's Dream

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, ' Mary, weep no more for me ! '

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be ;
She saw young Sandy shivering stand
With visage pale and hollow e'e.
' O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So Mary, weep no more for me !

' Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.

JOHN LOWE

Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
 My heart was filled with love for thee ;
 The storm is past, and I at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me !

‘ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.’
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadows fled ;
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 ‘ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me ! ’

ROBERT FERGUSON

1750-1774

196. *Braid Claith*

YE wha are fain to hae your name
 Wrote i' the bonnie book o' Fame,
 Let Merit nae pretension claim
 To laurell'd wreath ;
 But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
 In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
 And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
 Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
 Wi' a' his graith,
 Whan bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
 O' gude Braid Claith.

196. *hap ye*, cover yourselves. *wame*, belly. *fa'*, get,
 obtain. *pow*, head. *gree*, palm, prize. *graiith*, equip-
 ment, clothes. *bienly*, comfortably.

ROBERT FERGUSON

Waesuck for him wha has nae feck o't !
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at ;
A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
Whan he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broochie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith !
Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
Whan pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

waesuck for, woe betide. *feck*, quantity. *gowk*, simpleton.
geck at, mock. *broochie*, breast-pin. *sark*, shirt. *trigly*,
smartly. *haffits*, temples. *gawsy*, portly. *green*, long for.

ROBERT FERGUSON

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonnie mou' fu' sair,
 And scauld him baith :
Wooers should aye their travel spare
 Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends folk an unco heeze,
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees,
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
 For little skaith :
In short, you may be what you please
 Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For, tho' ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment folk would hae a doubt on,
 I'll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
 O' gude Braid Claith.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

1750-1825

197. *Auld Robin Gray*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at
 hame,
When a' the weary warld to sleep are gane,
The wacs o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

196. *lends, etc.*, 'gives one a leg up.' *kail-worms*, caterpillars.
skaith, pains. *aith*, oath. 197. *kye*, cows.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
bride ;

But saving a croun he had naething else beside.
To mak the croun a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the croun and the pound, they were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
stoun awa' ;
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea ;
And auld Robin Gray cam a-courtin' me.

My father couldna wark, my mither couldna spin ;
I toil'd day and nicht, but their bread I couldna
win :
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his
e'e,
Said, ' Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye marry me ? '

My heart it said na—I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew hie, and the ship it was a
wrack ;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jeanie dee ?
And why do I live to cry, Wae 's me ?

My father urged me sair ; my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
break.
They gied him my hand—my heart was at the sea ;
Sae auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, ' I 'm come hame, my love, to marry
thee.'

O sair did we greet, and meikle did we say :
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee ;
And why was I born to say, Wae 's me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I daurna think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I 'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

ROBERT GRAHAM, OF GARTMORE

1750-1797

198. *O tell me how to Woo Thee*

Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I 'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I 'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I 'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart.

ROBERT GRAHAM

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself',
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me ;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo !

WILLIAM DUDGEON

1753-1813

199. *Up Amang yon Cliffy Rocks*

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings, ' Young Sandy 's kind
And he 's promis'd aye to lo'e me ;
Here 's a brooch I ne'er shall tine,
Till he 's fairly married to me.
Drive away, ye drone, Time,
And bring about our bridal day.

199. *tine*, lose.

WILLIAM DUDGEON

' Sandy herds a flock o' sheep ;
Aften does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.
He 's as fleet 's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flock together.
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlan' blast.

' Brawly can he dance and sing
Canty glee, or Highland cronach ;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel, or round a ring ;
Wightly can he wield a rung ;
In a brawl he 's aye the bangster ;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest-winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.'

MRS. GRANT, OF LAGGAN

1755-1838

200. '*O Where, Tell Me Where*'

' O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie
gone ?

O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie
gone ? '

199. *but*, without. *rung*, cudgel.

MRS. GRANT

‘ He ’s gone, with streaming banners, where noble
deeds are done ;
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely
home.’

‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie
stay ?

O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie
stay ? ’

‘ He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid
Spey ;
And many a blessing followed him the day he went
away.’

‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie
wear ?

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie
wear ? ’

‘ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge
of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall
wear a star.’

‘ Suppose, ah ! suppose, that some cruel, cruel
wound

Should pierce your Highland laddie and all your
hopes confound ! ’

‘ The pipes would play a cheering march, the
banners round him fly ;

The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in
his eye.

MRS. GRANT

‘ But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland’s
 bonnie bounds ;
But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland’s bonnie
 bounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious
 wounds,
While wide, through all our Highland hills his
 warlike name resounds.’

JOHN DUNLOP

1755-1820

201. *Oh ! Dinna ask me gin I Lo’e Thee*

OH ! dinna ask me gin I loe thee,—
 Troth, I dar’na tell :
Dinna ask me gin I lo’e ye—
 Ask it o’ yersel’.

Oh ! dinna look sae sair at me,
 For weel ye ken me true :
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
 I dar’na look at you !

When ye gang to yon braw, braw toun,
 And bonnier lasses see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest you should mind na me !

For I could never bide the lass
 That ye ’d lo’e mair than me ;
And oh, I ’m sure my heart would break
 Gin ye ’d prove false to me !

ANDREW SCOTT

1757-1839

202.

Rural Content

I 'm now a gude farmer, I 've acres o' land,
An' my heart aye louns licht when I 'm viewin'
o 't,
An' I hae servants at my command,
An' twa daintie cowts for the plowin' o 't.
My farm is a snug ane, lies high on a muir,
The muir-cocks and plivers aft skirl at my door,
An' when the sky lowers, I 'm sure o' a show'r,
To moisten my land for the plowin' o 't.

Leeze me on the mailin that 's fa'n to my share,
It takes sax muckle bowes for the sawin' o 't ;
I 've sax braid acres for pasture, an' mair,
An' a dainty bit bog for the mawin' o 't.
A spence and a kitchen my mansion house gies,
I 've a cantie wee wifie to daut whan I please ;
Twa bairnies, twa callans, that skelp owre the leas,
An' they 'll soon can assist at the plowin' o 't.

My biggin' stands sweet on this south slopin' hill,
An' the sun shines sae bonnily beamin' on 't ;
An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill
Frac the loch, where the wild ducks are swimmin'
on 't.

<i>cowts</i> , colts.	<i>plivers</i> , plovers.	<i>leeze me on the mailin</i> ,
blessings on the farm.	<i>bowes</i> , measures of corn.	<i>spence</i> ,
inner room.	<i>daut</i> , pet.	<i>biggin'</i> , house.

ANDREW SCOTT

An' on its green banks, on the gay simmer days,
My wifie trips barefit, a-bleachin' her claes,
An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,
While I whistle and sing at the plowin' o' t.

To rank among farmers I hae muckle pride,
But I maunna speak high when I 'm tellin' o' t,
How brawly I strut on my shelty to ride,
Wi' a sample to show for the sellin' o' t.
In blue worset boots that my auld mither span
I 've aft been fu' vantie sin' I was a man,
But now they 're flung by, and I 've bought
cordovan,
And my wifie ne'er grudged me a shillin' o' t.

Sae now when to kirk or to market I gae,
My weelfare what need I be hidin' o' t ?
In braw leather boots shinin' black as the slae
I dink me to try the ridin' o' t.
Last towmond I sell't off four bowes o' gude bere,
An' thankfu' I was, for the victual was dear,
An' I cam hame wi' spurs on my heels shinin' clear,
I had sic gude luck at the sellin' o' t.

Now hairst-time is o'er, an' a fig for the laird,
My rent 's now secure for the toilin' o' t ;
My fields are a' bare, and my crap 's in th' yard,
And I 'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoilin' o' t.

shelty, pony. *dink me*, dress myself. *towmond*, twelve-
month. *bere*, barley. *hairst*, harvest.

ANDREW SCOTT

Now welcome gude weather, or wind, or come weet,
Or bauld ragin' Winter, wi' hail, snaw, or sleet,
Nae mair can he draigle my crap 'mang his feet,
Nor wraik his mischief, and be spoilin' o' t.

An' on the dowf days, when loud hurricanes blaw,
Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be viewin' o' t,
And jink the rude blast in my rush-theikit ha',
When fields are sealed up frae the plowin' o' t.
My bonnie wee wifie, the bairnies, and me,
The peat-stack and turf-stack our Phœbus shall be,
Till day close the scoul o' its angry e'e,
And we'll rest in gude hopes o' the plowin' o' t.

JEAN GLOVER

1758-1801

203. *Owre the Muir amang the Heather*

Owre the muir amang the heather,
Owre the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her ewes thegither.

COMIN' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, 'My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?'
Says she, 'I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the bloomin' heather.'

202. *dowf*, dull.

jink, dodge, escape.

theikit, thatched.

203. *tent*, look after.

JEAN GLOVER

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather ;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

While thus we lay, she sung a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther ;
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was ' Owre the muir amang the heather.'

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony ither :
By sea and sky she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather !

Owre the muir amang the heather,
Down amang the bloomin' heather ;—
By sea and sky she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather !

JOHN MAYNE

1759-1836:

204. *Logan Braes*

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep
Fu' aft, wi' glee, I've herded sheep—
I've herded sheep, or gathered slaes
Wi' my dear lad on Logan Braes.
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane
And fu' o' grief, I herd my lane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frac me and Logan Braes.

203. *aye sinsyne*, ever since.

204. *my lane*, by myself.

JOHN MAYNE

Nae mair, at Logan Kirk will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or, when it 's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan Kirk.
I weel may sing, thae days are gane ;
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dander dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath the trysting tree,
Where first he spak' o' love to me.
O ! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless and my ain,
Revered by friends, and far frae faes,
We 'd live in bliss on Logan Braes.

JOHN HAMILTON

1761-1814

205. *Up in the Mornin' Early*

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south,
The drift is drifting sairly ;
The sheep are cowerin' in the heugh ;
Oh, sirs, it 's winter fairly !
Now, up in the mornin' 's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early ;
I 'd rather gae supperless to my bed
Than rise in the mornin' early.

204. *dander dowie and forlane*, saunter dull and forlorn.

JOHN HAMILTON

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely ;
On hill and house hear how it thuds !
The frost is nippin' sairly.
Now, up in the mornin' 's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early ;
To sit a' nicht wad better agree
Than rise in the mornin' early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,
Like ony timorous carlie ;
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again ;
And that we find severely.
Now, up in the mornin' 's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early ;
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek
Wha 'd rise in the mornin' early ?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush :
Poor things, they suffer sairly ;
In cauldrie quarters a' the nicht,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now, up in the mornin' 's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early ;
A penniless purse I wad rather dree
Than rise in the mornin' early.

A cosie house and a canty wife
Aye keep a body cheerly ;
And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,
They answer unco rarely.

tirls, strips. *chimley cheek*, chimney corner. *linties*, linnets.
cauldrie, cold.

JOHN HAMILTON

But up in the mornin'—na, na, na !
Up in the mornin' early !
The gowans maun glint on bank and brae
When I rise in the mornin' early.

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

206. *Address to the Deil*

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee—
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie—
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be ;
I 'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me
An' hear us squeel.

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame ;
Far kend an' noted is thy name ;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh 's thy hame,
Thou travels far ;
An' faith ! thou 's neither lag, nor lame,
Nor blate, nor scaur.

205. *gowans*, daisies.
cootie, brimstone dish.
pit. *lag*, laggard.

206. *spairges*, scatters. *brunstane*
scaud, scald. *lowin heugh*, blazing
scaur, scared.

ROBERT BURNS

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
 Tirlin the kirks ;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
Or, where auld ruin'd castles grey
 Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my grannie summon
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman !
Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
Wi' you mysel, I gat a fright :
 Ayont the lough,
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake ;

tirlin, unroofing. *hummin*, booming. *boortrees*, elder-trees,
sklentín, slanting. *sugh*, moan. *nieve*, fist.

ROBERT BURNS

When wi' an eldritch, stoor ' quaick, quaick,'
 Amang the springs,
Awalye squatter'd like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirkyards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain ;
For O ! the yellow treasure 's taen
 By witching skill ;
An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie 's gaen
 As yell 's the bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen an' crouse ;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin, icy boord,

stoor, hoarse. *howkit*, disinterred. *kirk*, churn. *dawtit*,
etc., petted twelve-pint cow. *yell's the bill*, dry as the bull.
cantraip, witch-like. *boord*, covering.

ROBERT BURNS

Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r :

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawin' dog !
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue
(Black be your fa' !),
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

snick-drawin', crafty. *brogue*, trick. *shog*, shake.

ROBERT BURNS

D' ye mind that day when in a bizz
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uzz
 Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw ;
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul—
 Was warst ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce
 Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye 're thinkin,
A certain Bardie 's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
 To your black Pit ;
But, faith ! he 'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.

bizz, bustle. *reekit duds*, an' *reestit gizz*, smoke-stained clothes
and scorched wig. *sklented*, squinted. *scaul*, scold (of a wife).
Lallan, Lowland. *linkin*, speeding. *jinkin*, dodging.

ROBERT BURNS

But fare-you-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben !
O, wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake :
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake !

207.

Poor Mailie's Elegy

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears tricklin down your nose ;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead !
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes ;
Poor Mailie 's dead !

It 's no the loss of warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed :
He 's lost a friend an' neebor dear
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

206. *aihlins*, perhaps.
dowie, melancholy.

207. *Mailie*, pet name for a sheep.

ROBERT BURNS

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her livin image in her yowe
Comes bleatin till him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
 Frae 'yont the Tweed :
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
 Wi' chokin dread ;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
 For Mailie dead.

mense, propriety.
tips, rams.
wanchancie, unlucky.

spence, inner room.
tawted ket, matted fleece.

get, offspring.
fleesh, fleece.

ROBERT BURNS

O a' ye bards on bonnie Doon !
 An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune !
 Come, join the melancholious croon
 O' Robin's reed !
 His heart will never get aboon !
 His Mailie's dead !

208.

To a Mouse

*On turning her up in her nest with the plough,
 November 1785*

WEE, sleekit, cowerin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murdering pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
 An' fellow mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 's a sma' request ;
 I 'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss 't !

208. *sleekit*, smooth. *bickering brattle*, quick-moving rush.
pattle, plough spade. *daimen icker*, odd ear or two. *thrave*,
 measure of corn (twenty-four sheaves).

ROBERT BURNS

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cosie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
Now thou 's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy !

big, build. *foggage*, coarse grass. *but*, without. *thole*, endure.
cranreuch, hoarfrost. *thy lane*, by thyself. *agley*, askew.

ROBERT BURNS

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

209.

To a Mountain Daisy

On turning one down with the plough in April 1786

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckl'd breast !
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

209. *stoure*, dust.

ROBERT BURNS

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust ;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,

bield, shelter. *histie*, bare.

ROBERT BURNS

By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink ;
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !

210. *Death and Doctor Hornbook*

A TRUE STORY

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd :
Ev'n ministers, they hae been kend,
 In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
 And nail 't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true 's the Deil 's in hell
 Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 's a muckle pity !

210. *whid*, fib.

ROBERT BURNS

The clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty :
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kend ay
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock Hills out-owre ;
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r
 I set mysel ;
But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill
 To keep me sicker ;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither ;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
 Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

clachan yill, village ale. *sicker*, safe. *swither*, state of
doubt. *three-tae'd leister*, three-pronged fish-spear.

ROBERT BURNS

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa ;
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava ;
 And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

‘Guid-een,’ quo’ I; ‘Friend! hae ye been
mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin?’
It seem’d to mak a kind o’ stan’,
But naething spak.
At length, says I: ‘Friend! whare ye gaun?’
Will ye go back?’

It spak right howe : ‘ My name is Death,
But be na fley’d.—Quoth I : ‘ Guid faith,
Ye ’re maybe come to stap my breath ;
But tent me, billie :
I red ye weel, tak care o’ skaith,
See, there ’s a gully ! ’

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
 To be mislear'd:
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
 Out-owre my beard.'

fient a wame, deuce a belly. *cheeks o' branks*, sides of an ox-bridle. *marwin*, mowing. *howe*, hollow. *fley'd*, frightened. *gully*, big knife. *mislear'd*, balked of my purpose.

ROBERT BURNS

‘ Weel, weel ! ’ says I, ‘ a bargain be ’t ;
Come, gie ’s your hand, an’ say we ’re gree’t ;
We ’ll ease our shanks, an’ tak a seat :

Come, gie ’s your news :

This while ye hae been monie a gate,
At monie a house.’

‘ Ay, ay ! ’ quo’ he, an’ shook his head,
‘ It ’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin’ I began to nick the thread
An’ choke the breath :
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An’ sae maun Death.

‘ Sax thousand years are near-hand fled
Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
An’ monie a scheme in vain ’s been laid
To stap or scaur me ;
Till ane Hornbook ’s ta’en up the trade,
And faith ! he ’ll waur me.

‘ Ye ken Jock Hornbook i’ the clachan ?
Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !—
He ’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan*
And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
An’ pouk my hips.

waur, overcome. *king’s hood*, stomach. *in a spleuchan*,
into a pouch.

ROBERT BURNS

‘ See, here ’s a scythe, an’ there ’s a dart,
 They hae pierc’d monie a gallant heart ;
 But Doctor Hornbook wi’ his art
 An’ cursèd skill,
 Has made them baith they ’ll hardly scart,
 An’ far less kill !

‘ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
 I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 Wi’ less, I ’m sure, I ’ve hundreds slain ;
 But Deil-ma-care !
 It just played dirl on the bane,
 But did nae mair.

‘ Hornbook was by wi’ ready art,
 An’ had sae fortify’d the part,
 That when I lookèd to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o ’t wad hae pierc’d the heart
 Of a kail-runt.

‘ I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I near-hand cowpit wi’ my hurry,
 But yet the bauld Apothecary
 Withstood the shock :
 I might as weel hae try’d a quarry
 O’ hard whin-rock.

scart, scratch. *played dirl*, went tinkle. *fient haet*,
 devil a bit. *kail-runt*, cabbage-stalk. *cowpit*, tumbled over.

ROBERT BURNS

‘ Ev’n them he canna get attended,
Altho’ their face he ne’er had kend it,
Just spit in a kail-blade, an’ send it,
 As soon ’s he smells ’t,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
 At once he tells ’t.

‘ And then a’ doctor’s saws and whittles
Of a’ dimensions, shapes, an’ mettles,
A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, and bottles,
 He ’s sure to hae ;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As A B C.

‘ Calces o’ fossils, earth, and trees ;
True *sal-marinum* o’ the seas ;
The *farina* of beans an’ pease,
 He has ’t in plenty ;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

‘ Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons ;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill’d *per se* ;
Sal-alkali o’ midge-tail-clippings,
 And monie mae.’

‘ Waes me for Johnie Ged’s Hole now,’
Quoth I, ‘ if that thae news be true !

Johnie Ged’s Hole, the grave. (‘ Ged is Scots for pike, whose
greed is as the grave.’)

ROBERT BURNS

His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the plew :
They 'll ruin Johnie !

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says : ' Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be till'd enugh,
Tak ye nae fear :
They 'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh
In twa-three year.

' Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae death
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I 'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith
By drap an' pill.

' An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

' A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,

calf-ward, calf-yard. *sheugh*, furrow. *strae death*, natural
death. *slade*, slid. *batts*, botts. *curmurring*, rumbling.

ROBERT BURNS

His only son for Hornbook sets,
 An' pays him well :
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 Was laird himsel.

' That 's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way ;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
 An 's weel paid for 't ;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
 Wi' his damn'd dirt :

' But, hark ! I 'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't ;
I 'll nail the self-conceited sot
 As dead 's a herrin ;
Niest time we meet, I 'll wad a groat,
 He gets his fairin ! '

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which raised us baith :
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
 And sae did Death.

gimmer, two-year-old ewes. *swatch*, sample. *wad*, wager.

ROBERT BURNS

211. *Address to a Haggis*

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich !

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive ;
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums ;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
' Bethankit ! ' hums.

thairm, intestines. *dight*, wipe. *horn*, spoon. *kytes*,
stomachs. *belyve*, quickly.

ROBERT BURNS

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit ;
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He 'll mak it whissle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware,
 That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
 Gie her a Haggis !

staw, sicken. *nieve*, fist. *walie*, large. *sned*, cut off.
thrissle, thistle. *skinking ware*, thin stuff. *jaups in luggies*,
splashes in dishes.

ROBERT BURNS

212.

Tam o' Shanter

A TALE

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet ;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter :
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam, had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;

nappy, ale, strong drink. *slaps*, gaps. *skellum*, rascal.
blellum, chatterer. *melder*, grinding-time.

ROBERT BURNS

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah ! gentle dames, it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd, sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie :
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ;
And ay the ale was growing better :
The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious :
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

reaming swats, frothing ale.

ROBERT BURNS

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread :
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride :
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd :
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;

dub, mud-hole.

ROBERT BURNS

Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares :
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll :
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquabae, we 'll face the Devil !
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.

smoor'd, was smothered. *tippenny*, twopenny ale. *na deils*
a boddle, not a farthing for devils.

ROBERT BURNS

But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light ;
And vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !

Warlocks and witches in a dance :
Nae cotillion, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge :
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
And, by some devilish cantraip sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light :
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
A thief new-cuttet frae a rape—
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted ;
Five scymitars wi' murder crusted ;
A garter which a babe had strangled ;
A knife a father's throat had mangled—

brent new, brand new.
cantraip, witch-like.

winnock-bunker, window-seat.

ROBERT BURNS

Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair of horrible and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens !
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !—
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach !

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie :
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,

cleekit, twined arms. *coost her duddies*, threw off her clothes.
linket at, went at. *creeshie flannen*, greasy flannel. *rigwoodie*,
lean. *spean*, wean. *crummock*, crook-headed staff. *wawlie*,
comely.

ROBERT BURNS

That night enlisted in the core,
 Lang after kend on Carrick shore
 (For monie a beast to dead she shot,
 An' perish'd monie a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bere,
 And kept the country-side in fear).
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah ! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang
 (A souple jad she was and strang),
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out : ' Weel done, Cutty-sark ! '
 And in an instant all was dark ;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

cutty sark, short shift. *harn*, rough linen or cotton cloth.
coft, bought. *cour*, fold. *hotch'd*, jerked his arm (as pipers
do).

ROBERT BURNS

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When ' Catch the thief ! ' resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam ! Ah, Tam ! thou 'll get thy fairin !
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig ;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross !
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake ;
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle !
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed :

fyke, fuss. *fient a*, devil a. *ettle*, aim. *claught*, clutched.

ROBERT BURNS

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear :
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

213. *Holy Willie's Prayer*

O THOU that in the Heavens does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends ane to Heaven an' ten to Hell
A' for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done before Thee !

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou has left in night,
That I am here before Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation ?
I, wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws
Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause !

When from my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hac plung'd me deep in hell

ROBERT BURNS

To gnash my gooms, and weep, and wail
 In burning lakes,
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to their stakes.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample :
I 'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example
 To a' Thy flock !

But yet, O Lord ! confess I must :
At times I 'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust ;
An' sometimes, too, in worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in ;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled wi' sin.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Buffet Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre proud and high should turn
 That he 's sae gifted :
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne
 Until Thou lift it.

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou has a chosen race !
But God confound their stubborn face
 An' blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
 An' open shame !

ROBERT BURNS

Lord, mind Gav'n Hamilton's deserts :
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin arts
 Wi' great and sma',
Frae God's ain Priest the people's hearts
 He steals awa.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
And set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin at us :
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
 Kail an' potatoes !

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r
Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr !
Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
 Upo' their heads !
Lord, visit them, an' dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds !

O Lord, my God ! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My vera heart and flesh are quakin
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
 Feckless wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin,
 Held up his head.

splore, disturbance. *feckless*, helpless. *snakin*, sneering.

ROBERT BURNS

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him !
Lord, visit him wha did employ him !
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r,
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare !

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace an' gear may shine
Excell'd by nane ;
And a' the glory shall be Thine—
Amen, Amen !

214. *Green grow the Rashes, O*

Green grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

THERE 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,

ROBERT BURNS

An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this ;
Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

215. *O, Whistle an' I 'll come to ye, my Lad*

O, WHISTLE an' I 'll come to ye, my lad !
O, whistle an' I 'll come to ye, my lad !
'Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O, whistle an' I 'll come to ye, my lad !

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin to me,
And come as ye were na comin to me !

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie ;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me !

214. *tapsalteerie*, topsy-turvy. 215. *back-yett*, back-gate.

ROBERT BURNS

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court na anither tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me !

216. *I 'm owre young to marry yet*

I 'm owre young, I 'm owre young,
I 'm owre young to marry yet !
I 'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammie yet.

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
I 'm fley'd it make me eerie, Sir.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir,
And you an' I in ae bed—
In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir !

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir,
But if ye come this gate again,
I 'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

ROBERT BURNS

217. *The Birks of Aberfeldie*

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go ?
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldie ?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldie !

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's,
O'erhung with fragrant-spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldie.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

shaws, coppices. *linns*, waterfalls.

ROBERT BURNS

218.

Ay waukin, O

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

SIMMER 's a pleasant time :
Flowers of every colour,
The water rins owre the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I 'm eerie,
Sleep I can get nane
For thinkin on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin,
I think on my bonnie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.

219.

My Love, she 's but a Lassie yet

My love, she 's but a lassie yet,
My love, she 's but a lassie yet !
We 'll let her stand a year or twa,
She 'll no be half sae saucy yet !

218. *heugh*, crag, cliff.
dim. *greetin*, weeping.

the lave, the rest.

bleer, make

ROBERT BURNS

I rue the day I sought her, O !
I rue the day I sought her, O !
Wha gets her need na say he 's woo'd,
But he may say he 's bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet !
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never missed it yet.

We 're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,
We 're a' dry wi' drinkin o't !
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife—
He could na preach for thinkin o't !

220.

The Silver Tassie

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie !
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody.

220. *tassie*, cup.

ROBERT BURNS

It 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar :
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary !

221. *Of a' the Airts*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill atween,
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers—
I see her sweet and fair.
I hear her in the tunefu' birds—
I hear her charm the air.
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

222. *Whistle o'er the lave o't*

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air ;
Now we 're married, speir nae mair,
But—whistle o'er the lave o't !

221. *airts*, quarters. *row*, roll. *shaw*, coppice. 222.
the lave, the rest. *speir*, ask.

ROBERT BURNS

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child :
Wiser men than me 's beguiled—
Whistle o'er the lave o't !

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't !
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write (but Meg wad see 't)—
Whistle o'er the lave o't !

223.

John Anderson my Jo

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo !

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither ;

223. *brent*, smooth. *beld*, bald. *pow*, head.

ROBERT BURNS

Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo !

224.

Thou lingering Star

THOU ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene ;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

ROBERT BURNS

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

225. *Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut*

We are na fou, we 're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e !
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And ay we 'll taste the barley-bree !

O, WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to prie.
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And monie a night we 've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That 's blinkin in the lift sae hie :
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee !

225. *barley-bree*, ale. *prie*, taste. *lee-lang*, live-long.
mae, more. *lift*, heavens.

ROBERT BURNS

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he !
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three !

226.

Tam Glen

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len'.
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow
In poortith I might mak a fen' ;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?

There 's Lowrie the laird o' Drummeller ;
' Guid day to you,' brute ! he comes ben.
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men.
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
He 'd gie me guid hunder marks ten ;
But if it 's ordain'd I maun take him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

226. *tittie*, sister. *poortith*, poverty. *fen'*, shift. *ben*,
inside. *minnie*, mother. *deave*, deafen.

ROBERT BURNS

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written ' Tam Glen ' !

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken—
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry !
I 'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

227.

Ae fond Kiss

AE fond kiss, and then we sever !
Ae farewell, and then for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy :
Naething could resist my Nancy !
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

226. *sten*, bound. *waukin*, awake. *droukit*, soaked.

ROBERT BURNS

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

228. *When she cam ben, she bobbèd*

O, WHEN she cam ben, she bobbèd fu' law !
O, when she came ben, she bobbèd fu' law !
And when she cam ben, she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne she deny'd she did it at a' !

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha' ?
And was na Cockpen right saucy witha',
In leaving the dochter o' a lord,
And kissin a collier lassie an' a' ?

O, never look down, my lassie, at a' !
O, never look down, my lassie, at a' !
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

227. *ilka*, each.

228. *ben*, inside.

law, low.

ROBERT BURNS

Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handy-wark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

229. *The Banks o' Doon*

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care !
Thou 'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn !
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree !
And my fause luvie staw my rose—
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

230. *The Lovely Lass of Inverness*

THE lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en to morn she cries ' Alas ! '
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e :—

229. *staw*, stole.

ROBERT BURNS

‘ Drumossie moor, Drumossie day—
 A waefu’ day it was to me !
For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three.

‘ Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growin green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman’s e’e.

‘ Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be,
For monie a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne’er did wrang to thine or thee ! ’

231.

A red, red Rose

O, MY luve is like a red, red rose,
 That ’s newly sprung in June.
O, my luve is like the melodie,
 That ’s sweetly play’d in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a’ the seas gang dry.

Till a’ the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi’ the sun !
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o’ life shall run.

ROBERT BURNS

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile !

232. *Auld Lang Syne*

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne !

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne !

We twa hae rin about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we 've wander'd monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine,
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne !

232. *fit*, foot. *dine*, dinner. *fiere*, comrade. *guid-*
willie waught, hearty draught, a draught full of good-will.

ROBERT BURNS

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I 'll be mine,
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne !

233. *Comin thro' the Rye*

O, Jenny 's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny 's seldom dry :
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin thro' the rye !

COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin thro' the rye !

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry ?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken ?

232. *ye'll be, etc.*, you will be good for one pint-stoup (pot) on your account, and I for another on mine. 233. *draigl't*, dragged.

ROBERT BURNS

234. *It was a' for our rightfu' King*

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear—
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain,
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear—
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear—
 And adieu for evermore !

The soger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love
 Never to meet again,
 My dear—
 Never to meet again.

maun, must.

ROBERT BURNS

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that 's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear—
The lee-lang night, and weep.

235. *Braw Lads o' Galla Water*

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
They rove amang the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better ;
And I 'll be his, and he 'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We 'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, and pleasure :
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O, that 's the chiefest warld's treasure !

234. *lee-lang*, live-long. 235. *tocher*, dowry. *tent*, watch.
coft, bought.

ROBERT BURNS

236.

Duncan Gray

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !
 On blythe Yule-night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !
 ' Shall I like a fool,' quoth he,
 ' For a haughty hizzie die ?
 She may gae to—France for me !'—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o 't !

asklent, askance. *skeigh*, coy. *abeigh*, aside. *fleech'd*,
 entreated. *grat his een*, wept his eyes. *linn*, waterfall.

ROBERT BURNS

How it comes, let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Meg grew sick, as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And O ! her een they spak sic things !—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they 're crouse and canty baith—
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

237. *My Nanie's awa*

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw :
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa !

236. *smoor'd*, smothered. *crouse and canty*, proud and jolly.
237. *shaw*, copse.

ROBERT BURNS

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dew's of the
lawn

The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa,
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay !
The dark, dreary Winter and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

238.

Scots, wha hae

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie !

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?—
Let him turn, and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

237. *lav'rock*, lark. 238. *wham*, whom.

ROBERT BURNS

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty 's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

239. *Highland Mary*

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There Summer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry !
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary !

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie :
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.
But O, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly ;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

240. *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

HARK, the mavis' e'ening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

240. *rowes*, rolls.

ROBERT BURNS

We 'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels, spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear—
Thou 'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

241. *Is there for honest Poverty*

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that ?
The coward slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that ?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man 's a man for a' that.

240. *bogle*, spirit.
homespun.

241. *gowd*, gold.

hoddin grey, grey

ROBERT BURNS

For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord,'
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that ?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that !
But an honest man 's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
It 's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

birkie, smart fellow. *cuif*, simpleton. *mauna fa' that*,
must not expect to make that. *gree*, palm, prize.

ROBERT BURNS

242.

The Lea-Rig

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O,
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,
I 'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

At midnight hour in mirkest glen
I 'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O !
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I 'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
At noon the fisher takes the glen
Adown the burn to steer, my jo :
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey—
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O !

bughtin time, time to put beasts into the fold. *owsen*, oxen.
dowf, heavy, dull. *birks*, birches. *lea-rig*, meadow-ridge.

ROBERT BURNS

243.

Mary Morison

O MARY, at thy window be !
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd and said amang them a' :—
' Ye are na Mary Morison ! '

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown :
A thought ungente canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

stoure, struggle.

ROBERT BURNS

244.

There was a Lad

Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,
Robin was a rovin boy,
Rantin, rovin Robin !

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho :—' Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof :
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.

' He 'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a'.
He 'll be a credit till us a' :
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin !

' But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin !

hansel, auspicious beginning. *keekit*, peeped. *loof*, palm
of the hand. *scho*, she. *waly*, fine. *coof*, simpleton.
leeze me, blessings.

ROBERT BURNS

245. *The Lass o' Ballochmyle*

'Twas even : the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang,
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All Nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.
Her look was like the Morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile.
Perfection whisper'd, passing by :—
' Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle ! '

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild ;
But woman, Nature's darling child—
There all her charms she does compile :
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotia's plain,

ROBERT BURNS

Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle !

Then Pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine,
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine !
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

246. *O, wert thou in the cauld Blast*

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

246. *airt*, quarter from which the wind blows. *bield*, shelter.

ROBERT BURNS

247. *The Gloomy Night is gathering fast*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast ;
Yon murky cloud is filled with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt' red coveys meet secure ;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly ;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave :
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves !

ROBERT BURNS

Farewell my friends ! farewell my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, my bonnie banks of Ayr.

248. *M'Pherson's Farewell*

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round
Below the gallows-tree.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie !
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath ?
On many a bloody plain
I 've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword,
And there 's no a man in all Scotland
But I 'll brave him at a word.

I 've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie :
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

ROBERT BURNS

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die !

249. *As I stood by yon roofless Tower*

A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea :—
' In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honour 's
gane an' a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.'

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flow'r scents the dewy air,
Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care :

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky,
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's
To join yon river on the strath,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

249. *houlet*, owl. *tod*, fox.

ROBERT BURNS

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din :
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned my eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as Minstrels wont to be.

Had I statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me ;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain
The sacred posy—' Libertie.'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to hear,
But O, it was a tale of woe
As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times :
But what he said—it was nae play !—
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

250. *Wandering Willie*

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame !
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
same.

249. *blae*, blue, livid. *tint as win*, lost as soon as won.

ROBERT BURNS

LOUD tho' the Winter blew cauld at our parting,
'Twas na the blast brought the tear in my e'e :
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me !

Rest, ye wild storms in the cave o' your slumbers—
How your wild howling a lover alarms !
Wauken, ye breezes, rowe gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But O, if he 's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main !
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie 's my ain !

251. *My Nanie, O*

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I 'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill,
The night 's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I 'll get my plaid, an' out I 'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie 's charming, sweet, an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O !

ROBERT BURNS

Her face is fair, her heart is true ;
As spotless as she 's bonnie, O,
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few may be ?
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a'—my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by ;
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O :
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

252. *To William Simpson of Ochiltree*
May 1785

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie ;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
Tho' I maun say 't, I wad be silly
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatt'rin strain.

251. *gowan*, daisy. *guide*, manage.

ROBERT BURNS

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it :
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, sidelins sklentied,
 On my poor musie ;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye 've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' fame ;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

(O Fergusson ! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
- My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye E'nbrugh gentry !
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed—
As whyles they 're like to be my dead
 (O sad disease !),
I kittle up my rustic reed ;
 It gies me ease.

sidelins sklentied, sideways squinted. *phraisin*, wheedling.
writer-chiel, lawyer-chap. *screed*, rent. *kittle*, tickle.

ROBERT BURNS

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She 's gotten bardies o' her ain ;
Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain
 But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style ;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
 Beside New Holland,
Or where wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings ;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon
 Naebody sings.

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line :
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest !
We 'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

hain, spare.

ROBERT BURNS

We 'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
 Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood ?
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
 Or glorious died !

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy ;
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 Wi' wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary grey ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day !

whids, gambols.

ROBERT BURNS

O Nature ! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light ;
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin burn's meander,
 An' no think lang ;
O, sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang !

The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive ;
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing brither !
We 've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

hog-shouther, jundie, shoulder, push.

ROBERT BURNS

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
While moorlan' herds like guid, fat braxies ;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns ;
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In Robert Burns.

253. *Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet*

January

WHILE winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' drivin snaw,
 And bring us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely, westlin jingle :
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great-folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fireside ;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursèd pride.

It 's hardly in a body's power,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;

252. *braxies*, sheep that have died a natural death. 253.
chimla lug, chimney corner. *bien*, comfortable. *tent*, heed.

ROBERT BURNS

How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to ware 't;
But Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear;
We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang 's we're hale and fier:
 Mair spier na, nor fear na',
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
E'en then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile;
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae further can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hal'?

coofs, doits. *rant*, roister. *ware 't*, spend it.

ROBERT BURNS

Yet Nature's charms—the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods—
Are free alike to all.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year !

On braes, when we please, then,
We 'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
Syne rhyme till 't, we 'll time till 't,
An' sing 't when we hae done.

It 's no in titles nor in rank :
It 's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest.
It 's no in makin muckle, mair ;
It 's no in books, it 's no in lear,
To make us truly blest !
If happiness hae not her seat
An' centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest !
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The heart ay 's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never ceasing toil ;

ROBERT BURNS

Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?
Alas ! how oft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
Or else, neglecting a' that 's guid,
They riot in excess !
Baith careless and fearless
Of either Heaven or Hell ;
Esteeming and deeming
It a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less
By pining at our state :
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An' 's thankfu' for them yet,
They gie the wit of age to youth ;
They let us ken oursel ;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill :
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts !
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)

tent, heed.

ROBERT BURNS

This life has joys for you and I ;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the very best.
There 's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien' :
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean !
It warms me, it charms me
To mention but her name :
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame !

O all ye Powers who rule above !
O Thou, whose very self art love !
Thou know'st my words sincere ;
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O, hear my fervent pray'r !
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow !

beets, kindles.

ROBERT BURNS

Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend
 In every care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean !

O, how that name inspires my style !
The words come skelpin, rank an' file,
 Amaist before I ken !
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glow'rin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he 's fairly het ;
And then he 'll hilch, an' stilt, an' jimp ;
 And rin an unco fit ;
 But lest then, the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I 'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

spaviet, spavined. *hilch*, hobble. *stilt*, limp. *unco fit*,
strange gait. *dight*, wipe.

ROBERT BURNS

254. *Saw ye Bonnie Lesley*

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border ?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther !

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley—
Thy subjects, we before thee !
Thou art divine, fair Lesley—
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee :
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say : ' I canna wrang thee ! '

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha' na steir thee :
Thou 'rt like themsel' sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS

255.

Corn Rigs

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie ;
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed ;
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I sat her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !
She ay shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.

ROBERT BURNS

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinking ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly—
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

256. *O'er the Water to Charlie*

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie !
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie !

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie !
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him ;
But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear and vow by moon and stars
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie !

ROBERT BURNS

257. *My Heart's in the Highlands*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go !

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth !
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods !

JOANNA BAILLIE

1762-1851

258. *Fisherman's Song*

No fish stir in our heaving net,
And the sky is dark, and the night is wet ;
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore ;
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,
And nought is heard but the lashing waves

JOANNA BAILLIE

And the sullen roar of the angry sea
And the wild winds piping drearily ;
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We 'll bless our blazing hearths again.

Push bravely, mates ! Our guiding star
Now from its towerlet streameth far ;
And now along the nearing strand,
See, swiftly moves yon flaming brand :
Before the midnight watch be past,
We 'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

From *The Beacon*.

259.

The Outlaws' Song

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men !
It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And clos'd is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower ;
Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken
Shrink on their murky way,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men !
It is our op'ning day.

JOANNA BAILLIE

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latchèd door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store ;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men !
And use it as ye may.

From Orra : a Tragedy.

260.

The Shepherd's Song

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock 's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no ! sad an' slow
And lengthen'd on the ground,
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It wears sae slowly round !

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack ! I canna hear.
Oh, no ! sad an' slow !
The shadow lingers still ;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

260. *gowan*, daisy. *lav'rock*, lark.

JOANNA BAILLIE

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clackin' din ;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To ca' the bairnies in.
Oh, no ! sad an' slow !
These are nae sounds for me ;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trystin' cam.
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no ! sad an' slow !
The mark it winna pass ;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,
She 's past the witches' knowe ;
She 's climbin' up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no ! 'tis na so !
'Tis glaumrie I ha'e seen :
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I 'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill ;
When Collie barks I 'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.

coft, bought. *brownie*, fairy. *lowe*, flame. *glaumrie*, magic.

JOANNA BAILLIE

Oh, no ! sad an' slow !
The time will ne'er be gane ;
The shadow of the trystin' bush
Is fix'd like ony stane.

261. *Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?*

' SAW ye Johnnie comin' ? ' quo' she,
' Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head
And his doggie runnin' ?
Yestreen, about the gloamin' time,
I chanced to see him comin',
Whistling merrily the tune
That I am a' day hummin', ' quo' she ;
' I am a' day hummin'.

' Fee him, faither, fee him,' quo she,
' Fee him, faither, fee him ;
A' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him :
A' the wark about the house,
I gang sae lightly through it :
And though ye pay some merks o' gear,
Hoot ! ye winna rue it,' quo' she ;
' No, ye winna rue it.'

' What wad I do wi' him, hizzy ?
What wad I do wi' him ?
He 's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.'

JOANNA BAILLIE

' I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I 'll gie him ;
And for a merk o' mair fee,
O, dinna stand wi' him,' quo' she ;
' Dinna stand wi' him.

' Weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
' Weel do I lo'e him ;
The brawest lads about the place
Are a' but haverels to him.
O fee him, faither ; lang, I trow,
We 've dull and dowie been ;
He 'll haud the plough, thrash i' the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en,' quo' she,
' Crack wi' me at e'en.'

ANDREW SHIRREFS

1762-1800

262.

A Cogie o' Yill

Then hey for the whisky, and hey for the
meal,
And hey for the cogie, and hey for the yill ;
Gin ye steir a' thegither they 'll do unco weel
To keep a chiel cheery and brisk aye.

A COGIE o' yill

And a pickle aitmeal,
And a dainty wee drappie o' whisky.
Was our forefathers' dose
For to sweel down their brose,
And keep them aye cheery and frisky.

261. *haverels*, dolts. *crack*, chat. 262. *yill*, ale. *pickle*,
small quantity.

ANDREW SHIRREFS

When I see our Scots lads,
Wi' their kilts and cockades,
That sae aften ha'e lounder'd our foes, man ;
I think to mysel',
On the meal and the yill,
And the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose, man.

When our brave Highland blades,
Wi' their claymores and plaids,
In the field drive like sheep a' our foes, man ;
Their courage and pow'r
Spring frae this, to be sure,
They 're the noble effects o' the brose, man.

But your spindle-shank'd sparks,
Wha sae ill fill their sarks,
Your pale-visaged milksops and beaux, man ;
I think when I see them,
'Twere kindness to gi'e them
A cogie o' yill or o' brose, man.

What John Bull despises,
Our better sense prizes ;
He denies eatin' blanter ava, man ;
But by eatin' o' blanter,
His mare 's grown, I 'll warrant her,
The manliest brute o' the twa, man.

lounder'd, thrashed. *sarks*, shirts. *blanter*, oats.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, BARONESS NAIRNE

1766-1845

263.

The Land o' the Leal

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
My saul lang's to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

BARONESS NAIRNE

Oh ! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it 's wearin' thro', John,
And I 'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We 'll meet, and we 'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

264. *The Laird o' Cockpen*

THE laird o' Cockpen, he 's proud an' he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State ;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thought she 'd look well,
McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, and as gude as new ;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
He put on a ring, a sword and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that ?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
An' rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;
' Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She 's wanted to speak to the laird o' Cockpen.'

BARONESS NAIRNE

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine.
' An' what brings the laird at sic a like time ? '
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam ben she bowed fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know ;
Amazed was the laird when the lady said ' Na,'
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily ;
And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
She 's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen.

265. *Wha 'll be King but Charlie ?*

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye 're a' the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin ;
For wha 'll be king but Charlie ?
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king !
For wha 'll be king but Charlie ?

THE news frae Moidart cam yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landit Royal Charlie.

264. *ben*, into the room. 265. *ferlie*, wonder.

BARONESS NAIRNE

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma,
Wi' many a lord and laird, hae
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
And speir ye wha but Charlie.

There 's ne'er a lass in a' the lan',
But vows baith late an' early,
She 'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Then here 's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early ;
His very name our heart's blood warms ;
To arms for Royal Charlie !

266. *Will ye no come back again ?*

Will ye no come back again ?
Will ye no come back again ?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again ?

BONNIE Charlie 's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main ;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.

BARONESS NAIRNE

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie ;
They kent you hiding in the glen,
Your cleadin' was but barely.

English bribes were a' in vain ;
An' e'en tho' puirer we may be,
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning grey ;
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they 'd gie,
Oh there is nane that wad betray.

Sweet 's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen ;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again ?

267.

Caller Herrin'

WHA 'LL buy my caller herrin' ?
They 're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth ?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they fac'd the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows ?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

266. *cleadin'*, clothing. *laverock's*, lark's. 267. *caller*, fresh.

BARONESS NAIRNE

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ?

They 're no brought here without brave darin' ;
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd thro' wind and rain.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ?

Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin'—
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,

Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Caller herrin' 's no got lightlie :—

Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie ;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singing
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ? etc.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin' :

When the bonnie fish ye 're sellin',
At ae word be in yere dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing 's failin',
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin' ?
They 're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth ?

Gow, a famous fiddler. *tent*, attend to.

BARONESS NAIRNE

268.

The Hundred Pipers

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We 'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We 'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh ! it 's owre the Border awa', awa',
It 's owre the Border awa', awa',
We 'll on and we 'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh ! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, an' kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering
gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen ?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men ?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?
Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw ?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra !
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

yetts, gates. *grat*, wept.

BARONESS NAIRNE

His bonnet an' feather, he 's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English
ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's
sound.
Dumfounder'd, the English saw—they saw—
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw ;
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

269. *Row weel, my Boatie*

Row weel, my boatie, row weel,
Row weel, my merry men a',
For there 's dool and there 's wae in Glenfiorich's
bowers,
And there 's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it danc'd light on the merry wee
waves,
And it flew owre the water sae blue,
And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone
bright,
But the boatie ne'er reached Allandhu.

ANONYMOUS

Ohon ! for fair Ellen, ohon !

Ohon ! for the pride of Strathcoe—
In the deep, deep sea, in the salt, salt bree,
Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.

270. *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

' WILL ye gang down yon water-side,
That thro' the glen does saftly glide,
And I shall rowe thee in my plaid,
My bonnie dearie ?

' Ye sall hae rings and ribbons meet,
Calf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my bosom ye sall sleep,
My bonnie dearie.'

' I was brought up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
Nor sit the livelong day in dool,
Lanely and eerie.'

' Yon yowes and lammies on the plain,
Wi' a' the gear my dad did hain,
I'sc gie thee, if thou 'lt be mine ain,
My bonnie dearie.'

269. *bree*, water. 270. *yowes*, ewes. *rowes*, rolls. *rowe*,
wrap. *gear*, goods, property. *hain*, hoard, lay by.

ANONYMOUS

' Come weel, come wae, whate'er betide,
Gin ye 'll prove true, I'se be your bride,
And ye sall rowe me in your plaid,
My winsome dearie.'

271. *Merry may the Keel Row*

Merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love 's in.

As I cam down the Cano'gate,
The Cano'gate, the Cano'gate,
As I cam down the Cano'gate
I heard a lassie sing :

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies
To fauld a lassie in.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin.

272. *The Campbells are Coming*

The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !
The Campbells are coming, O-ho !
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven !
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

ANONYMOUS

UPON the Lomonds I lay, I lay ;
Upon the Lomonds I lay ;
I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three perches play.

Great Argyle he goes before ;
He makes the cannons and guns to roar ;
With sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum ;
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
With banners rattling in the wind ;
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho !

278.

Somebody

Och hon for somebody !
Och hey for somebody !
I wad do—what wad I not,
For the sake o' somebody ?

My heart is sair, I daurna tell
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I will wauk a winter's night,
For a sight o' somebody.

If somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ilka ane will get his ain,
And I will see my somebody.

ANONYMOUS

What need I kame my tresses bright,
Or why should coal or candle-light
E'er shine in my bower day or night,
Since gane is my dear somebody ?

Oh ! I hae grutten mony a day
For ane that 's banished far away ;
I canna sing, and maunna say
How sair I grieve for somebody.

274. *This is no my ain House*

O this is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o 't ;
For bow-kail thrive at my door-cheek,
And thistles on the riggin o 't.

A CARLE came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face ;
And sin' he claimed my daddie's place,
I downa bide the triggin o 't.

Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek,
My daddie's door it wadna steek ;
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
And girdle cakes the riggin o 't.

273. *kame*, comb. *grutten*, wept. 274. *biggin*, building.
bow-kail, cabbage. *riggin*, roof. *downa*, cannot. *triggin*,
settling, way of conducting. *routh*, plenty. *steek*, shut.

ANONYMOUS

My daddie bag his housie weel,
By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
And muckle weary priggin o 't.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For ony cringing foreign goose
To claucht my daddie's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggin o 't ?

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddie's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin o't ?

275. *The White Cockade*

O he 's a ranting roving blade !
O he 's a brisk and a bonnie lad !
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
But now he 's made our hearts fu' sad,
He 's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough, and garten'd leg !
But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
Is the white cockade abune the bree.

274. *bag*, built. *priggin o't*, haggling about it. *dink*, trim.
claucht, seize. 275. *leeze me*, blessings. *hough*, thigh. *bree*,
brow.

ANONYMOUS

I 'll sell my rock, I 'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braid-sword, dirk, and white cockade.

I 'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My good grey mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Buchan lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade.

276. *The Piper o' Dundee*

And wasna he a roguey,
A roguey, a roguey,
And wasna he a roguey,
The piper o' Dundee ?

THE piper came to our town,
To our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town,
And he played bonnilie.
He played a spring the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae yont the seas ;
And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze,
And played anither key.

He played *The welcome owre the main*,
And *Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain*,
And *Auld Stuarts back again*,
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

275. *rippling-kame*, comb for rippling or separating flax.
rokelay, short cloak. *hawkit*, white-faced.

ANONYMOUS

He played *The Kirk*, he played *The Quier*,
The Mullin Dhu and *Chevalier*,
And *Lang awa'*, but *welcome here*,
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

It 's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulrie !
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee ?

277. *Canadian Boat Song*

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are
grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.
LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars.
From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small
clear stream,

277. *shieling*, cottage.

ANONYMOUS

In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.
When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.
Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter !
O then for clansman true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like
water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

JAMES HOGG

1770-1835

278.

Kilmeny

BONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring ;
The scarlet hypp and the hind-berrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree ;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa' ;
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw ;
Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame !

278. *yorlin*, yellow-hammer. *hind-berrye*, wild raspberry.
minny, mother. *shaw*, copse. *greet*, weep.

JAMES HOGG

When many a day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
 When the bedesman had pray'd and the dead-bell
 rung,
 Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane ;
 When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme—
 Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame !

‘ Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean ;
 By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
 Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen ?
 That bonnie snood o' the birk sae green ?
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ? ’

Kilmeny look'd up wi' a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ;
 As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
 For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare ;

<i>reek</i> , smoke.	<i>its lane</i> , by itself.	<i>lowed</i> , glowed.	<i>eiry</i>
<i>leme</i> , eerie gleam.	<i>joup</i> , petticoat.	<i>snood</i> , hair-band.	

JAMES HOGG

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been ;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam ;
The land of vision, it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane ;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happ'd wi' flowerets gay ;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She ken'd nae mair, nor open'd her e'e,
Till wak'd by the hymns of a far countrie.

She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;

swa'd, swelled. *waik*, glade. *wene*, recess. *maike*, mate.
his lane, by himself.

JAMES HOGG

And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life ;
And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer,
' What spirit has brought this mortal here ? '

' Lang have I journey'd, the world wide,'
A meek and reverend fere replied ;
' Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye ;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonnie maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw ;
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie :
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken.'

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair ;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, ' Bonnie Kilmeny, ye 're welcome here !
Women are freed of the littand scorn ;
O blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be !

speer, ask. *fere*, companion. *eident*, unrestingly. *kemed*,
combed. *littand*, staining, defiling.

JAMES HOGG

Many a lang year, in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we 've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it 's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone ;
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed ;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen ! we have seen ! but the time maun
 come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom !

‘ O would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanity !
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sac fair !
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth !
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair !

‘ O, bonnie Kilmeny ! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here ;

kythe, appear.

JAMES HOGG

And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall
be.'

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day ;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and her beauty never might fade ;
And they smil'd on Heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She ken'd not where ; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn ;—
' O blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
Now shall the land of spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith nicht and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away ;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom ! '—

gleid, spark. *sleeks*, makes smooth. *elyed*, vanished.

JAMES HOGG

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below ;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight ;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they pass'd, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew !
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven ;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen ;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes :
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light ;
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linkèd flame.

wained, carried.

JAMES HOGG

She hid her een frae the dazzling view ;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun in a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by ;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains grey ;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles :
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet grey ;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung :
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again ;
In winding lake, and placid firth,
Like peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave ;
She saw the corn wave on the vale ;
She saw the deer run down the dale ;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore ;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on !

marled, variegated.

JAMES HOGG

A lion licked her hand of milk,
 And she held him in a leish of silk ;
 And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
 With a silver wand and melting e'e ;
 Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
 And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedesman came,
 And hundit the lion on his dame ;
 And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
 She dropped a tear, and left her knee ;
 And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
 Till the bonniest flower o' the world lay dead ;
 A coffin was set on a distant plain,
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain ;
 Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
 And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
 And they trampled him down, but he rose again ;
 And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
 Till he lapp'd the blood to the kingdom dear ;
 And weening his head was danger-preef,
 When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
 He gowl'd at the carle, and chased him away
 To feed wi' the deer on the mountain grey.
 He gowl'd at the carle, and geck'd at Heaven,
 But his mark was set, and his arles given.
 Kilmeny a while her een withdrew ;
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

<i>leifu'</i> , wistful.	<i>girmed</i> , grinned.	<i>weir</i> , war.	<i>preef</i> , proof.
<i>gowl'd</i> , growled.	<i>geck'd</i> , mocked.	<i>arles</i> , earnest-money.	

JAMES HOGG

She saw before her fair unfurl'd
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell ;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew ;
And she herkèd on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and
the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man ;
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw,
O, then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife ;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again ;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,

herkèd, hounded. *lened*, crouched. *swinked*, struggled.
brainzelled up, caused to break out. *mooted*, moulted, draggled.
sey, essay.

JAMES HOGG

The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony ;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrie,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen ;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happ'd with flowers, in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead ;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e !
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there ;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.

unmeled, unmixed, pure. *her lane*, by herself.

JAMES HOGG

Her *seymar* was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;
 And her voice like the distant melodye,
 That floats along the twilight sea,
 But she loved to *raike* the lanely glen,
 And kepted afar frae the haunts of men ;
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers, and drink the spring :
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ;
 The wolf played blythely round the field,
 The lordly byson lowed, and kneeled ;
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.
 And when at eve the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
 O, then the glen was all in motion !
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their *bughts* and faulds the tame,
 And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
 For something the mystery to explain.
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
 The corby left her *houf* in the rock ;
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
 The wolf and the kid their *raike* began,
 And the *tod*, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;

seymar, loose robe. *raike*, range. *bughts*, pens. *goved*,
 stared. *houf*, haunt. *raike*, ramble. *tod*, fox.

JAMES HOGG

The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their young ;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O ! the words that fell frae her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth !
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

279. *When the Kye comes Hame*

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

COME all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I 'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken :
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

278. *attour*, above. *forhooyed*, forsook. 279. *kye*, cows.

JAMES HOGG

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he ;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he 'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,

birk, birch. *bigs*, builds. *blewart*, speedwell. *lucken*
gowan, globe-flower. *laverock*, lark. *lift*, heavens.

JAMES HOGG

His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh there 's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame !

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy ?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

280.

A Boy's Song

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

279. *downa*, cannot. *starn*, star.

JAMES HOGG

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest ;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

281. *The Skylark*

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee !

282. *Bonnie Prince Charlie*

Follow thee ! follow thee ! wha wadna follow
thee ?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly !
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince
Charlie ?

CAM ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry ;

JAMES HOGG

Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white
cockades,

Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie ?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald ;
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry.
Health to M'Donnel, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

I 'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie ;
Brave M'Intosh he shall fly to the field with them ;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie !

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whiga-
more !

Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely !
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad clay-
more,

Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie !

283.

M'Lean's Welcome

COME o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean ;
And though you be weary,
We 'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie,
And his loyal train.

We 'll bring down the track deer,
We 'll bring down the black steer,

JAMES HOGG

The lamb from the bracken,
And doe from the glen ;
The salt sea we 'll harry,
And bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy,
And curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean ;
And you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
When kings do not ken.
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
And his friend the M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie ;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean ;
If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores,
Three hundred and ten !

bothy, shepherd's hut.

JAMES HOGG

284. *Lock the Door, Lariston*

‘ Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale ;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on ;
 The Armstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
The Castletown’s burning, and Oliver’s gone !

‘ Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather-
 gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yeomen and carbinier,
 Billman and halberdier,
 Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

‘ Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar ;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey ;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere ;
Lock the door, Lariston ; hold them at bay.

‘ Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston ?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye ?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger ;
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.’

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp’d the sword with a nervous embrace ;
 ‘ Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
 On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase !

JAMES HOGG

‘ Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here ;
Little know you of our moss-troopers’ might—

 Linhope and Sorbie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight !

‘ I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and
Netherbie,

Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;

 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray ! ’

Scowled the broad sun o’er the links of green
Liddesdale,

Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold ;

 Many a bold martial eye
 Mirror’d that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle’s note, dreadful the warrior’s
shout,

Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;

 Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the Winder-
mere !

Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !

 Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots’ shouts ascend—
‘ Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye ! ’

links, open flats.

JAMES HOGG

285. *The Laird o' Lamington*

CAN I bear to part wi' thee,
Never mair your face to see ?
Can I bear to part wi' thee,
Drunken Laird o' Lamington ?
Canty were ye o'er your kale,
Toddy jugs, an' caups o' ale.
Heart aye kind, an' leal, an' hale,
Honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that swears is but so so,
He that lies to hell must go,
He that falls in bagnio
Falls in the devil's frying-pan.
Wha was 't ne'er pat aith to word,
Never lied for duke nor lord,
Never sat at sinfu' board ?
The honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just ;
He that prays is ne'er to trust ;
He that drinks to drauck his dust,
Wha can say that wrang is done ?
Wha was 't, ne'er to fraud inclin'd,
Never pray'd sin' he can mind ?
Ane wha's drouth there 's few can find,
The honest Laird o' Lamington.

canty, merry.
drauck, assuage.

kale, cabbage.
drouth, thirst.

caups, cups.

aiith, oath.

JAMES HOGG

I like a man to tak his glass,
Toast a friend or bonnie lass ;
He that winna is an ass—
Deil send him ane to gallop on !
I like a man that 's frank an' kind,
Meets me when I have a mind,
Sings his sang, an' drinks me blind,
Like the Laird o' Lamington.

286.

Athol Cummers

DUNCAN, lad, blaw the cummers,
Play me round the Athol cummers ;
A' the din o' a' the drummers
Canna rouse like Athol cummers.
When I 'm dowie, wet or weary,
Soon my heart grows light an' cheery,
When I hear the sprightly nummers
O' my dear, my Athol cummers !

When the fickle lasses vex me,
When the cares o' life perplex me,
When I 'm fley'd wi' frightfu' rumours,
Then I lilt o' Athol cummers.
'Tis my cure for a' disasters,
Kebbit ewes an' crabbit masters,
Drifty nights an' dripping summers—
A' my joy is Athol cummers !

Ettrick banks an' braes are bonnie,
Yarrow hills as green as onie ;

286. *dowie*, dull. *fley'd*, frightened.

JAMES HOGG

But in my heart nae beauty nummers
Wi' my dear, my Athol cummers.
Lomond's beauty nought surpasses,
Save Breadalbane's bonnie lasses ;
But deep within my spirit slummers
Something sweet of Athol cummers.

287. *The Lament of Flora Macdonald*

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the correi that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat which the breezes had swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main ;
And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
' Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young !
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !

' The muircock that crows on the top of Ben-
Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eiry can claim ;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore ;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea :
But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore ;
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more :
There 's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and
me.

287. *her lane*, by herself.

JAMES HOGG

'The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trode o'er the plumes in the bonnet of blue ;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true ?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good !
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.'

JAMES MONTGOMERY

1771-1854

288. *The Common Lot*

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man :—and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !
Oblivion hides the rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
Oh, she was fair ! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encountered all that troubles thee :
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
For him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—there lived a man !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

289. '*My own, my Native Land !*'

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

From The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

290.

Rosabelle

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—‘ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

‘ The blackening wave is edg’d with white ;
To inch and rock the sew-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

‘ Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ’

‘ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glar'd on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blaz'd battlement and pinnet high,
Blaz'd every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

pinnet, pinnacle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds
sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

From The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

291. *Where shall the Lover rest?*

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

Chorus

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never !

Chorus

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Chorus

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it,
Never, O never !

Chorus

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never !

From *Marmion*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

292.

Lochinvar

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
' O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? '

' I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The bride kiss'd the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
' Now tread we a measure ! ' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, ' 'Twere better by
far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
' She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur ;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran :

scaur, crag.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-
invar ?

From *Marmion*.

293.

Boat Song

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !
Honour'd and bless'd be the evergreen Pine !
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on
the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine !
O ! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !

From The Lady of the Lake.

294. *Coronach*

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

From *The Lady of the Lake*.

295.

Brignal Banks

O, BRIGNAL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—

294. *correi*, deep recess in a hill. *cumber*, trouble.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

‘ O, Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I ’d rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.’

‘ If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May.’
Yet sung she, ‘ Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I ’d rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

‘ I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king’s greenwood.’
‘ A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And ’tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.’
Yet sung she, ‘ Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

‘ With burnish’d brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.’
‘ I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O ! though Brignal banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May !

‘ Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I ’ll die ;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I !
And when I ’m with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.’

From Rokeby.

296.

The Rover’s Adieu

‘ A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love !
No more of me you knew.

‘ This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again.’
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, ‘ Adieu for evermore,
My love !
And adieu for evermore.’

From Rokeby.

297. *The Maid of Neidpath*

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Till through her wasted hand, at night,
 You saw the taper shining ;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
 Across her cheek was flying ;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
 Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
 Seem'd in her frame residing ;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
 She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
 She knew, and waved to greet him ;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
 As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
 Lost in his courser's prancing.
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
 Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
 Which told her heart was broken.

298.

Hunting Song

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk :
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

299.

Jock of Hazeldean

‘WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I ’ll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride :
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ’—
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha’,
His sword in battle keen ’—
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

‘A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o’ them a’,
Shall ride our forest queen ’—
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck’d at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer’d fair ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladie was not seen !
She 's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

300. *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

301. *Mackrimmon's Lament*

MACLEOD's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys ;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and
quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, ' Farewell to Dunvegan for
ever !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming ;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are
 roaming ;

Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river ;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never !

‘ Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are
 sleeping ;

Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping ;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell and for ever !

Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never !

The Banshee’s wild voice sings the death-dirge before
 me,

The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o’er me ;

But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not
 shiver,

Though devoted I go—to return again never !

‘ Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon’s bewailing

Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing ;

Dear land ! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,

Return—return—return shall we never !

 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille !

 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,

 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,

 Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon ! ’

302. *Sound, sound the Clarion*

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !

 To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

 Is worth an age without a name.

 From *Old Mortality*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

303.

Proud Maisie

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

‘ Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ? ’

‘ When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

‘ Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly ? ’

‘ The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

‘ The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.

The owl from the steeple sing,
“ Welcome, proud lady.” ’

From The Heart of Midlothian.

304.

Lucy Ashton's Song

Look not thou on beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger ;
Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

From The Bride of Lammermoor.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

305. *Border March*

MARCH, march, Ettrick, and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order ?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order ;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.
From The Monastery.

306. *County Guy*

AN ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.

305. *hirsels*, sheep-flocks.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
And high and low the influence know,
But where is County Guy !

From Quentin Durward.

307. *The Sun upon the Lake is low*
THE sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow,
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart ;
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side,
Twitters his closing song ;
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

From The Doom of Devorgoil.

308. *Bonny Dundee*

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,
' Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke ;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

' Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it 's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee ! '

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, ' Just e'en let
him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie
and slee,
Thinking, 'Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
Dundee !'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
cramm'd
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd ;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each
e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke ;
' Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

carline, old dame. *flyting*, scolding. *pow*, head. *gullies*,
knives. *close-heads*, lane-entrances. *Mons Meg*, an old gun
that still stands in Edinburgh Castle. *marrows*, mates.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in
the North ;
There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times
three,
Will cry *hoigh* ! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide ;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me !'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode
on,

Duniewassals, clansmen.

barken'd, hardened.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it 's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !

From The Doom of Devorgoil.

309. *Carle, now the King 's come*

Carle, now the King 's come !
Carle, now the King 's come !
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, now the King 's come !

THE news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has bang'd the South ;
The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,
Carle, now the King 's come !

Auld England held him lang and fast ;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast ;
But Scotland's turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King 's come !

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay grey,
Thought never to have seen the day ;
He 's been a weary time away—
But, Carle, now the King 's come !

309. *drouth*, thirst. *rokelay*, short cloak.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

She 's skirling frae the Castle-hill ;
The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill
Ye 'll hear her at the Canon-mill—

Carle, now the King 's come !

‘ Up, bairns ! ’ she cries, ‘ baith grit and sma’,
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw !
Stand by me, and we 'll bang them a’—

Carle, now the King 's come !

‘ Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires—

Carle, now the King 's come !

‘ You 're welcome hame, my Montagu !
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch ;
I 'm missing some that I may rue—

Carle, now the King 's come !

‘ Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You 've graced my causeway mony a day ;
I 'll weep the cause if you should stay—

Carle, now the King 's come !

‘ Come, premier Duke, and carry doun
Frae yonder craig his ancient croun ;
It 's had a lang sleep and a soun’—

But, Carle, now the King 's come !

weapon-shaw, muster of arms.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

‘ Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your clansmen like a clud ;
Come, Morton, show the Douglas’ blood,—
Carle, now the King ’s come !

‘ Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath ;
Come, Hopetoun, fear’d on fields of death ;
Come, Clerk, and give your bugle breath ;
Carle, now the King ’s come !

‘ Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids ;
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades ;
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids ;
Carle, now the King ’s come !

‘ Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew ;
We have o’er few such lairds as you—
Carle, now the King ’s come !

‘ King Arthur ’s grown a common crier,
He ’s heard in Fife and far Cantire,—
“ Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire ! ”
Carle, now the King ’s come !

‘ Saint Abb roars out, “ I see him pass,
Between Tantallon and the Bass ! ”
Calton, get out your keeking-glass—
Carle, now the King ’s come ! ’

clud, cloud, multitude.

keeking-glass, spy-glass,

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The Carline stopp'd ; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwam,
But Oman help'd her to a dram.—
Cogie, now the King 's come !

Cogie, now the King 's come!
Cogie, now the King 's come !
I'se be fou and ye'se be toom,
Cogie, now the King 's come !

310. *Late when the Autumn Evening fell*

LATE, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam :
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool ;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake !
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply :

309. *dwan*, faint. *cogie*, drinking-cup. *toom*, empty.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world ;
And, to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale—
For ever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms !

From Waverley.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

311. *Farewell ! Farewell !*

FAREWELL ! Farewell ! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you ;
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,
Honour, or own, a long adieu !
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell ! save memory of you !

From The Pirate.

312. *Claud Halcro's Song*

AND you shall deal the funeral dole ;
Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body, and to heavy soul,
The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride ;
Ay, deal them, mother mine ;
And you shall deal my lands so wide,
And deal my castles nine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

But deal not vengeance for the deed,
And deal not for the crime ;
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's
 grace,
And the rest in God's own time.

From *The Pirate*.

313. *MacGregor's Gathering*

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the
 brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day ;
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !
 Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo !
 Then haloo, Grigalach ! haloo, Grigalach !
 Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her
 towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;
 We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !
 Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword !
 Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach !
 Courage, courage, courage, etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the
eagles !

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigal-
lach !

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there 's leaves in the forest, and foam on the
river,

MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever !

Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach,
Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall
career,

O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt !

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

314. *To William Stewart Rose, Esq.*

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed ;
No more beneath the evening beam
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Neidpath-fell ;
Sallow his brow ; and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines :
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold :
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But shivering follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower ;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will Spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?

Yes, prattlers, yes ; the daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower ;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie ;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And, while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings ;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh ! my country's wintry state
What second Spring shall renovate ?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise ;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel ?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
But vainly, vainly may he shine
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine ;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Deep grav'd in every British heart,
O never let those names depart !
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave.
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blaz'd, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia,¹ Trafalgar ;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave !
His worth who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And serv'd his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the free-
man's laws.

¹ Copenhagen.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Hadst thou but liv'd, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had rous'd the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne :
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way !
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most ;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that lov'd to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below :
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
' All peace on earth, good-will to men ' ;
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died !
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast !
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er fram'd in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees ;
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride !—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The solemn echo seems to cry,
‘ Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb ;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen ? ’

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise ;
Not even your Britain’s groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse ;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain !
Though not unmark’d, from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel’s rhyme :
His Gothic harp has o’er you rung ;
The Bard you deign’d to praise, your deathless
names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder’d fancy still beguile !
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart !
For all the tears e’er sorrow drew
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood,
That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow—
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy !
It will not be, it may not last,
The vision of enchantment’s past :

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Like frostwork in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away ;
Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone ;
And, lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son :
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day,
In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed ;
Or idly list the shrilling lay,
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale :
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refin'd.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell
(For few have read romance so well),

SIR WALTER SCOTT

How still the legendary lay
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway ;
How on the ancient minstrel strain
Time lays his palsied hand in vain ;
And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake ;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or, in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse ;
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move
(Alas, that lawless was their love !),
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights ; or when,
A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high.
He might not view with waking eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong :
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;
And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport ;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The world defrauded of the high design,
Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the
lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men,
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance ;
Or seek the moated castle's cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants rul'd, and damsels wept,
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept :
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and sally forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells,
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells ;
Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd ;
And Honour, with his spotless shield ;
Attention, with fix'd eye ; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear ;
And gentle Courtesy ; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death ;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,
A worthy meed may thus be won ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Ytene's¹ oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, who, while of old,
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain ;
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foil'd in fight
The Necromancer's felon might ;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love :
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

From Marmion.

315. *To William Erskine, Esq.*

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow ;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain ;
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past ;

¹ The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleas'd, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race ;
Pleas'd, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular ;
And pleas'd, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees :
Then wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfin'd, my Tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the licence all too well,
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song ?
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, ' If, still misspent,
Thine hours to poetry are lent,
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source ;
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom :
Instructive of the feebler bard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard ;
From them, and from the paths they show'd,
Choose honour'd guide and practis'd road ;
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

‘ Or deem’st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme ?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick’s venerable hearse ?
What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty ?
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrivall’d light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburgh arose !
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
For ever quench’d in Jena’s stream.
Lamented Chief ! it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestin’d scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented Chief !—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch’d the spear, but left the shield !
Valour and skill ’twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, ’twas thine to die.
Ill had it seem’d thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For principedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given ;
Thy land’s, thy children’s wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal !
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour’d life an honour’d close ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK's tomb.

' Or of the Red-Cross hero ¹ teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach :
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar :
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,
Against the Invincible made good ;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar-lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd ;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

' Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that wrung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;
When she, the bold Enchantress, ² came
With fearless hand and heart on flame !

¹ Sir Sidney Smith.

² Joanna Baillie.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakespeare liv'd again.'

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging
With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mightiest powers
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
That secret power by all obey'd,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source conceal'd or undefin'd ;
Whether an impulse that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours ;
Or whether fitlier term'd the sway
Of habit, form'd in early day ?
Howe'er deriv'd, its force confest
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.
Look east, and ask the Belgian why.
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whiten'd wall
Beside the dank and dull canal ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

He 'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.
Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak ;
Through England's laughing meads he goes
And England's wealth around him flows ;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Where hedgerows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between ?
No ! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range ;
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Ben Nevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time ;
And feelings, rous'd in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale ;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely pil'd ;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle lov'd to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd ;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power ;
And marvell'd as the agèd hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang ;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glar'd through the window's rusty bars,
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display'd ;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire !
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;
Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Show'd what in youth its glance had been ;
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought ;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint ;
Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke :
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child ;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endur'd, belov'd, caress'd.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

For me, thus nurtur'd, dost thou ask,
The classic poet's well-conn'd task ?
Nay, Erskine, nay ; on the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still ;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimm'd the eglantine :
Nay, my friend, nay ; since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays ;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line ;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale !

From *Marmion*.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

1774-1810

316. *Gloomy Winter 's now awa'*

GLOOMY Winter 's now awa',
Saft the westlan' breezes blaw ;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.

Sweet the crawflower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.

316. *birks*, birches. *shaw*, copse. *crawflower*, orchis.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythely spend the gowden day,
Midst joys that never weary, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

317. *Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane*

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray, in the calm simmer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;
Yet sweeter, and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

316. *lav'rocks*, larks. *saughs*, willows. *breckans*, brackens,
fern. *jouks*, runs in and out.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

She 's modest as ony, and blythe as she 's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
And far be the villain, divested o' feelin',
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'
Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou 'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen :
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

318. *The Braes o' Balquhither*

LET us go, lassie, go
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blaeberries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather ;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r
By the clear siller fountain,
And I 'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain ;
I will range thro' the wilds
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bow'r o' my dearie.

317. *mavis*, thrush.

318. *blaeberries*, bilberries.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
 On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we 'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the Simmer is in prime,
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming ;
To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
Whar glad innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

319. *The Braes o' Gleniffer*

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw ;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the brume bushes by Stanley green shaw !
The wild flowers o' Simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree ;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear
 Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

318. *linn*, waterfall. *shieling*, cottage. 319. *shaw*, copse.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and
cheerie,

Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw ;
Now naething is heard but the win' whistling dreary,

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie ;

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
flee,

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
Johnnie ;—

'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak
mountain,

And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brac ;
While down the deep glen brawls the sna'-flooded
fountain,

That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an' me.

'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry win' swellin',

'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e ;

For, O, gin I saw but my bonnie Scotch callan,

The dark days o' Winter were Simmer to me !

320.

The Lass o' Arranteenie

FAR lone amang the Highland hills,

'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,

By rocky dens, an' woody glens,

With weary steps I wander.

319. *dowie*, dull. *stey*, steep. *sna'-flooded*, snow-flooded.
callan, lad.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are naught to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh an' bonnie,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
An 's scarcely seen by ony :
Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie—
Mair fair an' gay than rosy May,
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean ;
There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion :
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favours many ;
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie !

321. *Bonnie Wood o' Craigie-lea*

THOU bonnie wood o' Craigie-lea !
Thou bonnie wood o' Craigie-lea !
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

320. *howe*, hollow, dell.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonnie o'er thy flowery lea ;
 And a' the sweets that ane can wish
 Frae Nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously ;
 The mavis, doun thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.

Whan Winter blows in sleety showers,
 Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Though fate should drive me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever min',
 That I in youth hae spent in thee.

322. *O ! Are ye sleepin', Maggie*

‘ O ! are ye sleepin', Maggie ?
 O ! are ye sleepin', Maggie ?
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie !

‘ Mirk an' rainy is the nicht,
 No a starn in a' the carry ;
 Lightnin's gleam athwart the lift,
 An' win's drive wi' winter's fury.

321. *birken*, birch. *ben*, within. *cushat*, wood-pigeon.
bughted, enclosed. *gars*, makes. 322. *linn*, waterfall.
warlock craigie, wizard's crag. *starn*, star. *carry*, sky.
lift, heavens.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

‘ Fearfu’ soughs the bour-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild an’ dreary,
Loud the iron yett does clank,
The cry o’ howlets mak’s me eerie.

‘ Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie.
Cauld ’s the blast upon my cheek,—
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady ! ’

She oped the door, she loot him in :
He cuist aside his dreepin’ plaidie :
‘ Blaw your warst, ye rain an’ win’,
Since, Maggie, now I ’m in aside ye.

‘ Now, since ye ’re waukin’, Maggie,
Now, since ye ’re waukin’, Maggie,
What care I for howlet’s cry,
For bour-tree bank, or warlock craigie ? ’

323. *The Midges Dance aboon the Burn*

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa’,
The pairtricks doun the rushy holm,
Set up their e’ening ca’ :
Now loud and clear the blackbird’s sang
Rings thro’ the briery shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa’.

322. *soughs*, wails. *bour-tree*, elder-tree. *yett*, gate. *howlets*
owls. *waukrife*, easily waked. 323. *pairtricks*, partridges. "

ROBERT TANNAHILL

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay ;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the lingering day ;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking thro' the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance thro' the dell,—
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL

1775-1822

324

Jenny's Bawbee

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs and faces lang ;
I speer'd at Neebour Bauldy Strang,
 ' Wha 's they I see ? '
Quo' he : ' Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the deil,
And here they cam awa to steal
 Jenny's bawbee.'

323. *yeldrins*, yellow-hammers. *birk*, birch.
lugs, hanging ears. *pawky chiel*, sly lad.

324. *'hingin'*

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL

The first, a Captain til his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee.
Quo' he, ' My goddess, nymph, and queen
Your beauty 's dazzled baith my een.'
But deil a beauty he had seen
 But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' blathrin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
 And a' for a fee.
Accounts he had through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could
 droon ;
Haith, now he thought to clout his gown
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
Cried, ' There 's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
 Or tie 't til a tree.
What 's gowd to me, I 've walth o' lan' ;
Bestow, on ane o' worth, yer han'.'
He thought to pay what he was awin'
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce, frae ban-boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist, (but life has rubs) ;

wab, web. *clout*, mend. *bawsen'd naig*, white-faced nag.
haud the grup, catch hold of it. *awin'*, owing.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL

Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs ;
And jaupit a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And girn'd ' I' faith, a bonny lass ! '
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The soger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig ;
The fool he cry'd, ' Te hee !
I kent that I could never fail ! '
She prin'd the dish-clout til his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

325. *Jenny Dang the Weaver*

At Willie's wedding o' the green,
The lasses, bonnie witches,
Were buskèd out in aprons clean,
And snaw-white Sunday's mutches :
Auld Maisie bade the lads tak tent,
But Jock wad na believe her ;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the Weaver.

In ilka countra dance and reel,
Wi' her he wad be babbin' ;
When she sat down, then he sat down,
And till her wad be gabbin' ;

324. *fu' the dubs*, the mud-holes full. *jaupit*, mud-bespattered.
prin'd, pinned. 325. *mutches*, head-dresses. *tak tent*, take care.
dang, banged, beat. *babbin'*, dancing. *gabbin'*, chatting.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL

Whare'er she gaed, or butt or ben,
The coof wad never leave her,
Aye cacklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the Weaver.

Quo' he, ' My lass, to speak my mind,
Gude haith, I needna swither ;
Ye 've bonnie een, and gif ye 're kind,
I needna court anither.'
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried Pheugh !
And bade the fool no deave her ;
Syne crack'd her thumb, and lap, and leuch,
And dang the silly Weaver.

ROBERT ALLAN

1774-1841

326.

To a Linnet

CHAUNT no more thy roundelay,
Lovely minstrel of the grove ;
Charm no more the hours away
With thy artless tale of love.
Chaunt no more thy roundelay,
Sad it steals upon mine ear ;
Leave, O leave thy leafy spray,
Till the smiling morn appear.

Light of heart, thou quit'st thy song,
As the welkin's shadows lour,
Whilst the beetle wheels along,
Humming to the twilight hour.

325. *butt or ben*, in or out the house. *coof*, dolt. *swither*,
hesitate. *deave*, deafen. *lap and leuch*, jumped and laughed.

ROBERT ALLAN

Not like thee I quit the scene
To enjoy night's balmy dream ;
Not like thee I wake again,
Smiling with the morning beam.

RICHARD GALL

1776-1801

327.

Cradle Song

BALOO, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e !
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy daddie now is far awa',
A sailor laddie o'er the sea ;
But hope aye hechts his safe return
To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e !
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,
Like ony simmer e'ening fa' ;
Thy sparkling e'e is bonnie black,
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e !
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

327. *hechts*, promises.

RICHARD GALL

O, but thy daddie's absence lang
Might break my dowie heart in twa,
Wert thou na left, a dautit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa' !

328. *My Only Jo and Dearie, O*

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie, O ;
Thy neck is o' the siller dew
Upon the bank sae brierie, O.
Thy teeth are o' the ivory ;
O sweet 's the twinkle o' thine e'e :
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie, O.
Ah ! little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.

327. *dowie*, sad.
lee-lang, live-long.

dautit, cherished.

328. *gars*, makes.

RICHARD GALL

Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree ;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O,
Then I would dawt thee night and day,
Nae ither warldly care I 'd ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

329. *The Hazlewood Witch*

For mony lang year I ha'e heard frae my grannie
Of brownies an' bogles by yon castle wa',
Of auld wither'd hags, that were never thought
cannie,
An' fairies that danced till they heard the cock
crawl.
I leuch at her tales ; an' last ouk, i' the gloaming,
I dander'd alane, down the Hazlewood green :
Alas ! I was reckless, an' rue sair my roaming,
For I met a young witch wi' twa bonnie black een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancing,
Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless and blue ;
I lookit again, an' my heart fell a dancing ;
Whan I wad ha'e spoken, she glamour'd my mou'.

328. *tine*, lose. *dawt*, cherish. 329. *ouk*, week. *dander'd*,
sauntered.

RICHARD GALL

O wae to her cantraips ! for dumpish I wander ;
At kirk or at market there 's nought to be seen ;
For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
The Hazlewood Witch wi' the bonnie black een.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

1777-1844

330. *Lord Ullin's Daughter*

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I 'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'

' Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ? '

' O, I 'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

' And fast before her father's men
Three days we 've fled together,
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

' His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? '

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
' I 'll go, my chief ! I 'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

329. *cantraips*, witcheries.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

‘ And, by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white
I ’ll row you o’er the ferry.’

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

‘ O haste thee, haste ! ’ the lady cries,
‘ Though tempests round us gather ;
I ’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.’

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief
Across the stormy water :
'And I 'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! oh my daughter !'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

331.

Song

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her—
'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled
Shall be restored to woo her.'

She 's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover ;
And her love looked up to Ellen's bower,
And she looked on her lover—

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
'And am I then forgot—forgot ?'—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs ;
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

332. *Ye Mariners of England*

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow,—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

333. *Battle of the Baltic*

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand ;
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
' Hearts of oak ! ' our captain cried ; when
 each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back :
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;

THOMAS CAMPBELL

And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

334.

Hohenlinden

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

335. *A Thought suggested by the New Year*

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange ; yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

336.

To the Evening Star

GEM of the crimson-coloured Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
Belovèd star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
So due thy plighted love returns
To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamoured orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

Oh ! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise and long delay
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the weary pilgrim home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue,

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converse sweet, to wander far,
Oh, bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star !

337.

Star that bringest home the Bee

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

338. *How Delicious is the Winning*

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying !

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love 's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel :
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free he soars enraptured.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there 's no untying.

339.

Ode to Winter

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;
Rosy Summer, next advancing,
Rushed into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-haired sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-covered isles.
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne ;
A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star ;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale,—

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form,
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.

Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel ! power of desolation !
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ?

ROBERT JAMIESON

1780-1844

340. *My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing*

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
A bonnie, blythesome wee thing,
My dear, my constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be :
It warms my heart to view her ;
I canna choose but lo'e her ;
And oh, weel may I trow her,
How dearly she lo'es me !

For tho' her face sae fair be
As nane could ever mair be ;

ROBERT JAMIESON

And tho' her wit sae rare be
As seenil do we see ;
Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,
Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,
Nor baith sae lang retain'd me,
But for her love to me.

Whan wealth and pride disown'd me,
A' views were dark around me ;
And sad and laigh she found me
As friendless worth could be :
Whan ithier hope gaed frae me,
Her pity kind did stay me,
And love for love she ga'e me ;—
And that 's the love for me !

And, till this heart is cauld, I
That charm o' life will hald by ;
And, tho' my wife grow auld, my
Leal love ay young will be ;
For she 's my winsome wee thing,
My canty, blythesome wee thing,
My tender, constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW

1780-1845

341. *Lucy's Flittin'*

'TWAS when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,

340. *seenil*, seldom. *laigh*, low-spirited. 341. *birk*, birch.
dowie, dull.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW

That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear.
For Lucy had served in The Glen a' the simmer ;
She cam there afore the flower bloom'd on
the pea :
An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her ;
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in' ;
Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see.
' Fare-ye-weel, Lucy ! ' quo' Jamie, and ran in :
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy ! was ilka bird's sang ;
She heard the crow sayin' 't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin' 't the brown leaves amang.

' Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e ?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?
I 'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see :
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither ;
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

' Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me :
Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
I 'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.

rowed up, wrapped up, packed up. *kist*, box. *flittin'*, removal.
gars, makes. *ettled*, intended. *tint*, lost.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW

Though now he said naething but ‘ Fare-ye-weel,
Lucy ! ’

It made me I could neither speak, hear, nor see :
He couldna say mair, but just Fare-ye-weel,
Lucy !—

Yet that will I mind till the day that I dee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

1784-1842

342. *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free ;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There ’s tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud—

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

343. *Hame, Hame, Hame*

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

WHEN the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on
the tree,

The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie ;
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a' ;
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

O there 's naught now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

The great now are gane—a' wha ventured to save ;
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave ;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e :
' I 'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.'

344. *Gane were but the Winter-cauld*

GANE were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet ;
And the finger o' death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear :
I 'll meet them baith in heaven,
At the spring o' the year.

345. *The Wee, Wee German Lairdie*

WHA the deil hae we got for a King,
But a wee, wee German lairdie !
An' whan we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie.
Sheughing kail an' laying leeks,
But the hose and but the breeks,
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

An' he 's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie ;
An' he 's brought fouth o' foreign leeks,
An' dibblet them in his yardie.
He 's pu'd the rose o' English louns,
An' brak the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our thistle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

345. *delving*, digging. *kail-yardie*, cabbage-patch. *sheugh-*
ing, planting. *but*, without. *cleeks*, hooks up. *fouth*, plenty.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

Come up amang the Highland hills,
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie ;
 An' see how Charlie's lang-kail thrive,
 He dibblet in his yardie.
 An' if a stock ye daur to pu',
 Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
 We 'll break yere sceptre o'er yere mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 Nae fitting for a yardie ;
 An' our norlan' thistles winna pu',
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie.
 An' we 've the trenching blades o' weir,
 Wad twine ye o' yere German gear ;
 An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
 Thou feckless German lairdie.

346. *My Nanie, O*

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie-O,
 Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
 A 'll gang and see my Nanie-O :
 My Nanie-O, my Nanie-O,
 My kind and winsome Nanie-O,
 She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
 And nane can do 't but Nanie-O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie-O,

345. *haud the yoking of a pleugh*, do a day's ploughing. *weir*,
 war. *feckless*, useless. 346. *red rowes*, red rolls.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie-O :
My Nanie-O, my Nanie-O,
The world 's in love with Nanie-O ;
That heart is hardly worth the wear,
That wadna love my Nanie-O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-O ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely-O :
My Nanie-O, my Nanie-O,
The flower of Nithsdale 's Nanie-O ;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie-O.

Tell not, thou star at grey daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-O :
My Nanie-O, my Nanie-O,
Nane ken o' me and Nanie-O ;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie-O.

347. *Rob Rool and Rattlin Willie*

OUR Willie 's away to Jeddart,
To dance on the rood-day,
A sharp sword by his side,
A fiddle to cheer the way.

347. *rood-day*, May 3rd (see Glossary).

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

The joyous tharms o' his fiddle
Rob Rool had handled rude,
And Willie left New Mill banks
Red-wat wi' Robin's blude.

Our Willie 's away to Jeddart—
May ne'er the saints forbode
That ever sae merry a fellow
Should gang sae black a road !
For Stobs and young Falnash,
They followed him up and down—
In the links of Ousenam Water
They found him sleeping soun'.

Now may the name of Elliot
Be cursed frae firth to firth !
He has fettered the gude right hand
That keepit the land in mirth ;
That keepit the land in mirth,
And charm'd maids' hearts frae dool ;
And sair will they want him, Willie,
When birks are bare at Yule.

The lasses of Ousenam Water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie—
They 'll hear his sangs nae mair.
Nae mair to his merry fiddle
Dance Teviot's maidens free ;
My curses on their cunning,
Wha gaured sweet Willie dee.

tharms, strings. *links*, open flats. *gaured*, caused.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

348. *The Sun Rises Bright in France*

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he ;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie !

O it 's nae my ain ruin
That saddens ay my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' bonnilie lowed my ain hearth,
An' smiled my ain Marie ;
I 've left a' my heart behin',
In my ain countrie.

The bird comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee ;
But I 'll win back, O never,
To my ain countrie.

O I am leal to high Heaven,
Which aye was leal to me,
An' there I 'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countrie !

ALEXANDER RODGER

1784-1846

349. *Behave Yoursel' before Folk*

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

348. *tint*, lost. *lowed*, glowed.

ALEXANDER RODGER

It wouldna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak a kiss, or grant you ane ;
 But gudesake ! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk !

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,
And what a great affair they 'll mak
O' naething but a simple smack,
 That 's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
Nor gie the tongue o' old and young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It 's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this ;
But losh ! I tak it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk—
When we 're our lane ye may tak ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I 'm sure wi' you I 've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.

crack, talk, gossip.
deuce a one.

our lane, by ourselves.

fient a ane,

ALEXANDER RODGER

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk—
I 'll ne'er submit again to it ;
So mind you that—before folk !

Ye tell me that my face is fair :
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar 't blush so sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk—
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk !

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet ;
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit—
At ony rate, it 's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk—
Gin that 's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk !

But gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae get a licence frae the priest,
And mak me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk—
And when we 're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak ten—before folk !

gar 't, make it. *prie*, taste.

ALEXANDER RODGER

350.

My Auld Breeks

MY mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow ! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy ;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a-lauchin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
An' had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak a man,
Tho' mony lads had socht her ;
But what think ye o' my exploit ?
The time our mare was shoeing,
I slippit up beside the lass,
And briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, ' My lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I 've new anes for the makin' ;
But gin ye 'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea'e the carle, your father,
Ye 'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel, an' a' thegither.'

' Deed, lad,' quo' she, ' Your offer 's fair,
I really think I 'll tak it,

duddy, ragged. *clachan*, village. *crackin'*, chatting
clouts, patches.

ALEXANDER RODGER

Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,
We 'll baith slip on the back o' t :
For gin I wait my father's time,
I 'll wait till I be fifty ;
But na ! —I 'll marry in my prime,
An' mak a wife most thrifty.'

Wow ! Robin was an angry man,
At tyning o' his dochter :
Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he socht her ;
But when he cam to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, ' Gudeman, I 've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak my mither.'

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
' Guid sooth ! ' quo' he, ' Ye 're merry,
But I 'll just tak ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry.'
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither ;
Now, I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH)

1785-1854

351.

Turn ye to me

THE stars are shining cheerily, cheerily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me ;
The sea-mew is moaning drearily, drearily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

350. *tyning*, losing. *pow*, head.

JOHN WILSON

Cold is the storm-wind that ruffles his breast,
But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest ;
Cold blows the storm there,
Soft falls the snow there,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

The waves are dancing merrily, merrily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me ;
The sea-birds are wailing wearily, wearily,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.
Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea,
Thy home on the rocks is a shelter to thee,
Thy home is the angry wave,
Mine but the lonely grave,
Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.

ALEXANDER LAING, OF BRECHIN

1787-1857

352. *The Standard on the Braes o' Mar*

THE standard on the braes o' Mar,
Is up and streaming rarely ;
The gathering pipe on Loch-na-gar,
Is sounding lang and sairly.
The Highlandmen
Frac hill and glen,
In martial hue,
With bonnets blue,
With belted plaids
And burnish'd blades,
Are coming late and early.

ALEXANDER LAING

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry,
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure, and gallant Harry ?
Macdonald's men,
Clan-Ranald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillvary's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowlan' men,
Of Callander and Airly.

Fy ! Donald, up and let 's awa',
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
We 'll go—we 'll go
And meet the foe,
And fling the plaid,
And swing the blade,
And forward dash,
And hack and slash—
And fleg the German carlie.

353.

Ae happy Hour

THE dark grey o' gloamin',
The lone leafy shaw,
The coo o' the cushat,
The scent o' the haw ;

352. *fleg*, frighten.

ALEXANDER LAING

The brae o' the burnie
A' bloomin' in flower,
An' twa happy lovers
Make ae happy hour.

A kind winsome wifie,
A clean cantie hame,
An' smilin' sweet babies,
To lisp the dear name ;
Wi' plenty o' labour,
An' health to endure,
Make time to row round aye
The ae happy hour.

Ye, lost to affection
Whom avarice can move
To woo an' to marry
For a' thing but love ;
Awa wi' your sorrows,
Awa wi' your store,
Ye ken na the pleasure,
O' ae happy hour !

WILLIAM GLEN

1789-1826

354. *Wae's Me for Prince Charlie*

A WEE bird cam to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
And aye the owre-come o' his sang
Was ' Wae's me for Prince Charlie ! '

WILLIAM GLEN

Oh ! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
The tears cam drappin' rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, ' My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow ?
Or is 't some words ye 've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dule and sorrow ? '
' Oh ! no, no, no ! ' the wee bird sang,
' I 've flown sin' morning early ;
But sic a day o' wind and rain !—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

' On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger ;
On ilka hand he 's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he.—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

' Dark night cam on, the tempest howled
Out-owre the hills and valleys ;
And whar was 't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace ?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom.—
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie ! '

row'd, wrapped.

WILLIAM GLEN

But now the bird saw some redcoats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger ;
' O this is no a land for me,
I 'll tarry here nae langer.'
A while he hovered on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly :
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was ' Wae's me for Prince Charlie ! '

THOMAS PRINGLE

1789-1834

355. *The Ewe-Buchtin' 's bonnie*

THE ewe-buchtin' 's bonnie, baith e'enin' and morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed
and horn ;
While we 're milkin', they 're liltin' baith pleasant
and clear ;
But my heart 's like to break when I think on my
dear.
O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn ;
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and
free,
But alas, my dear heart, all my sighin' 's for thee !

O the sheep-herdin' 's lightsome amang the green
braes,
Where Kale wimples clear 'neath the white-
blossom'd slaes,

355. *ewe-buchtin'*, folding of the ewes.

THOMAS PRINGLE

Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent
the soft gale,
And the cushat croods luesomely down in the dale.
There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the
thorn,
And blythe lilts the laverock aboon the green corn,
And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—
But my heart 's wi' my love in the far foreign clime !

O the hay-makin' 's pleasant, in bright sunny June—
The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune ;
But while others are jokin' and laughin' sae free,
There 's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my e'e.
At e'en i' the gloamin', adown by the burn,
Fu' dowie and wae, aft I daunder and mourn ;
Amang the lang broom I sit greetin' alane,
And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youth-heid were heartsome and
gay,
When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw brae,
When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-bells
By the Kale's ferny houms and on Hownam's green
fells.
But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the
laird,
To win honour and gowd—(gif his life it be spared !).
Ah ! little care I for wealth, favour, or fame,
Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame !

cushat, wood-pigeon. *luesomely*, amorously. *lintwhite*,
linnet. *laverock*, lark. *dowie*, dull. *daunder*, saunter.
houms, river-flats. *bood gang*, must go.

THOMAS PRINGLE

Then round our wee cot though gruff winter s'ould
 roar,
 And poortith glower in like a wolf at the door ;
 Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles to
 clink,
 And a barley-meal scone were the best on our bink ;
 Yet, he wi' his hirsell, and I wi' my wheel,
 Through the howe o' the year we wad fen' unco
 weel ;
 Till the lintwhite and the laverock, and lambs
 bleatin' fain,
 Brought back the blythe time o' ewe-buchtin' again.

356. *The Emigrant's Farewell*

OUR native land, our native vale,
 A long and last adieu !
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
 And streams renowned in song ;
 Farewell, ye braes and blossomed meads,
 Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, the blithesome broomy knowes,
 Where thyme and harebells grow ;
 Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
 O'erhung with birk and sloe.

355. *poortith*, poverty. *toom*, empty. *boddles*, small coins.
bink, shelf. *hirsell*, sheep-flock. *howe o' the year*, middle of
 the year. *fen'*, manage. 356. *birk*, birch.

THOMAS PRINGLE

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell,
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell.

Home of our love ! our father's home !
Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the western main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again !

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And blast our household fires,
If we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires !

Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue !

DAVID VEDDER

1790-1854

357. *To Orkney*

LAND of the whirlpool—torrent—foam,
Where oceans meet in maddening shock ;
The beetling cliff—the shelving holm—
The dark insidious rock :

DAVID VEDDER

Land of the bleak, the treeless moor—
The sterile mountain, sered and riven—
The shapeless cairn, the ruined tower,
 Scathed by the bolts of heaven :
The yawning gulf—the treacherous sand—
I love thee still, my native land.

Land of the dark—the Runic rhyme—
The mystic ring—the cavern hoar ;
The Scandinavian seer—sublime
 In legendary lore :
Land of a thousand Sea-kings' graves—
Those tameless spirits of the past,
Fierce as their subject Arctic waves,
 Or hyperborean blast ;
Though polar billows round thee foam,
I love thee ! Thou wert once my home.

With glowing heart, and island lyre,
Ah ! would some native bard arise
To sing with all a poet's fire
 Thy stern sublimities ;
The roaring flood, the rushing stream,
The promontory wild and bare,
The pyramid where sea-birds scream
 Aloft in middle air ;
The Druid temple on the heath,
Old, even beyond tradition's breath.

Though I have roamed through verdant glades,
In cloudless climes, 'neath azure skies ;
Or plucked from beauteous orient meads
 Flowers of celestial dyes :

DAVID VEDDER

Though I have laved in limpid streams,
That murmur over golden sands ;
Or basked amid the fulgid beams
That flame o'er fairer lands ;
Or stretched me in the sparry grot,—
My country ! Thou wert ne'er forgot.

THOMAS LYLE

1792-1859

358. *Kelvin Grove*

LET us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Thro' its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the rose in all her pride
Decks the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There, the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune 's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

THOMAS LYLE

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
 Ere yon golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the river winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Then, Helen ! shouldst thou hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

HEW AINSLIE

1792-1878

359. *Willie and Helen*

‘ WHEREFORE sou’d ye talk o’ love,
Unless it be to pain us ;
Wherefore sou’d ye talk o’ love,
When ye say the sea maun twain us ? ’

‘ It ’s no because my love is light,
Nor for your angry deddy ;
It ’s a’ to buy ye pearlins bright,
An’ to busk ye like a led dy.’

359. *pearlins*, lace.

HEW AINSLIE

‘ O, Willie ! I can caird an’ spin,
Sae ne’er can want for cleedin’ ;
An’ gin I hae my Willie’s heart,
I hae a’ the pearls I ’m heedin’.

‘ Will it be time to praise this cheek
Whan years an’ tears has blencht it ?
Will it be time to talk o’ love
Whan cauld an’ care has quencht it ? ’

He ’s laid ae han’ about her waist—
The ither’s held to heaven ;
An’ his luik was like the luik o’ man
Whase heart in twa is riven.

The auld carle o’ Knockdon is dead,
There ’s few for him will sorrow ;
For Willie’s stappit in his stead,
But an’ his comely marrow.

There ’s a cosy bield at yon burn-fit,
Wi’ a bourtree at the en’ o’ t ;—
O ! mony a day may it see yet,
Ere care or canker ken o’ t.

The lily leans out owre the brae,
An’ the rose leans owre the lily ;
An’ there the bonnie twasome lay—
Fair Helen an’ her Willie.

but an’, and also. *marrow*, mate. *biel*d, shelter. *fit*,
foot. *bourtree*, elder-tree.

HEW AINSLIE

360. *It's Dowie in the Hint o' Hairst*

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst
 At the wa'gang o' the swallow,
 When the winds grow cauld, when the burns grow
 bauld,
 An' the woods are hingin' yellow ;
 But, O ! it's dowier far to see
 The wa'gang o' her the heart gangs wi'—
 The dead-set o' a shinin' e'e
 That darkens the weary warl' on thee.

From *Mary*.

361. *I left ye, Jeanie*

I LEFT ye, Jeanie, blooming fair,
 'Mang the bourocks o' Bargeny—
 I've foun' ye on the banks o' Ayr,
 But sair ye're altered, Jeanie.

I left ye 'mang the woods sae green,
 In rustic weed befittin'—
 I've foun' ye buskit like a queen,
 In painted chambers sittin'.

Ye're fairer, statelier, I can see,
 Ye're wiser, nae doubt, Jeanie ;—
 But O, I'd rather met wi' thee
 'Mang the green bowers o' Bargeny !

360. *hint o' hairst*, carrying in, end of harvest. *wa'gang*
 departure. *dowier*, sadder. 361. *bourocks*, hovels.

JAMES NICOL

1793-1819

362. *Where Quair rins sweet amang the Flowers*

WHERE Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I 'll watch ye wi' a lover's care,
And wi' a lover's e'e, lassie ;
I 'll weary heaven wi' mony a prayer,
And ilka prayer for thee, lassie.

'Tis true I hae na mickle gear ;
My stock is unco sma', lassie ;
Nae fine spun foreign claes I wear ;
Nae servants tend my ca', lassie.

But had I heir'd the British crown,
And thou o' low degree, lassie ;
A rustic lad I wad hae grown,
Or shared that crown wi' thee, lassie.

I blame the blast, blaws on thy cheek ;
The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,
The gales that steal thy breath sae sweet,
My love and envy share, lassie.

Where Quair rins sweet amang the flowers,
Down by yon woody glen, lassie ;
I have a cot, it shall be yours,
Gin you will be my ain, lassie.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

1794-1854

363.

Captain Paton's Lament

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed
For a prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day ! is dead,—
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab ;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine
They were whiter than the snow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run ;
And, before, there was a toupee
That some inches up did grow,

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

And whenever we foregathered
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket ;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so ;
And then along the plainstanes
Like a provost he would go.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan :
Oh ! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room,
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton-chop,
Which his maid dressed very fine ;

plainstanes, pavement.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

There was also a little Malmsey
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro.
Oh ! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton
no mo'e !

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring
And bid Nelly rin to the West Port
And a stoup of water bring :
Then would he mix the genuine stuff
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow.
Oh ! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's
punch no mo'e !

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,—
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous,—
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con* but not the *pro*.
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

Or when the candles were brought forth
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen,

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

How he fought with a French major
And dispatch'd him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below.

Oh ! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain
Paton no mo'e !

But at last the Captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day ;
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he stay'd away :
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

And, in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain from twenty symptoms,
That death was in his view ;
So the Captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn-Kirk ;
'Tis the way we all must go !

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

Join all in chorus, jolly boys !
And let punch and tears be shed
For this prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day ! is dead,—

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

For this prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe !
For we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e !

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795-1881

364.

To-day

So here hath been dawning
Another blue Day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity
This new Day is born ;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did :
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue Day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

1797-1835

365. *The Cavalier's Song*

A STEED, a steed of matchlesse speede !
A sword of metal keene !
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come ;
And O ! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war-cryes swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel brighte,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants, all
And don your helmes amaine :
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt 's in our hand,—
Heart-whole we 'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land !
Let piping swaine, and craven wight
Thus weepe and puling crye ;
Our business is like men to fight
And hero-like to die !

tole, beguile.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

366.

Jeanie Morrison

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day !
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my een wi' tears :
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel ;
'Twas then we twa did part ;
Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear ;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,

laigh bink, low bench. *leir*, teach.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
 What our wee heads could think ?
 When baith bent down owre ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said
 We cleek'd thegither hame ?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays
 (The schule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As, ane by ane, the thochts rush back
 O' schule-time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life ! Oh, mornin' luvè !
 Oh, lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
 Like simmer blossoms, sprang !

Oh mind ye, luvè, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon ?

<i>loof</i> , hand.	<i>schule-weans</i> , school-children.	<i>cleek'd</i> , went
arm in arm.	<i>skail't</i> , came out.	<i>speel</i> , climb.
honeyed.	<i>deavin' dinsome</i> , deafening noisy.	<i>hinnied</i> ,

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud,
The throstle whusslit sweet :

The throstle whusslit in the wud,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me ?
Oh ! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine ;
Oh ! say gin e'er your heart grows great
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

throstle, thrush. *grat*, wept.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
I 've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luvè o' life's young day.
O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I 've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me.

WILLIAM THOM

1798-1848

367. *The Blind Boy's Pranks*

MEN grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kent na whaur to stay ;
Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He fought his lonely way.
' Is there nae mair, in Gairloch fair,
Ae spotless home for me ?
Have politics, an' corn, an' kye,
Ilk bosom stappit ? Fie, O fie !
I 'll swithe me o'er the sea.'

WILLIAM THOM

He launched a leaf o' jessamine,
On whilk he dared to swim,
An' pillowed his head on a wee rose-bud ;
Syne slighted Love awa' did scud
Down Ury's waefu' stream.

The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
But dowie when he gaed by ;
Till lulled wi' the sough o' monie a sang,
He slept fu' soun' as he sailed alang
'Neath heaven's gowden sky !

'Twas just when creepin' Ury greets
Its mountain cousin Don,
There wandered forth a weel-faur'd dame,
Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
As it flirted an' played wi' a sunny beam
That flickered its bosom upon.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time,
When the jessamine bark drew nigh,
An' the lassie espied the wee rose-bud,
An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,
An' quiet it wadna lie.

' O gin I but had yon wearied wee flower
That floats on the Ury so fair ! '
She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
But little kent she o' the paukie thief,
That was lurkin' an' laughin' there !

WILLIAM THOM

Love glower'd when he saw her bonnie dark e'e,
An' swore by heaven's grace
He ne'er had seen nor thought to see,
Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,
Mair lovely a dwallin'-place.

Syne first of a', in her blythesome breast,
He built a bower, I ween ;
An' what did the waefu' devilick neist ?
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east,
That sparkled frae baith her e'en.

An' O beneath ilk high e'e-bree
He placed a quiver there ;
His bow ? what but her shinin' brow ?
An' O sic deadly strings he drew
Frae out her silken hair.

Guid be our guard ! sic deeds waur dune
Roun' a' our countrie then ;
An' mony a hangin' lug was seen
'Mang farmers fat an' lawyers lean,
An' herds o' common men !

368. *Song of the Forsaken*

My cheek is faded sair, love,
An' lichtless fa's my e'e ;
My breast a' lane and bare, love,
Has aye a bield for thee.

368. *bield*, shelter.

WILLIAM THOM

My breast, though lane and bare, love,
The hame o' cauld despair, love,
Yet ye 've a dwallin' there, love,
A' darksome though it be.

Yon guarded roses glowin',
It 's wha daur min't to pu' ?
But aye the wee bit gowan,
Ilk reckless hand may strew.
An' aye the wee, wee gowan,
Unsheltered, lanely growin',
Unkent, uncared its ruin,
Sae marklessly it grew.

An' am I left to rue, then,
Wha ne'er kent Love but thee,
An' ga'e a love as true, then,
As woman's heart can gie ?
But can ye bauldly view, then,
A bosom burstin' fu', then ?
An' hae ye broken noo, then,
The heart ye sought frae me ?

ROBERT GILFILLAN

1798-1850

369. *O, why left I my Hame ?*
O, WHY left I my hame ?
Why did I cross the deep ?
O, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep ?

368. *min't to pu'*, have a mind to pull it. *gowan*, daisy.
ga'e, gave.

ROBERT GILFILLAN

I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs ;
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings ;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie.

O, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn :
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail o' slaverie ;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There 's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain ;
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There 's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea ;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

lintie's, linnet's.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL

1798-1870

370.

Scotland Yet

GAE bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing anither sang,
Ere a' my glee be past ;
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o 't shall be,
Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
We 'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And, foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dance down the dells ;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That 's girded by the sea ;
Then Scotland's vales and Scotland's dales,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
We 'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid ;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,

howes, plains. *lift*, heavens.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL

Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
We 'll drink a cup for Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang ;
Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,
And Coila's minstrel sang ;
For I 've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That kenna to be free ;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
We 'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

371. *The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow*

OH, sister, there are midnight dreams
That pass not with the morning,
Then ask not why my reason swims
In a brain sae wildly burning ;
And ask not why I fancy how
Yon wee birds sing wi' sorrow,
For bluid lies mingled wi' the dew
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

My dream's wild light was not o' night,
Nor o' the doolfu' morning,
Thrice on the stream was seen the gleam
That seemed his sprite returning ;

370. *Coila's minstrel*, Robert Burns. *I've nae skill o', I care*
not for. 371. *dowie*, melancholy.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL

For sword-girt men came down the glen,
An hour before the morrow,
And pierced the heart aye true to mine,
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Oh ! there are red, red drops o' dew
Upon the wild flower's blossom,
But they couldna cool my burning brow,
And shall not stain my bosom ;
But from the clouds o' yon dark sky
A cold, cold shroud I 'll borrow,
And long and deep shall be my sleep
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

This form the bluid-dyed flower shall press
By the heart o' him that lo'ed me ;
And I 'll steal frae his lips a long, long kiss,
In the bower where oft he wooed me ;
For my arm shall fold and my tresses shield
The form o' my death-cold marrow,
When the breeze shall bring the raven's wing
O'er the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

372.

Ours is the Land

OURS is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of lovely forms ;
The island of the mountain harp,
The torrents, and the storms :
The land that bears the freeman's tread,
And never bore the slave's ;
Where far and deep the green-woods spread,
And wild the thistle waves.

371. *marrow, mate.*

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL

Ere ever Ossian's lofty voice
Had told of Fingal's fame,
Ere ever from their native clime
The Roman eagles came,
Our land had given heroes birth
That durst the boldest brave,
And taught above tyrannic dust
The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
And how his foemen fell ?
Or how on glorious Bannockburn
The freeborn bore them well ?
Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of honour'd graves,
Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart,
While yet the thistle waves.

CHARLES, LORD NEAVES

1800-1876

373. *Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter*¹
Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter,
All our old Beliefs would shatter :
Stuart Mill exerts his skill
To make an end of Mind and Matter.

¹ 'Matter then may be defined as Permanent Possibility of Sensation.'—Mill's *Examination of Hamilton*, p. 198.

'The belief I entertain that my mind exists, when it is not feeling, nor thinking, nor conscious of its own existence, resolves itself into the belief of a Permanent Possibility of these states.' 'The Permanent Possibility of feeling, which forms my notion of Myself.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 205, 206.

CHARLES, LORD NEAVES

THE self-same tale I 've surely heard,
Employed before, our faith to batter :
Has David Hume again appeared,
To run amuck at Mind and Matter ?

*David Hume could Mind and Matter
Ruthlessly assault and batter :
Those who Hume would not exhume
Must mean to end both Mind and Matter.*

Now Mind and Matter to destroy,
Was oft proposed, at least the latter ;
But David was the daring boy
Who fairly floored *both* Mind and Matter.

*David Hume, both Mind and Matter,
While he lived would boldly batter :
Hume by Will bequeathed to Mill
His favourite feud with Mind and Matter.*

We think we see the Things that be ;
But Truth is coy, we can't get at her ;
For what we spy is all my eye,
And isn't really Mind or Matter.

*Hume and Mill on Mind and Matter
Swear that others merely smatter :
Sense reveals that Something feels,
But tells no tale of Mind or Matter.*

Against a stone you strike your toe ;
You feel it 's sore, it makes a clatter :
But what you feel is all you know
Of toe, or stone, or Mind, or Matter.

CHARLES, LORD NEAVES

*Mill and Hume of Mind and Matter
Wouldn't leave a rag or tatter :
What although we feel the blow ?
That doesn't show there's Mind or Matter.*

We meet and mix with other men ;
With women too, who sweetly chatter :
But mayn't we here be duped again,
And take our thoughts for Mind and Matter ?

*Sights and sounds like Mind and Matter,
Fairy forms that seem to chatter,
Are but gleams in Fancy's dreams
Of Men and Women, Mind and Matter.*

Successive feelings on us seize
(As thick as falling hailstones patter) ;
The Chance of some return of these
Is all we mean by Mind or Matter.

*Those who talk of Mind and Matter
Just a senseless jargon patter :
What are We, or You or He ?—
Dissolving views, not Mind or Matter.*

We're but a train of visions vain,
Of thoughts that cheat, and hopes that flatter :
This hour's our own, the past is flown ;
The rest unknown, like Mind and Matter.

*Then farewell to Mind and Matter :
To the winds at once we scatter*

CHARLES, LORD NEAVES

*Time and Place, and Form and Space,
And You and Me, and Mind and Matter.*

We banish hence Reid's Common Sense ;
We laugh at Dugald Stewart's blatter ;
Sir William, too, and Mansel's crew,
We 've done for you and Mind and Matter.

*Speak no more of Mind and Matter,
Mill with mud may else bespatter
All your schools of silly fools,
That dare believe in Mind or Matter.*

But had I skill, like Stuart Mill,
His own position I could shatter ;
The weight of Mill I count as Nil—
If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.

*Mill when minus Mind and Matter,
Though he make a kind of clatter,
Must himself just mount the shelf,
And then be laid with Mind and Matter.*

I 'd push my logic further still
(Though this may have the look of satire) :
I 'd prove there 's no such man as Mill,—
If Mill disproves both Mind and Matter.

*If there 's neither Mind nor Matter
Mill's existence, too, we shatter :
If you still believe in Mill,
Believe as well in Mind and Matter.*

CHARLES, LORD NEAVES

374. *Let us all be unhappy on Sunday*

(A LYRIC FOR SATURDAY NIGHT)

WE zealots made up of stiff clay,
The sour-looking children of sorrow,
While not over jolly to-day,
Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.
We can't for a certainty tell
What mirth may molest us on Monday ;
But, at least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

That day, the calm season of rest,
Shall come to us freezing and frigid ;
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,
Such as Calvin would call over-rigid,
With sermons from morning to night,
We 'll strive to be decent and dreary :
To preachers a praise and delight,
Who ne'er think that sermons can weary.

All tradesmen cry up their own wares ;
In this they agree well together :
The Mason by stone and lime swears ;
The Tanner is always for leather ;
The Smith still for iron would go ;
The Schoolmaster stands up for teaching ;
And the Parson would have you to know,
There 's nothing on earth like his preaching.

The face of kind Nature is fair ;
But our system obscures its effulgence :

CHARLES, LORD NEAVES

How sweet is a breath of fresh air !
But our rules don't allow the indulgence.
These gardens, their walks and green bowers,
Might be free to the poor man for one day ;
But no, the glad plants and gay flowers
Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

What though a good precept we strain
Till hateful and hurtful we make it !
What though, in thus pulling the rein,
We may draw it as tight as to break it !
Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
For fear they get social or frisky ;
But of course they can sit still at home,
And get dismally drunk upon whisky.

Then, though we can't certainly tell
How mirth may molest us on Monday ;
At least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

WILLIAM A. FOSTER

b. 1801

375. *The Bonny Tweed for Me*

THE hunter's e'e grows bright as the fox frae covert
steals,
The fowler lo'es the gun, wi' the pointer at his heels,
But of a' the sports I ken, that can stir the heart
wi' glee,
The troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny
'Tweed for me.

WILLIAM A. FOSTER

Wi' the gowan at the waterside, the primrose on
the brae,
When sheets o' snawy blossom cleed the cherry
and the slae,
When sun and wind are wootin' baith, the leaflet
on the tree ;
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny
Tweed for me.

When the fresh green sward is yieldin' wi' a spring
aneath the fit,
And swallows thrang on either wing out owre the
waters flit ;
While the joyous laverocks, toorin' high, shoor out
their concert free—
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny
Tweed for me.

Cheer'd wi' the honest ploughman's sang, that
mak's his wark nae toil—
The flocks o' sea-gulls round him as his coulter
tears the soil ;
When the craw-schule meets in council grave upon
the furrowed lea—
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny
Tweed for me.

The modest wagtail joukin' past, wi' saft and buoy-
ant flight,
And gurglin' streams are glancin' by, pure as the
crystal bright,

WILLIAM A. FOSTER

When fish rise thick and threefauld, at the drake
or woodcock flee—
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny
Tweed for me.

I like the merry spring, wi' the bluid in nature's
veins,
The dancin' streamlet's music, as it tinkles through
the stanes,
The silver white upon the hook, my light gad
bending free—
Wha wadna visit bonny Tweed and share sic sport
wi' me ?

While there ! time wings wi' speed o' thought, the
day flees past sae sune,
That wha wad dream o' weariness till a' the sport
is dune ?
We hanker till the latest blink is shed frae gloam-
in's e'e,
Laith, laith to quit the troutin' stream, the fishin'
gad, and flee !

ALEXANDER SMART

floruit 1840-1860

376. *The Herd Laddie*

It 's a lang time yet till the kye gae hame,
It 's a weary time yet till the kye gae hame ;

376. *kye*, cows.

ALEXANDER SMART

Till the lang shadows fa' in the sun's yellow flame,
And the birds sing gude-night, as the kye gae
hame.

Sair langs the herd laddie for gloamin's sweet fa',
But slow moves the sun to the hills far awa';
In the shade o' the broom-bush how fain would he
lie,
But there 's nae rest for him when he 's herding
the kye.

They 'll no be content wi' the grass on the lea,
For do what he will to the corn aye they 'll be ;—
The weary wee herd laddie to pity there is nane,
Sae tired and sae hungry wi' herding his lane.

When the bee 's in its byke, and the bird in its nest,
And the kye in the byre, that 's the hour he lo'es
best ;
Wi' a fu' cog o' brose he sleeps like a stane,—
But it scarce seems a blink till he 's wauken'd
again.

ROBERT CHAMBERS

1802-1871

377. *Young Randal*

YOUNG Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed
'awa',

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed
awa' ;

376. *his lane*, by himself. *cog*, dish.

ROBERT CHAMBERS

'Twas in the sixteen hunder year o' grace and
thretty-twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee
And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the
castle wa',

And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears doun fa'.

' Oh, whan will ye be back ? ' sae kindly did she
spier,

' Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my
dear ? '

' Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear.'

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black, when he gaed awa',
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red, when he gaed
awa',

And in his bonnie e'e, a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie lark, in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an alert man when he came hame,
A sair alert man was he, when he came hame;—
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name,
And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

yett, gate. *but and*, and also. *the lave*, the rest. *hinny*,
honey. *pearlins*, lace.

ROBERT CHAMBERS

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns feifteen—

'Can this muckle wife be my true love, Jean?'

'Whatna stoure carle is this,' quo' the dame,
'Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae
lame?'

'Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie
Grahame?'

'In troth,' quo' the ladye, 'sweet sir, the very same.'

He turn'd him about, wi' a waefu' e'e,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildy flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be;
For they 've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale
countrie!

JOHN PARK

1804-1865

378. *Where Gadie Rins*

Oh, an I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
Oh, an I were where Gadie rins,
At the back o' Benochie.

377. *rispit*, rattled (see Glossary). *stoure*, stern. *feckless*,
helpless. *poortith*, poverty.

JOHN PARK

I wish I were where Gadie rins,
'Mang fragrant heath and yellow whins,
Or, brawlin' doun the bosky linns,
At the back o' Benochie ;

To hear ance mair the blackbird's sang,
To wander birks and braes amang,
Wi' frien's and fav'rites, left sae lang,
At the back o' Benochie.

How mony a day, in blythe spring-time,
How mony a day, in summer's prime,
I wiled awa' my careless time
On the heights o' Benochie.

Ah, Fortune's flowers wi' thorns are rife,
And walth is won wi' grief and strife—
Ae day gi'e me o' youthfu' life
At the back o' Benochie.

O, Mary ! there on ilka nicht,
When baith our hearts were young and licht,
We 've wandered, when the moon was bricht,
Wi' speeches fond and free.

O ! ance, ance mair, where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins—
Oh ! nicht I die where Gadie rins
At the back o' Benochie.

birks, birches.

GEORGE OUTRAM

1805-1856

379.

The Annuity

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
 Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell ;
And—I was sae left tae mysel—
 I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three ;
I couldna guessed she 'd prove sae teugh,
 By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she 's yet as stieve 's a stane—
The limmer 's growin' young again,
 Since she got her annuity.

She 's crined awa' to bane and skin,
But that it seems is nought to me ;
She 's like to live—although she 's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
 To ca' for her annuity.

sae left tae mysel, such an idiot. *stieve 's*, stout as. *limmer*,
creature, *crined*, shrivelled. *legs o' thrums*, threadpaper
legs,

GEORGE OUTRAM

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
 A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by her ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
 To ca' for her annuity !

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company ;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She 's lived ten years beyond her share.
An 's like to live a dizzen mair,
 To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loun that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully ;—
In vain he yerked his souple head,
 To find an ambiguity :
It 's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
And diligence, as on decreet,
 May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free ;
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
 Wi' constant assiduity.

cracks, chats. spunkie, lively. hurkles, crouches. yerked his souple head, beat his brains. hoast, cough. kink, coughing-fit.

GEORGE OUTRAM

But Deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
 And missed the auld anatomy ;
 It just cost me a tooth, forbye
 Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
 Her only son was lost at sea—
 But aff her wits behoved to flit,
 An' leave her in fatuity !
 She threeps, an' threeps, he 's livin' yet,
 For a' the tellin' she can get ;
 But catch the doited runt forget
 To ca' for her annuity !

If there 's a sough o' cholera
 Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she ?
 She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In siccan superfluity !
 She doesna need—she 's fever proof—
 The pest gaed owre her very roof ;
 She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak,—
 A compound fracture as could be ;
 Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
 Whate'er was the gratuity.
 It 's cured ! She handles 't like a flail—
 It does as weel in bits as hale ;
 But I 'm a broken man mysel
 Wi' her and her annuity.

threeps, insists. *doited runt*, 'old faggot.'
 whisper. *gleg*, spy. *loof*, hand. *sough*,

GEORGE OUTRAM

Her broozled flesh and broken banes,
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be,
She beats the tades that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity !
They die when they 're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere ;
But her ! expose her onywhere—
 She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me ;
Ca 't murder—or ca 't homicide—
 I 'd justify 't—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a withered wife
That 's carved out o' the tree o' life—
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
 To settle her annuity.

I 'd try a shot.—But whar 's the mark ?—
Her vital parts are hid frae me ;
Her back-bane wanders through her sark
 In an unken'd corkscrewity.
She 's palsified—an' shakes her head
Sac fast about, yc scarce can see 't ;
It 's past the power o' steel or lead
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned ;—but go she 'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea ;—
Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
 O' siccan exiguity.

broozled, bruised. *tades*, toads. *thole*, endure. *siccan*, such.

GEORGE OUTRAM

It 's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope ;
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will pushion do 't ?—It has been tried ;
But, be 't in hash or fricassee,
That 's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *goût* it hae.
It 's needless to assail her doubts,—
She gangs by instinct—like the brutes—
An' only eats an' drinks what suits
Hersel an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore an' ten perchance may be ;
She 's ninety-four ;—let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She suld hae lived afore the Flood—
She 's come o' Patriarchal blood—
She 's some auld Pagan, mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She 's been embalmed inside and out—
She 's sauted to the last degree—
There 's pickle in her very snout
Sae caper-like an' cruelty ;
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her ;
They 've kyanised the useless knir—
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

pushion, poison.
kyanised (see Glossary).

caper-like, sour.
knir, dwarf.

cruety, vinegarish.

GEORGE OUTRAM

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jad wears me ;
I could withstand the single shock,
 But no the continuity.
It 's pay me here—an' pay me there—
An' pay me, pay me, evermair ;
I 'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I 'm *charged* for her annuity !

CAROLINE OLIPHANT (THE YOUNGER)

1807-1831

380. *Oh, Never ! No, Never !*

OH ! never, no, never,
Thou 'lt meet me again !
Thy spirit for ever
Has burst from its chain ;
The links thou hast broken
Are all that remain,
For never, oh ! never,
Thou 'lt meet me again.

Like the sound of the viol,
That dies on the blast ;
Like the shade on the dial,
Thy spirit has pass'd.
The breezes blow round me,
But give back no strain ;
The shade on the dial
Returns not again.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT

When roses enshrined thee,
In light trellis'd shade,
Still hoping to find thee,
How oft have I strayed !
Thy desolate dwelling
I traverse in vain ;—
The stillness has whisper'd,
Thou 'lt ne'er come again.

I still haste to meet thee,
When footsteps I hear ;
And start, when to greet me
Thou dost not appear ;
Then afresh o'er my spirit
Steals mem'ry of pain ;—
For never, oh ! never,
Thou 'lt meet me again.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

1809-1895

381.

My Loves

NAME the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
Name the notes of all the groves,
Thus thou namest all my loves.

I do love the dark, the fair,
Golden ringlets, raven hair,
Eye that swims in sunny light,
Glance that shoots like lightning bright.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

I do love the stately dame
And the sportive girl the same ;
Every changeful phase between
Blooming cheek and brow serene.

I do love the young, the old,
Maiden modest, virgin bold,
Tiny beauties, and the tall ;
Earth has room enough for all.

Which is better, who can say,
Lucy grave, or Mary gay ?
She who half her charms conceals,
She who flashes while she feels ?

Why should I my love confine ?
Why should fair be mine or thine ?
If I praise a tulip, why
Should I pass the primrose by ?

Paris was a pedant fool
Meting beauty by the rule,
Pallas ? Juno ? Venus ?—he
Should have chosen all the three.

I am wise, life's every bliss
Thankful tasting ; and a kiss
Is a sweet thing, I declare,
From a dark maid, or a fair !

THOMAS SMIBERT

1810-1854

382. *The Scottish Widow's Lament*

AFORE the Lammas tide
 Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
 Nae wife was blest like me ;
A kind gudeman, and twa
 Sweet bairns were round me here,
But they 're a' ta'en awa'
 Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam our gate,
 And made me, when it cam,
A bird without a mate,
 A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
 And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
 In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a field,
 For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
 To my wee bairns and me ;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
 They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
 In the fa' o' the year.

dun'd, made yellow. *our gate*, our way. *downa*, cannot.
bieid, shelter.

THOMAS SMIBERT

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns :
For there his plaid I saw
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a' s now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel',
Reca' my waes to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I have tined ;
For wha our wheat will saw,
And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year ?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still ;
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill ;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' passed awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet :

tined, lost.
greet, weep.

saw, sow.

ettle whiles, intend sometimes.

THOMAS SMIBERT

I ken it 's fancy a',
And faster rowes the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heaven abune !
To ane sae wae and lane,
An' tak her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her maen ;
Long ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far far frae here,
Meet them a' that 's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

THOMAS TOD STODDART

1810-1880

383. *The Taking of the Salmon*

A BIRR ! a whirr ! a salmon 's on,
A goodly fish ! a thumper !
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And if we land him we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper !
Hark ! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady ;
The line darts from the active wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

A birr ! a whirr ! the salmon 's out,
Far on the rushing river ;

382. *rowes*, rolls.

THOMAS TOD STODDART

Onward he holds with sudden leap,
Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,
A desperate endeavour !
Hark to the music of the reel !
The fitful and the grating ;
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried—now abating.

A birr ! a whirr ! the salmon 's off !—
No, no, we still have got him ;
The wily fish is sullen grown,
And, like a bright imbedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark to the music of the reel !
'Tis hush'd, it hath forsaken ;
With care we 'll guard the magic wheel,
Until its notes awaken.

A birr ! a whirr ! the salmon 's up,
Give line, give line and measure ;
But now he turns ! keep down ahead,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.
Hark to the music of the reel !
'Tis welcome, it is glorious ;
It wanders thro' the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

A birr ! a whirr ! the salmon 's in,
Upon the bank extended ;
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
All beautifully blended.

THOMAS TOD STODDART

Hark to the music of the reel !
It murmurs and it closes ;
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes.

No birr ! no whirr ! the salmon 's ours,
The noble fish—the thumper :
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
And bending homewards, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper !
Hark to the music of the reel !
We listen with devotion ;
There 's something in that circling wheel
That wakes the heart's emotion !

384. *The Angler's Vindication*

SAY not our hands are cruel ;
What deeds invite the blame ?
Content our golden jewel,
No blemish on our name :
Creation's lords
We need no swords
To win a withering fame.

Say not in gore and guile
We waste the livelong day ;
Let those alone revile
Who feel our subtile sway,
When fancy-led
The sward we tread
And while the morn away.

THOMAS TOD STODDART

Oh ! not in camp or court
Our best delights we find,
But in the far resort
With water, wood, and wind,
Where Nature works
And beauty lurks
In all her craft enshrined.

There captive to her will,
Yet, 'mid our fetters free,
We seek by singing rill
The broad and shady tree,
And lisp our lay
To flower and fay,
Or mock the linnet's glee.

Thus glides the golden hour,
Until the chimes to toil
Recall from brook and bower :
Then laden with our spoil,
Slowly we part
With heavy heart
And leave the haunted soil.

385.

The River

THROUGH sun-bright lakes,
Round islets gay,
The river takes
Its western way,
And the water-chime
Soft zephyrs time
Each gladsome summer day.

THOMAS TOD STODDART

The starry trout,
Fair to behold,
Roameth about
On fin of gold ;
At root of tree
His haunt you see,
Rude rock or crevice old.

And hither dart
The salmon grey,
From the deep heart
Of some sea bay ;
And harling wild
Is here beguiled
To hold autumnal play.

Oh ! 'tis a stream
Most fair to see,
As in a dream
Flows pleasantly ;
And our hearts are woo'd
To a kind sweet mood
By its wondrous witchery.

LADY JOHN SCOTT

1810-1900

386. *Durisdeer*

WE 'LL meet nae mair at sunset, when the weary
day is dune,
Nor wander hame thegither, by the lee licht o'
the mune !

LADY JOHN SCOTT

I 'll hear your step nae longer amang the dewy corn,
For we 'll meet nae mair, my bonniest, either at
eve or morn.

The yellow broom is waving, abune the sunny brae,
And the rowan berries dancing, where the sparkling
waters play.
Tho' a' is bright and bonnie, it 's an eerie place to
me,
For we 'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by
burn or tree.

Far up into the wild hills, there 's a kirkyard auld
and still,
Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the mists hang
low and chill,
And there ye sleep in silence, while I wander here
my lane,
Till we meet ance mair in Heaven, never to part
again.

387. *The Comin' o' the Spring*

THERE 's no a muir in my ain land but 's fu' o' sang
the day,
Wi' the whaup, and the gowden plover, and the
lintie upon the brae.
The birk in the glen is springin', the rowan-tree in
the shaw,
And every burn is rinnin' wild wi' the meltin' o'
the snaw.

LADY JOHN SCOTT

The wee white cluds in the blue lift are hurryin'
light and free,
Their shadows fleein' on the hills, where I, too, fain
wad be ;
The wind frae the west is blawin', and wi' it seems
to bear
The scent o' the thyme and gowan thro' a' the
caller air.

The herd doon the hillside's linkin'. O licht his
heart may be
Whose step is on the heather, his glance ower muir
and lea !
On the Moss are the wild ducks gatherin', whar the
pules like diamonds lie,
And far up soar the wild geese, wi' weird, unyirdly cry.

In mony a neuk the primrose lies hid frae stranger een,
An' the broom on the knowes is wavin' wi' its
cludin o' gowd and green ;
Ower the first green sprigs o' heather, the muir-fowl
faulds his wing,
And there 's nought but joy in my ain land at the
comin' o' the Spring !

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

1811-1890

388. *Contentment in the Dark*

WE ask not to be born : 'tis not by will
That we are here beneath the battle-smoke,
Without escape ; by good things as by ill,
By facts and mysteries enchained : no cloak

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

Of an Elijah, no stairs whereupon
Angels ascending and descending shine
Over the head here pillowed on a stone,
Anywhere found ;—so say they who repine.
But each year hath its harvest, every hour
Some melody, child-laughter, strengthening
strife,
For mother Earth still gives her child his dower,
And loves like doves sit on the boughs of life.

389. *Below the Old House*

BENEATH those buttressed walls with lichens grey,
Beneath the slopes of trees whose flickering
shade
Darkens the pools by dun green velveted,
The stream leaps like a living thing at play,—
In haste it seems ; it cannot, cannot stay !
The great boughs changing there from year to
year,
And the high jackdaw-haunted eaves, still hear
The burden of the rivulet—Passing away !
And some time certainly that oak no more
Will keep the winds in check ; his breadth of
beam
Will go to rib some ship for some far shore ;
Those quoins and eaves will crumble, while that
stream
Will still run whispering, whispering night and
day,
That over-song of father Time—Passing away !

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

390.

The Witch's Ballad

O, I HAE come from far away,
From a warm land far away,
A southern land across the sea,
With sailor-lads about the mast,
Merry and canny, and kind to me.

And I hae been to yon town
To try my luck in yon town ;
Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.
Right braw we were to pass the gate,
Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue.

Mysie smiled wi' miminy mouth,
Innocent mouth, miminy mouth ;
Elspie wore a scarlet gown,
Nort's grey eyes were unco gleg.
My Castile comb was like a crown.

We walked abreast all up the street,
Into the market up the street ;
Our hair with marigolds was wound,
Our bodices with love-knots laced,
Our merchandise with tansy bound.

Nort had chickens, I had cocks,
Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks ;
Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,—
For a wee groat or a pound ;
We lost nae time wi' gives and takes.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

Lost nae time, for well we knew,
In our sleeves full well we knew,
When the gloaming came that night,
Duck nor drake, nor hen nor cock
Would be found by candle-light.

And when our chaffering all was done,
All was paid for, sold and done,
We drew a glove on ilka hand,
We sweetly curtsied each to each,
And deftly danced a saraband.

The market-lasses looked and laughed
Left their gear, and looked and laughed ;
They made as they would join the game,
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,
With whack and screech they stopped the same.

Sae loud the tongues o' randies grew,
The flytin' and the skirlin' grew,
At all the windows in the place,
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,
Was thrust out every hand and face.

And down each stair they thronged anon,
Gentle, semple, thronged anon ;
Souter and tailor, frowsy Nan,
The ancient widow young again,
Simpering behind her fan.

Without a choice, against their will,
Doited, dazed, against their will,

randies, viragoes. *flytin'*, scolding. *souter*, cobbler. *doited*,
dumbfounded.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

The market lassie and her mither,
The farmer and his husbandman,
Hand in hand dance a' thegither.

Slow at first, but faster soon,
Still increasing, wild and fast,
Hoods and mantles, hats and hose,
Blindly doffed and cast away,
Left them naked, heads and toes.

They would have torn us limb from limb,
Dainty limb from dainty limb ;
But never one of them could win
Across the line that I had drawn
With bleeding thumb a-widdershin.

But there was Jeff the provost's son,
Jeff the provost's only son ;
There was Father Auld himsel',
The Lombard frae the hostelry,
And the lawyer Peter Fell.

All goodly men we singled out,
Waled them well, and singled out,
And drew them by the left hand in ;
Mysie the priest, and Elspie won
The Lombard, Nort the lawyer carle,
I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip kisses seven,
Three times round with kisses seven,

a-widdershin, against the course of the sun. *cantrip*, witchlike.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

Warped and woven there spun we
Arms and legs and flaming hair,
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like a wind that sucks the sea,
Over and in and on the sea,
Good sooth it was a mad delight ;
And every man of all the four
Shut his eyes and laughed outright.

Laughed as long as they had breath,
Laughed while they had sense or breath ;
And close about us coiled a mist
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies,
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

Drawn up I was right off my feet ;
Into the mist and off my feet ;
And, dancing on each chimney-top,
I saw a thousand darling imps
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,
On the provost's grand ridge-tile,
The Blackamoor first to master me
I saw, I saw that winsome smile,
The mouth that did my heart beguile,
And spoke the great Word over me,
In the land beyond the sea.

I called his name, I called aloud,
Alas ! I called on him aloud ;

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

And then he filled his hand with stour,
And threw it towards me in the air ;
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r !

My lusty strength, my power were gone ;
Power was gone, and all was gone.
He will not let me love him more !
Of bell and whip and horse's tail
He cares not if I find a store.

But I am proud if he is fierce !
I am as proud as he is fierce ;
I 'll turn about and backward go,
If I meet again that Blackamoor,
And he 'll help us then, for he shall know
I seek another paramour.

And we 'll gang once more to yon town,
Wi' better luck to yon town ;
We 'll walk in silk and cramoisie,
And I shall wed the provost's son ;
My lady of the town I 'll be !

For I was born a crowned king's child,
Born and nursed a king's child,
King o' a land ayont the sea,
Where the Blackamoor kissed me first,
And taught me art and glamourie.

Each one in her wame shall hide
Her hairy mouse, her wary mouse,

stour, dust. *cramoisie*, crimson cloth. *wame*, inside.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

Fed on madwort and agramie,—
Wear amber beads between her breasts,
And blind-worm's skin about her knee.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man,
Elspie's gowden husband-man ;
Nort shall take the lawyer's hand ;
The priest shall swear another vow,
We 'll dance again the saraband !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

1813-1865

391. *The Refusal of Charon*

WHY look the distant mountains
So gloomy and so drear ?
Are rain-clouds passing o'er them,
Or is the tempest near ?
No shadow of the tempest
Is there, nor wind nor rain—
'Tis Charon that is passing by,
With all his gloomy train.

The young men march before him,
In all their strength and pride ;
The tender little infants,
They totter by his side ;
The old men walk behind him,
And earnestly they pray—
Both old and young imploring him
To grant some brief delay.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

‘ O Charon ! halt, we pray thee,
Beside some little town,
Or near some sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down !
The old will drink and be refreshed,
The young the disc will fling,
And the tender little children
Pluck flowers beside the spring.’

‘ I will not stay my journey,
Nor halt by any town,
Near any sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down :
The mothers coming to the well,
Would know the babes they bore,
The wives would clasp their husbands,
Nor could I part them more.’

ALEXANDER A. RITCHIE

1816-1850

392.

A Lullaby

O SAFTLY sleep, my bonnie bairn !
Rock'd on this breast of mine ;
The heart that beats sae sair within
Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts !
That such late watches keep ;
An' if ye break the mother's heart,
Yet let the baby sleep.

ALEXANDER A. RITCHIE

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn !
Nor look sae wae on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,
Lest on my bairn ye dreep ;
An' break in silence, waefu' heart,
An' let my baby sleep.

SIR W. STIRLING MAXWELL

1818-1878

393.

In Memoriam

SISTER ! these woods have seen ten summers
fade
Since thy dear dust in yonder church was laid.
A few more winters, and this heart, the shrine
Of thy fair memory, shall be cold as thine.
Yet may some stranger, lingering in these ways,
Bestow a tear on grief of other days ;
For if he too have wept o'er grace and youth,
Goodness and wisdom, faith and love and truth,
Untinged with worldly guile or selfish stain,
And ne'er hath looked upon the like again,
Then, imaged in his sorrow, he may see
All that I loved and lost and mourn in thee.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

1819-1885

394. *The Bush aboon Traquair*

WILL ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair ?
Owre the high Minchmuir we 'll up and awa',
This bonnie summer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly down on holm and ha'.

And what wad ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair ?
A long dreich road, ye had better let it be ;
Save some auld skrunts o' birk
I' the hill-side lirk,
There 's nocht i' the warld for man to see.

But the blythe lilt o' yon air,
' The Bush aboon Traquair '—
I need nae mair, it 's eneuch for me :
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam soughin' frae auld time ;
Sae tide what may, I 'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there,
At the bush aboon Traquair ?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed ?
I heard the cushies croon
Thro' the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the vale o'
Tweed.

sklents, slants. *dreich*, tiresome. *skrunts o' birk*, stunted
stumps of birch. *lirk*, crevice. *cushies*, wood-pigeons.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

And birks saw I, three or four,
Wi' grey moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw ;
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonnie, bonnie gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a butt and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam ane hour to spen' on the green-wood
sward ;
But lang ha'e lad an' lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green, green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun ;
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' luvers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene ;
But the blythe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair
And the luv that ance was there aye fresh and
green.

shaw, copse. *lownest*, quietest.

GEORGE MURRAY

1819-1868

395. *The Auld Kirk o' Scotland*

THE gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
The wild winds round her blaw,
And when her foemen hear her sough,
They prophecy her fa' ;
But what although her fate has been
Amang the floods to sit—
The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She 's nae in ruins yet !

There may be wrath within her wa's,
What reck ! her wa's are wide ;
It 's but the beating of a heart,
The rushing of a tide,
Whose motion keeps its waters pure ;
Then let them foam or fret,
The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland
She 's nae in ruins yet !

She was a lithe, she was a licht,
When a'thing else was mirk,
An' mony a trembling heart has found
Its bield behind the Kirk ;
She bore the brunt, and did her due,
When Scotland's sword was wet,
The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She 's nae in ruins yet !

GEORGE MURRAY

The clouds that overcast her sky
Maun shortly flit awa',
A bonnie, blue and peaceful heaven
Smiles sweetly through them a' !
Her country's life-blood 's in her veins,
The wide warld's in her debt !
The gude auld Kirk o' Scotland,
She 's nae in ruins yet !

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON

1821-1901

396. *There is a Wail in the Wind To-night*

THERE is a wail in the wind to-night,
A dirge in the plashing rain,
That brings old yearnings round my heart,
Old dreams into my brain,
As I gaze into the wintry dark
Through the blurred and blackened pane :
Far memories of golden hours
That will not come again,—
Alas !
That never will come again.

Wild woodland odours wander by—
Warm breath of new-mown hay—
I hear the broad, brown river flow,
Half-hid in bowering May ;
While eyes of love look through my soul,
As on that last sweet day ;

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON

But a chilly shadow floats between
That will not pass away—
Ah, no !
That never will pass away.

397. *Timor mortis conturbat me*

COULD I have sung one song that should survive
The singer's voice, and in my country's heart
Find loving echo—evermore a part
Of all her sweetest memories ; could I give
One great Thought to the People, that should prove
The spring of noble action in their hour
Of darkness, or control their headlong power
With the firm reins of Justice and of Love ;
Could I have traced one Form that should express
The sacred mystery that underlies
All Beauty, and through man's enraptured eyes
Teach him how beautiful is Holiness,—
I had not feared thee. But to yield my breath,
Life's Purpose unfulfilled !—This is thy sting,
O Death !

WALTER C. SMITH

1824-1908

398. *Miss Penelope Leith*

LAST heiress she of many a rood,
Where Ugie winds through Buchan braes—
A treeless land, where beeves are good,
And men have quaint old-fashioned ways,

WALTER C. SMITH

And every burn has ballad-lore,
And every hamlet has its song,
And on its surf-beat rocky shore
The eerie legend lingers long.
Old customs live there, unaware
That they are garments cast away,
And what of light is shining there
Is lingering light of yesterday.

Never to her the new day came,
Or if it came she would not see ;
This world of change was still the same
To our old-world Penelope :
New fashions rose, old fashions went,
But still she wore the same brocade,
With lace of Valenciennes or Ghent
More dainty by her darning made,
A little patch upon her face,
A tinge of colour on her cheek,
A frost of powder, just to grace
The locks that time began to streak.

A stately lady ; to the poor
Her manner was without reproach ;
But from the Causeway she was sure
To snub the Provost in his coach :
In pride of birth she did not seek
Her scorn of upstarts to conceal,
But of a Bailie's wife would speak
As if she bore the fisher's creel.
She said it kept them in their place,
Their fathers were of low degree ;

WALTER C. SMITH

She said the only saving grace
Of upstarts was humility.

The quaint old Doric still she used,
And it came kindly from her tongue ;
And oft the ' mim-folk ' she abused,
Who mincing English said or sung :
She took her claret, nothing loth,
Her snuff that one small nostril curled ;
She might rap out a good round oath,
But would not mince it for the world :
And yet the wild word sounded less
In that Scotch tongue of other days ;
'Twas just like her old-fashioned dress,
And part of her old-fashioned ways.

At every fair her face was known,
Well-skilled in kyloes and in queys ;
And well she led the fiddler on
To ' wale ' the best of his strathspeys ;
Lightly she held the man who rose
While the toast-hammer still could rap,
And brought her gossip to a close,
Or spoilt her after-dinner nap ;
Tea was for women, wine for men,
And if they quarrelled o'er their cups,
They might go to the peat-moss then,
And fight it out like stags or tups.

She loved a bishop or a dean,
A surplice or a rocket well,

kyloes, highland cattle. *queys*, heifers. *tups*, rams.

WALTER C. SMITH

At all the Church's feasts was seen,
And called the Kirk, Conventicle ;
Was civil to the minister,
But stiff and frigid to his wife,
And looked askance, and sniffed at her,
As if she lived a dubious life.
But yet his sick her cellars knew,
Well stored from Portugal or France,
And many a savoury soup and stew
Her game-bags furnished to the Manse.

But if there was a choicer boon
Above all else she would have missed,
It was on Sunday afternoon
To have her quiet game at whist
Close to the window, when the Whigs
Were gravely passing from the Kirk,
And some on foot, and some in gigs,
Would stare at her unhallowed work :
She gloried in her ' devil's books '
That cut their sour hearts to the quick ;
Rather than miss their wrathful looks
She would have almost lost the trick.

Her politics were of the age
Of Claverhouse or Bolingbroke ;
Still at the Dutchman she would rage,
And still of gallant Grahame she spoke.
She swore 'twas right that Whigs should die
Psalm-snivelling in the wind and rain,
Though she would ne'er have harmed a fly
For buzzing on the window-pane.

WALTER C. SMITH

And she had many a plaintive rhyme
Of noble Charlie and his men :
For her there was no later time,
All history had ended then.

The dear old sinner ! yet she had
A kindly human heart, I wot,
And many a sorrow she made glad,
And many a tender mercy wrought :
And though her way was somewhat odd,
Yet in her way she feared the Lord,
And thought she best could worship God
By holding Pharisees abhorred,
By being honest, fearless, true,
And thorough both in word and deed,
And by despising what is new,
And clinging to her old-world creed.

399.

Glenaradale

THERE is no fire of the crackling boughs
On the hearth of our fathers,
There is no lowing of brown-eyed cows
On the green meadows,
Nor do the maidens whisper vows
In the still gloaming,
Glenaradale.

There is no bleating of sheep on the hill
Where the mists linger,
There is no sound of the low hand-mill
Ground by the women,

WALTER C. SMITH

And the smith's hammer is lying still
By the brown anvil,
Glenaradale.

Ah ! we must leave thee, and go away
Far from Ben Luibh,
Far from the graves where we hoped to lay
Our bones with our fathers',
Far from the kirk where we used to pray
Lowly together,
Glenaradale.

We are not going for hunger of wealth,
For the gold and silver,
We are not going to seek for health
On the flat prairies,
Nor yet for the lack of fruitful tilth
On thy green pastures,
Glenaradale.

Content with the croft and the hill were we,
As all our fathers,
Content with the fish in the lake to be
Carefully netted,
And garments spun of the wool from thee,
O black-faced wether
Of Glenaradale.

No father here but would give a son
For the old country,
And his mother the sword would have girded
on
To fight her battles :

WALTER C. SMITH

Many 's the battle that has been won
By the brave tartans,
Glenaradale.

But the big-horned stag and his hinds, we
know,
In the high corries,
And the salmon that swirls the pool below
Where the stream rushes,
Are more than the hearts of men, and so
We leave thy green valley,
Glenaradale.

400.

The Best Way

WHEN frank, straightforward hearts defile
Their ways with some unwonted wile
And crafty stroke,
In their own gin they are ensnared,
And better they had onward fared
With simple folk :
The choicest and wisest
Of all the world is he
Who talks still, and walks still
In clear sincerity.

Let moles work underground and mine,
Let adders creep with supple spine
Through grass and ling,
Let pee-wits lure you from their nest
With wailing cry, and drooping crest,
And broken wing :

WALTER C. SMITH

But you, man, be true man,
And, artless, jog along
The highways ; for byways
Will surely lead you wrong.

GEORGE MACDONALD

1824-1905

401. *Ane by Ane*

ANE by ane they gang awa',
The Gatherer gathers great an' sma',
Ane by ane mak's ane an' a'.

Aye when ane sets down the cup,
Ane ahint maun tak it up,
Yet thegither they will sup.

Golden-heided, ripe an' strang,
Shorn will be the hairst ere lang,
Syne begins a better sang !

402. *Songs of the Autumn Night*

I

O NIGHT, send up the harvest moon
To walk about the corn ;
To make of midnight magic noon,
And ripen on till morn.

401. *hairst*, harvest.

GEORGE MACDONALD

In golden ranks, with golden crowns,
All in the yellow land,
Old solemn kings in rustling gowns,
The sheaves moon-charmèd stand.

Sky-mirror she, afloat in space,
Beholds our coming morn :
Her heavenly joy hath such a grace,
It ripens earthly corn ;

Like some lone saint with upward eyes,
Lost in the deeps of prayer ;
The people still their prayers and sighs,
And gazing ripen there.

II

So, like the corn, moon-ripened last,
Would I, weary and grey,
On golden memories ripen fast,
And ripening pass away.

In an old night so let me die ;
A slow wind out of doors ;
A waning moon low in the sky ;
A vapour on the moors ;

A fire just dying in the gloom ;
Earth haunted all with dreams ;
A sound of waters in the room ;
A mirror's moony gleams ;

GEORGE MACDONALD

And near me, in the sinking night,
More thoughts than move in me,
Forgiving wrong, and loving right,
And waiting till I see.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

1827-1893

403.

Skye

My heart is yearning to thee, O Skye !
Dearest of islands !
There first the sunshine gladdened my eye,
On the sea sparkling ;
There doth the dust of my dear ones lie,
In the old graveyard.

Bright are the golden green fields to me,
Here in the Lowlands ;
Sweet sings the mavis in the thorn tree,
Snowy with fragrance :
But, oh ! for a breath of the great North Sea,
Girdling the mountains !

Good is the smell of the brine that laves
Black rock and skerry,
Where the great palm-leaved tangle waves
Down in the green depths,
And round the craggy bluff, pierced with caves,
Seagulls are screaming.

When the sun sinks beyond Hunish Head,
Swimming in glory,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

As he goes down to his ocean bed
 Studded with islands,
Flushing the Coolin with royal red,
 Would I were sailing !

Many a hearth round that friendly shore
 Giveth warm welcome ;
Charms still are there, as in days of yore
 More than of mountains ;
But hearths and faces are seen no more,
 Once of the brightest.

Many a poor black cottage is there,
 Grimy with peat smoke,
Sending up in the soft evening air
 Purest blue incense,
While the low music of psalm and prayer
 Rises to Heaven.

Kind were the voices I used to hear
 Round such a fireside,
Speaking the mother-tongue old and dear,
 Making the heart beat
With endless tales of wonder and fear,
 Or plaintive singing.

Great were the marvellous stories told
 Of Ossian's heroes,
Giants and witches, and young men bold,
 Seeking adventures,
Winning king's daughters and guarded gold
 Only with valour.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Reared in those dwellings have brave ones been ;
Brave ones are still there.
Forth from their darkness on Sundays I 've seen
Coming pure linen,
And like the linen the souls were clean
Of them that wore it.

See that thou kindly use them, O man !
To whom God giveth
Stewardship over them, in thy short span,
Not for thy pleasure !
Woe be to them who choose for a clan
Four-footed people !

Blessings be with ye, both now and aye,
Dear human creatures !
Yours is the love that no gold can buy
Nor time can wither.
Peace be to thee and thy children, O Skye !
Dearest of islands !

THOMAS PATTISON

1828-1865

404. *The Islesman's Home*

KNOW'ST thou the land where the herd houseless
stray'd,
When Summer's night was but one gloaming shade—
Where still the billows roll in sunny gold,
And thousand moors their thousand waters hold—
Know'st thou that land ? The hardy Islesman's
home,
Whence oft, alas ! an exile he must roam.

THOMAS PATTISON

Know'st thou its hills, where wandering mists
repose,

And bleach the rocks o'er which the heather grows ;
Whose warmest couch the grouse and blackcock
share—

Those chartered denizens of earth and air—

Know'st thou its hills whence the eye glances free
Over the measureless and western sea ?

Know'st thou its lochs, on which, when sunset's o'er,
The boat glides softly to the fragrant shore ;

While cattle bellow and the house-dogs bay,

And hamlet noises pass with light away—

Know'st thou its lochs ? On them night's sky-born
beam

Welcomes in peace the poorest taper's gleam.

405.

Dear Islay !

O ISLAY ! sweet Islay !

Thou green grassy Islay !

Why, why art thou lying

So far o'er the sea ?

O Islay ! dear Islay !

Thy daylight is dying,

And here am I longing

And longing for thee !

O Islay ! fair Islay !

Thou dear mother Islay !

Where my spirit, awaking,

First look'd on the day.

THOMAS PATTISON

O Islay ! dear Islay ;
That link of God's making
Must last, till I wing me
Away, and away !

Dear Islay, good Islay !
Thou holy-soiled Islay !
My fathers are sleeping
Beneath thy green sod.
O Islay ! kind Islay !
Well, well be thou keeping
That dear dust awaiting
The great day of God.

Old Islay ! God bless thee,
Thou good mother, Islay !
Bless thy wide ocean !
And bless thy sweet lea !
And Islay, dear Islay !
My heart's best emotion,
For ever and ever
Shall centre in thee !

EARL OF SOUTHESK

1827-1905

406. *November's Cadence*

THE bees about the Linden-tree,
When blithely summer blooms were springing,
Would hum a heartsome melody,
The simple baby-soul of singing :

EARL OF SOUTHESK

And thus my spirit sang to me
When youth its wanton way was winging ;
 ‘ Be glad, be sad—thou hast the choice
 But mingle music with thy voice.’

The linnets on the Linden-tree,
Among the leaves in autumn dying,
Are making gentle melody,
A mild, mysterious, mournful sighing :
And thus my spirit sings to me
While years are flying, flying, flying ;
 ‘ Be sad, be sad—thou hast no choice—
 But mourn with music in thy voice.’

ALEXANDER SMITH

1830-1867

407. *Glasgow*

SING, Poet, 'tis a merry world ;
That cottage smoke is rolled and curled
 In sport, that every moss
Is happy, every inch of soil ;—
Before *me* runs a road of toil
 With my grave cut across.
Sing, trailing showers and breezy downs—
I know the tragic hearts of towns.

City ! I am true son of thine ;
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
 Around the bleating pens ;

ALEXANDER SMITH

Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
 The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats,
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black Labour draws his weary waves,
Into their secret-moaning caves ;
 But with the morning light,
The sea again will overflow
With a long weary sound of woe,
 Again to faint in night.
Wave am I in that sea of woes,
Which, night and morning, ebbs and flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport ;
 Yet there my heart was stirr'd—
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill,
 Spring lighted like a bird.
Poor flowers—I watched them pine for weeks,
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne ;
Through golden vapours of the morn,
 I heard the hills of sheep :
I trod with a wild ecstasy
The bright fringe of the living sea :
 And on a ruined keep
I sat, and watched an endless plain
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

ALEXANDER SMITH

O fair the lightly sprinkled waste,
O'er which a laughing shower has raced !

O fair the April shoots !

O fair the woods on summer days,
While a blue hyacinthine haze

Is dreaming round the roots !

In thee, O City ! I discern
Another beauty, sad and stern.

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar

Down to the harbour-bars ;

Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights, with street and square

Lie empty to the stars.

From terrace proud to alley base
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,

Thy smoke is dusky fire ;

And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword

Shivers upon a spire.

Thus have I watched thee, Terror ! Dream !
While the blue Night crept up the stream.

The wild Train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills ;

Streams through the shifting glare,

The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping shires ;
And on the moorlands bare,

ALEXANDER SMITH

He sees afar a crown of light
Hang o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
As silent as a noonday sky,

When larks with heat are mute,
I love to linger on thy bridge,
All lonely as a mountain ridge,
Disturbed but by my foot ;
While the black lazy stream beneath,
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart, as through a dream,
Flows on that black disdainful stream ;

All scornfully it flows,
Between the huddled gloom of masts,
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts—
'Tween lamps in streaming rows.
O wondrous sight ! O stream of dread !
O long dark river of the dead !

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurls : but dimly prisoned here,

'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy Summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone :

ALEXANDER SMITH

Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
 Lives in thy streets of stone ;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine ; the shower
Is burnished ; on the swinging flower
 The latest bee doth sit.
The low sun stares through dust of gold,
And o'er the darkening heath and wold
 The large ghost-moth doth flit.
In every orchard Autumn stands,
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are strange ;
Then wherefore from thee should I range ?
 Thou hast my kith and kin :
My childhood, youth, and manhood brave ;
Thou hast that unforgotten grave
 Within thy central din.
A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky breath.

408.

Edinburgh

EDINA, high in heaven wan,
Towered, templed, Metropolitan,
 Waited upon by hills,
River, and wide-spread ocean, tinged
By April light, or draped and fringed
 As April vapour wills—

ALEXANDER SMITH

Thou hangest, like a Cyclops' dream,
High in the shifting weather-gleam.

Fair art thou when above thy head
The mistless firmament is spread ;
 But when the twilight's screen
Draws glimmering round thy towers and spires,
And thy lone bridge, uncrown'd by fires,
 Hangs in the dim ravine,
Thou art a very Persian tale—
Oh, Mirza's vision, Bagdad's vale !

The spring-time stains with emerald
Thy Castle's precipices bald ;
 Within thy streets and squares
The sudden summer camps, and blows
The plenteous chariot-shaken rose ;
 Or, lifting unawares
My eyes from out thy central strife,
Lo, far off, harvest-brazen Fife !

When rain-drops gemming tree and plant,
The rainbow is thy visitant,
 Lovely as on the moors ;
When sunset flecks with loving ray
Thy wilderness of gables grey,
 And hoary embrasures ;
When great Sir Walter's moon-blanch'd shrine,
Rich-carved, as Melrose, gleams divine,

I know thee ; and I know thee, too
On winter nights, when 'gainst the blue
 Thy high, gloom-wilder'd ridge

ALEXANDER SMITH

Breaks in a thousand splendours ; lamps
Gleam broadly in the valley damps ;
 Thy air-suspended bridge
Shines stedfast ; and the modern street
Looks on, star-fretted, loud with feet.

Fair art thou, City, to the eye,
But fairer to the memory :
 There is no place that breeds—
Not Venice 'neath her mellow moons,
When the sea-pulse of full lagoons
 Waves all her palace weeds—
Such wistful thoughts of far away,
Of the eternal yesterday.

Within thy high-piled Canongate
The air is of another date ;
 All speaks of ancient time :
Traces of gardens, dials, wells,
Thy dizzy gables, oyster-shells
 Imbedded in the lime—
Thy shields above the doors of peers
Are old as Mary Stuart's tears.

Street haunted by the step of Knox ;
Darnley's long, heavy-scented locks ;
 Ruthven's blood-freezing stare ;
Dark Murray, dreaming of the crown—
His ride through fair Linlithgow town,
 And the man waiting there
With loaded fuse, undreamed of—wiles
Of Mary, and her mermaid smiles !

ALEXANDER SMITH

Thou saw'st Montrose's passing face
Shame-strike the gloating silk and lace,
 And jeering plumes that filled
The balcony o'erhead ; with pride
Thou saw'st Prince Charles bare-headed ride,
 While bagpipes round him shrilled,
And far Culloden's smoky racks
Hid scaffold craped, and bloody axe.

What wine hast thou known brawl be-spilt !
What daggers ruddy to the hilt !
 What stately minuets
Walked slowly o'er thy oaken floors !
What hasty kisses at thy doors !
 What banquetings and bets !
What talk, o'er man that lives and errs,
Of double-chinned philosophers !

Great City, every morning I
See thy wild fringes in the sky,
 Soft-blurr'd with smoky grace :
Each evening note the blazing sun
Flush luridly thy vapours dun—
 A spire athwart his face :
Each night I watch thy wondrous feast,
Like some far city of the East.

But most I love thee faint and fair,
Dim-pencill'd in the April air,
 When in the dewy bush

ALEXANDER SMITH

I hear from budded thick remote
The rapture of the blackbird's throat,
 The sweet note of the thrush ;
And all is shadowless and clear
In the uncoloured atmosphere.

JOHN NICHOL

1833-1894

409.

Love Endures

My love, my love, the golden hours
 Have come at last for you and me ;
Fresh fragrance floats above the flowers,
 A morning glory o'er the sea.

The breeze long-lingering comes, and brings
 The feeling of a new delight,
It comes with healing on its wings
 To chase the shadows of the night.

Our honeymoon they say is o'er,
 And yet our walks are sweet as ever ;
Whether we watch the purple shore,
 Or ramble by the winding river.

The noontide in a sultry clime
 Burns fiercely on the silent sands ;
The cool of evening is the time
 When song-birds sing in southern lands.

JOHN NICHOL

Thus, though my passion grows more calm,
That feverish pulse that throbs and dies,
Still from your lips I gather balm,
And inspiration from your eyes.

The world moves onward, but our love
Grows deeper, stronger, day by day,
Draws clearer accents from above,
And leads us by a nobler way.

My honeymoon they say is o'er ;
My happy years are but begun,
With thee to gleam a star before
My path, till all my work is done.

Good-night, my love, good-night.
The song that the sea is singing
Is gentle and soft to-night :
The lustre the stars are flinging
On the bay is tender and bright ;
The bark like a bird is springing
Along the waves to-night,
And a tune in my head keeps ringing
That makes my heart more light ;
Good-night, my love, good-night.

JAMES THOMSON

1834-1882

410. *As we rush in the Train*

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

JAMES THOMSON

Oh the beautiful stars in the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear ;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the earth slips from our feet !

411. *Give a Man a Horse he can ride*

GIVE a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail ;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail,

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read ;
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the rooms be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my Love, love thee ;
And his hand is great with the pulse of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.

412. *Sunday up the River*

MY Love o'er the water bends dreaming ;
It glideth and glideth away :
She sees there her own beauty, gleaming
Through shadow and ripple and spray.

JAMES THOMSON

O tell her, thou murmuring river,
As^rpast her your light wavelets roll,
How steadfast that image for ever
Shines pure in pure depths of my soul.

DAVID GRAY

1838-1861

413. *Sonnet*

If it must be ; if it must be, O God !
That I die young, and make no further moans ;
That, underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon,—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath !
I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse ;
But, like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry ; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.
O peevish and uncertain soul ! obey
The law of life in patience till the Day.

414. *The Corn-crake*

I 'VE listened now a full half hour,
Nor knew that voice possessed the power
Of Lethe's fabled wave to bless
My spirit with forgetfulness.

DAVID GRAY

The night is calm as my desire.
I see the stars, yet scarcely see,
So sweetly melteth all their fire
Into the blue serenity.
The mountains mingle with the haze,
And the three glorious sycamores
That stand before three cottage doors,
And throw warm shadows on the floors
On beautiful sunshiny days,
Come out in firmer, blacker lines,
When softly bright a crescent shines,
A famous crescent is it still
Which seems to love this Merkland Hill
As well as ever Helicon,
And shines with as intent a will
On Luggie as it ever shone
On Castaly in days of yore,
When poesy was deepest lore
And love the customary glee ;
A land—a land of Arcady.

But whether in that land of dreams,
When sun had set and many streams
Were mingling in one murmurous moan,
Thro' alder coverts flowing on,
Thy voice, dear Corn-crake ! sounded thro'
The calmness, when the dear cuckoo
Had fallen asleep in shady glen,
Far from the paths of mortal men,
I cannot tell ; yet I uphold,
That never a more vernal cry,
From lawn or air, or hedge or wood,

DAVID GRAY

Filled all the eager hungry sky,
Or charmed a sylvan solitude.

Oh Corn-crake ! wilt thou never weary ?
Thou cri'st as if it were thy duty,
And thy voice were all thy beauty,
Dost thou cry that I may hear thee ?
Not a bird awake but thee,
Except across the dim, dim sea,
The voluptuous nightingale
Singing in an orange dale.

THOMAS DAVIDSON

1838-1870

415. *And there will I be buried*

TELL me not the good and wise
Care not where their dust reposes—
That to him in death who lies
Rocky beds are even as roses.

I've been happy above ground ;
I can never be happy under
Out of gentle Teviot's sound—
Part us not, then, far asunder.

Lay me here where I may see
Teviot round his meadows flowing,
And around and over me
Winds and clouds for ever going.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

1841-1901

416. *The Wedding of Shon Maclean*

A BAGPIPE MELODY

To the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together
Came in the wind and the rain
Playing across the heather ;
Backward their ribbons flew,
Blast upon blast they blew,
Each clad in tartan new,
Bonnet, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !—

HE 's but a Sassenach blind and vain
Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
The Duke's own Piper, called ' Shon the Fair,'
From his freckled skin and his fiery hair.
Father and son, since the world's creation,
The Macleans had followed this occupation,
And played the pibroch to fire the Clan
Since the first Duke came and the earth began.
Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of
bees,
Like the sough of the south-wind in the trees,
Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
Like Ocean itself with its storms and its calms,
Were the strains of Shon, when with cheeks aflame
He blew a blast thro' the pipes of fame.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

At last, in the prime of his playing life,
The spirit moved him to take a wife—
A lassie with eyes of Highland blue,
Who loves the pipes and the Piper too,
And danced to the sound with a foot and a leg
White as a lily and smooth as an egg.
So, twenty Pipers were coming together
O'er the moor and across the heather,
All in the wind and the rain :
Twenty Pipers so brawly dressed
Were flocking in from the east and west,
To bless the bedding and blow their best
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
'Twas wet and windy weather !
Yet thro' the wind and the rain
Came twenty Pipers together !
Earach and Dougal Dhu,
Sandy of Isla too,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

The knot was tied, the blessing said,
Shon was married, the feast was spread,
At the head of the table sat, huge and hoar,
Strong Sandy of Isla, age fourscore,
Whisker'd, grey as a Haskeir seal,
And clad in crimson from head to heel.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Beneath and round him in their degree
Gathered the men of minstrelsie,
With keepers, gillies, and lads and lasses,
Mingling voices, and jingling glasses.
At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd,
Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—
While Shon and Jean at the table ends
Shook hands with a hundred of their friends.—
Then came a hush. Thro' the open door
A wee bright form flash'd on the floor,—
The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
With slim soft knees, like the knees of a maid.
And he took a glass, and he cried out plain—
' I drink to the health of Shon Maclean !
To Shon the Piper and Jean his wife,
A clean fireside and a merry life !'
Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
To his feet, and with ' hooch ' the chamber rang :
' Clear the tables ! ' shriek'd out one—
A leap, a scramble,—and it was done !
And then the Pipers all in a row
Tuned their pipes and began to blow,
While all to dance stood fain :
Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu from Kilflannan shore,
Played up the company on the floor
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together
Stood up, while all their train
Ceased to clatter and blether.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Full of the mountain-dew,
First in their pipes they blew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
 Red-cheek'd, with lungs of leather :
And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

Who led the dance ? In pomp and pride
The Duke himself led out the Bride !
Great was the joy of each beholder,
For the wee Duke only reach'd her shoulder ;
And they danced, and turned, when the reel began,
Like a giantess and a fairie man !
But like an earthquake was the din
When Shon himself led the Duchess in !
And she took her place before him there,
Like a white mouse dancing with a bear !
So trim and tiny, so slim and sweet,
Her blue eyes watching Shon's great feet,
With a smile that could not be resisted,
She jigged, and jumped, and twirl'd, and twisted !
Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
The Duke began it with toe and heel,
 Then all join'd in amain ;
Twenty Pipers ranged in a row,
From squinting Shamus to lame Kileroe,
Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow,
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
 They blew with lungs of leather,
And blithesome was the strain
 Those Pipers played together !

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Moist with the mountain-dew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
 Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

Oh for a wizard's tongue to tell
Of all the wonders that befell !
Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were meeting,
Skirl'd, and set every heart a-beating !
Then Shon took the pipes ! and all was still,
As silently he the bags did fill,
With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
Till the first faint music began to rise.
Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
Like countless corn-craiks under the moon,
Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,
Blew the pipes of Shon ; and the witching strain
Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean !
Then slowly, softly, at his side,
All the Pipers around replied,
 And swelled the solemn strain :
The hearts of all were proud and light,
To hear the music, to see the sight,
And the Duke's own eyes were dim that night,
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honour the Clan Maclean
 Straight they began to gather,

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Blowing the wild refrain,
‘ Blue bonnets across the heather ! ’
They stamp’d, they strutted, they blew ;
They shriek’d ; like cocks they crew ;
Blowing the notes out true,
With wonderful lungs of leather :
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

When the Duke and Duchess went away
The dance grew mad and the guests grew gay ;
Man and maiden, face to face,
Leapt and footed and scream’d apace !
Round and round the dancers whirl’d,
Shriller, louder, the Pipers skirl’d,
Till the soul seem’d swooning into sound,
And all creation was whirling round !
Then, in a pause of the dance and glee,
The Pipers, ceasing their minstrelsie,
Draining the glass in groups did stand,
And passed the sneesh-box from hand to hand.
Sandy of Isla, with locks of snow,
Squinting Shamus, blind Kilmahoe,
Finlay Beg, and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu of Kilflannan shore,—
All the Pipers, black, yellow, and green,
All the colours that ever were seen,
All the Pipers of all the Macs,
Gather’d together and took their cracks.
Then (no man knows how the thing befell
For none was sober enough to tell)

ROBERT BUCHANAN

These heavenly Pipers from twenty places
Began disputing with crimson faces ;
Each asserting, like one demented,
The claims of the Clan he represented.
In vain grey Sandy of Isla strove
To soothe their struggle with words of love,
Asserting there, like a gentleman,
The superior claims of his own great Clan ;
Then, finding to reason is despair,
He seizes his pipes and he plays an air—
The gathering tune of his Clan—and tries
To drown in music the shrieks and cries !
Heavens ! Every Piper, grown mad with ire,
Seizes *his* pipes with a fierce desire,
And blowing madly, with skirl and squeak,
Begins *his* particular tune to shriek !
Up and down the gamut they go,
Twenty Pipers, all in a row,
Each with a different strain !
Each tries hard to drown the first,
Each blows louder till like to burst.
Thus were the tunes of the Clan rehearst
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together,
Blowing with might and main,
Thro' wonderful lungs of leather !
Wild was the hullabaloo !
They stamp'd, they scream'd, they crew !
Twenty strong blasts they blew,
Holding the heart in tether :

ROBERT BUCHANAN

And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

A storm of music ! Like wild sleuth-hounds
Contending together, were the sounds !
At last a bevy of Eve's bright daughters
Pour'd oil—that 's whisky—upon the waters ;
And after another dram went down,
The Pipers chuckled and ceased to frown,
Embraced like brothers and kindred spirits,
And fully admitted each other's merits.

All bliss must end ! For now the Bride
Was looking weary and heavy-eyed,
And soon she stole from the drinking chorus,
While the company settled to *deoch-an-dorus*.
One hour—another—took its flight—
The clock struck twelve—the dead of night—
And still the Bride like a rose so red
Lay lonely up in the bridal bed.
At half-past two the Bridegroom, Shon,
Dropt on the table as heavy as stone,
But four strong Pipers across the floor
Carried him up to the bridal door,
Push'd him in at the open portal,
And left him snoring, serene and mortal !
The small stars twinkled over the heather,
As the Pipers wandered away together,
But one by one on the journey dropt,
Clutching his pipes, and there he stopt !
One by one on the dark hillside
Each faint blast of the bagpipes died,

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Amid the wind and the rain !
And the twenty Pipers at break of day
In twenty different bogholes lay,
Serenely sleeping upon their way
From the wedding of Shon Maclean.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON (' SURFACEMAN ')

1845-1909

417. *Toshie Norrie*

O, BONNIE Toshie Norrie
To Inverard is gane,
An' wi' her a' the sunshine
That made us unco fain.
The win' is cauld an' gurlly,
An' winter 's in the air,
But where dwells Toshie Norrie,
O, it 's aye simmer there.

O, bonnie Toshie Norrie,
What made you leave us a' ?
Your hame is no the Hielands,
Though there the hills are braw.
Come back wi' a' your daffin',
An' walth o' gowden hair,
For where dwells Toshie Norrie,
O, it 's aye simmer there.

O, bonnie Toshie Norrie,
The winter nights are lang,
An' aft we sit an' weary
To hear an auld Scotch sang ;
gurlly, boisterous. *daffin'*, frolicking.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON

Come back, an' let your music,
Like sunshine, fill the air,
For where dwells Toshie Norrie,
O, it 's aye simmer there.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

418. *Over the Sea to Skye*

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I ?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

MULL was astern, Rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow ;
Glory of youth glowd in his soul :
Where is that glory now ?

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone !
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that 's gone !

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

419.

Romance

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your
delight,

Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.

I will make a palace fit for you and me,

Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your
room,

Where white flows the river and bright blows the
bloom,

And you shall wash your linen and keep your body
white

In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,

The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear !

That only I remember, that only you admire,

Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside
fire.

420.

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :

Here he lies where he longed to be ;

Home is the sailor, home from sea,

And the hunter home from the hill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

421. *The Celestial Surgeon*

IF I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness ;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face ;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain :—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake ;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in !

422. *A Mile an' a Bittock*

A MILE an' a bittock, a mile or twa,
Abüne the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' an' Cherie an' a',
An' the müne was shinin' clearly !

Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
An' the müne was shinin' clearly !

The clocks were chappin' in house and ha',
Eleeven, twal, an' ane an' twa ;
An' the guidman's face was turnt to the wa',
An' the müne was shinin' clearly !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A wind got up frae affa the sea,
It blew the stars as clear 's could be,
It blew in the een of a' o' the three,
 An' the mune was shinin' clearly !

Noo, Davie was first to get sleep in his head,
' The best o' friens must twine,' he said ;
' I 'm weariet, an' here I 'm awa' to my bed.'
 An' the mune was shinin' clearly !

Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam grey an' plain,
An' the birds they yammert on stick an' stane,
 An' the mune was shinin' clearly !

O years ayont, O years awa',
My lads, ye 'll mind whate'er befa'—
My lads, ye 'll mind on the bield o' the law
 When the mune was shinin' clearly.

423.

Nest Eggs

BIRDS all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel,
Here in the arbour-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated ;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they 'll be
Singer and sailor.

We so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.

JOHN DAVIDSON

1857-1909

424.

Song

THE boat is chafing at our long delay,
And we must leave too soon
The spicy sea-pinks and the inborne spray,
The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight !
Watch from thy pearly throne
Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
To reach a land unknown.

425.

A Runnable Stag

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green
broom,
And apples began to be golden-skinned,
We harboured a stag in the Priory coomb,
And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feathered his trail up-wind—
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And ' Forwards ' we heard the harbourer shout ;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antlered out

JOHN DAVIDSON

By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beamed and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North ;
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
' Tally ho ! tally ho ! ' and the hunt was up,
The tufters whipped and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

' Let your gelding be : if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you 're out of the hunt ;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustomed to bear the brunt,
Accustomed to bear the brunt,
And after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,

JOHN DAVIDSON

Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag.'

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
Of harbourer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

JOHN DAVIDSON

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he opened his nostrils wide again,
And he tossed his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewelled bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag.

ROBERT FULLER MURRAY

1863-1893

426. *Moonlight North and South*

LOVE, we have heard together
The North Sea sing his tune,
And felt the wind's wild feather
Brush past our cheeks at noon,
And seen the cloudy weather
Made wondrous with the moon.

ROBERT FULLER MURRAY

Where loveliness is rarest,
'Tis also prized the most;
The moonlight shone her fairest
Along that level coast
Where sands and dunes the barest,
Of beauty seldom boast.

Far from that bleak and rude land
An exile I remain,
Fixed in a fair and good land,
A valley and a plain
Rich in fat fields and woodland,
And watered well with rain.

Last night the full moon's splendour
Shone down on Taunton Dene;
And pasture fresh and tender,
And coppice dusky green,
The heavenly light did render
In one enchanted scene,

One fair unearthly vision.
Yet soon mine eyes were cloyed,
And found those fields Elysian
Too rich to be enjoyed.
Or was it our division
Made all my pleasure void?

Across the window glasses
The curtain then I drew,
And, as a sea-bird passes,
In sleep my spirit flew
To grey and windswept grasses
And moonlit sands—and you.

ROBERT FULLER MURRAY

427.

A December Day

BLUE, blue is the sea to-day,
Warmly the light
Sleeps on St. Andrews Bay—
Blue, fringed with white.

That 's no December sky !
Surely 'tis June
Holds now her state on high,
Queen of the noon.

Only the tree-tops bare
Crowning the hill,
Clear-cut in perfect air,
Warn us that still

Winter, the agèd chief,
Mighty in power,
Exiles the tender leaf,
Exiles the flower.

Is there a heart to-day,
A heart that grieves
For flowers that fade away,
For fallen leaves ?

Oh, not in leaves or flowers
Endures the charm
That clothes those naked towers
With love-light warm.

ROBERT FULLER MURRAY

O dear St. Andrews Bay,
Winter or Spring
Gives not nor takes away
Memories that cling

All round thy girdling reefs,
That walk my shore,
Memories of joys and griefs
Ours evermore.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GAELIC

NORMAN MACLEOD (THE ELDER)

1783-1862

428. *Farewell to Fiunary*

Eirich agus tiugainn O !
Mo shoraidh slan le Fioun-Airidh
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary !

THE wind is fair, the day is fine,
And swiftly, swiftly runs the time,
The boat is floating on the tide
That wafts me off from Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive sighs,
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fiunary.

NORMAN MACLEOD

With pensive steps I 've often stroll'd
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listen'd while the shepherds told
The legend tales of Fiunary.

I 've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And view'd the sun's departing ray
When wand'ring o'er Dun Fiunary.

Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe,
In peace the heath-cock long may crow
Along the banks of Fiunary.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

1809-1895

429. *My faithful fond One*

My fair and rare one, my faithful fond one,
My faithful fair, wilt not come to me,
On bed of pain here who remain here,
With weary longing for a sight of thee ?

If wings were mine now to skim the brine now,
And like a seagull to float me free,
To Islay's shore now they 'd bear me o'er now,
Where dwells the maiden that 's dear to me.

O were I yonder with her to wander
Beneath the green hills beside the sea,
With birds in chorus that warble o'er us,
And ruth of kisses so sweet to me !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

What though the sky here be wet or dry here,
With peaceful breeze here, or windy war;
In winter glooming or summer blooming
'Tis all one season, love, when thou art far !

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

1819-1885

430. *The Haunt of the Deer*

(*From the Gaelic of Duncan MacIntyre's 'Ben Dorain'*)

HARK, that quick darting snort !
'Tis the light-headed hind,
With sharp-pointed nostril
Keen searching the wind :
Conceited, slim-limbed,
The high summits she keeps,
Nor, for fear of the gun-fire,
Descends from the steeps.
Though she gallop at speed
Her breath will not fail,
For she comes of a breed
Were strong-winded and hale.

When she lifteth her voice,
What joy 'tis to hear
The ghost of her breath,
As it echoeth clear.
For she calleth aloud,
From the cliff of the crag,
Her silver-hipped lover,
The proud-antlered stag.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

Well-antlered, high-headed,
Loud-voiced doth he come,
From the haunts he well knows
Of Bendorain his home.

Ah, mighty Bendorain !
How hard 'twere to tell
How many proud stags
In thy fastnesses dwell.
How many thy slim hinds,
Their wee calves attending,
And, with white-twinkling tails,
Up the Balloch ascending,
To where Corrie-Chreeta
Its bield is extending.

But when the mood takes her
To gallop with speed,
With her slender hoof-tips
Scarce touching the mead,
As she stretcheth away
In her fleet-flying might,
What men in the kingdom
Could follow her flight ?
Full of gambol and gladness,
Blithe wanderers free,
No shadow of sadness
Ever comes o'er their glee.
But fitful and tricky,
Slim and agile of limb,
Age will not burden them,
Sorrow not dim.

bield, shelter.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

How gay through the glens
Of the sweet mountain grass,
Loud sounding, all free
From complaining they pass.
Though the snow come, they 'll ask
For no roof-tree to bield them ;
The deep Corrie Altrum,
His rampart will shield them.
There the rifts and the clefts
And deep hollows they 'll be in,
With their well-sheltered beds
Down in lone Aisan-teean.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

1827-1893

431. *The Bark of Clanranald*
(BIRLINN CHLANN-RAONUILL)

(*From the Gaelic of Alastair Macdonald of Ardnamurchan*)

I.—*The Blessing of the Ship*¹

MAY God bless the bark of Clan-Ranald,
The first day she floats on the brine !
Himself and his strong men to man her,
The heroes whom none can outshine !

¹ This noble invocation was probably suggested by the author's knowledge of Bishop Carsewell's *Liturgy*, which contains a form for the Blessing of a Ship when going to sea, in which each Person of the Trinity is successively invoked, the Steersman taking the place of Chaplain.

The more ancient Roman Ritual also contains a form of prayer for the blessing of a new ship, *Benedictio Novæ Navis*.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

May the Holy Trinity's blessing
Rule the hurricane breath of the air,
And swept be the rough wild waters,
To draw us to haven fair.

Father, Creator of Ocean,
Of each wind that blows on the deep,
Bless our slim bark and our gallants,
Herself and her crew safe keep.
And Thou, O Son, bless our anchor,
Our sails, shrouds, and helm do thou bless,
Each tackle that hangs from our masts,
And guide us to port in peace.

Our mast-hoops and yards do thou bless,
Our masts and our ropes one and all,
Our stays and our haulyards preserve,
And let no mischance befall.
The Holy Ghost be at the helm,
And show the right track to go,
He knoweth each port 'neath the sun,
On His care ourselves we throw.

II.—*The Blessing of the Arms*

God's blessing be upon our swords,
Our keen grey brands of Spain,
Our heavy coats of mail, on which
The sword-sweep falls in vain.

Our gauntlets and our corselets,
Our deftly-figured shields,
Whate'er our belts do carry,
Whatever warrior wields.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Our polished bows of yew-tree,
That bend in battle's din,
Our birchen shafts that split not,
Cased in grim badger's skin.

Bless thou our dirks and pistols,
Our good kilts in their folds,
And every kind of warlike gear
M'Donell's bark now holds !

Be ye not soft nor mild of mood
To face the war of weather,
While four planks of our bark remain,
Or two sticks cling together.

While 'neath your feet she swims, while one
Thole-pin hold up its head,
Yield ye not to the ocean's frown,
Whate'er ye see of dread.

If ye fight well, nor let the sea
Aught weakly in you find,
To your stout striving she will yield,
And bow her haughty mind.

Thus to thy foe upon the land
If thou give in no inch,
Look not to see his courage rise,
But rather that it flinch.

And even so with the great sea
When thou hast bravely striven,
She will submit to thee at length,
As wills the King of Heaven.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

III.—*Incitement for rowing to the Sailing-place*

To bring the galley, so black and shapely,
 To the sailing-point,
Shove ye out from her the tough blades,
 Level, bare, and grey.
The smooth-handled oars, well-fashioned,
 Light and easy,
That will do the rowing stout and sturdy,
 Quick-palmed, blazing,
That will send the surge in sparkles,
 Up to skyward,
All in flying spindrift flashing,
 Like a fire-shower !
With the fierce and pithy pelting
 Of the oar-bank,
That will wound the swelling billows,
 With their bending.
With the knife-blades of the white thin oars
 Smiting bodies,
On the crest of the blue hills and glens,
 Rough and heaving.
O ! stretch ye, and pull, and bend ye,
 In the rowlocks,
The broad-bladed pinewood saplings,
 With white palm force !
The heavy and the stalwart strong men,
 Leaning on to her,
With their sinewy arms so brawny,
 Knotted, hairy,
That will raise and drop together,
 With one motion,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Her grey glistening shafts all even,
 'Neath the wave-tops !
A stout champion at the fore-oar,
 Crying ' Onward ! '
A chant that wakens the spirit,
 In the shoulders,
That will thrust the galley hissing
 Through each cold glen,
Cleaving the roaring billows
 With the hard prow,
Driving the mountain monsters
 On before her.
' Hùgan ! ' on sea, a shrill slogan,
 Whack on thole-pins !
Crash go the rolling wave-tops
 'Gainst the timbers.
Oars complaining, bloody blisters
 On each strong palm
Of the heroes stout whose rowing,
 White froth churning,
Sends a quiver through each oak plank,
 Wood and iron ;
Blades are tossed about, and clanking
 On her sides rap.
There 's the manly crew to rock her,
 Stiff and stately,
And drive on the slender galley
 In face of ocean,
Fronting the bristling blue-black waves
 With strong arm pith !
That 's the powerful and the lively crew,
 Behind an oar-bank,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

That will pound the grey-backed eddies
With choice rowing,
Unwearied, unbroken, unbending,
Breasting danger !

IV.—*Then when the men were seated at the oars, for rowing under the wind to the sailing point, stout Malcolm, son of Ranald of the Ocean, being on the fore oar, called on them for a boat-song, and this was it :—*

Now since you 're all chosen,
And ranked in good order,
With a bold stately plunge send her forward !
With a bold stately plunge send her forward !

A plunge quick and handy,
Not reckless nor languid,
Keeping watch on the grey briny storm-hills,
Keeping watch on the grey briny storm-hills.

With a plunge of full vigour,
That will strain bone and sinew,
Let her track gleam behind her in glory !
Let her track gleam behind her in glory !

And to stir up your neighbour,
Raise a song light and cheery,
This good chant from the mouth of your fore-oar,
This good chant from the mouth of your fore-oar.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

While rowlocks are grinding,
Palms blistered and shining,
Oars twisting in curls of the billows,
Oars twisting in curls of the billows.

Let your cheeks be all glowing,
Hands peeled skin all showing,
Great drops from your brows quickly falling,
Great drops from your brows quickly falling.

Bend, stretch ye, and strain ye
Your fir-shafts of grey hue,
And watch well the salt currents swirling,
And watch well the salt currents swirling.

The oar-bank on each side
Churns with labour the brine,
Dashing swift in the face of the surges,
Dashing swift in the face of the surges.

Pull clean, as one man,
Cleaving waves at each span,
With hearty good will, and not tardy,
With hearty good will, and not tardy.

Strike even and steady,
Looking oft to each other,
Wake the life in your sinews and arms,
Wake the life in your sinews and arms.

Let her good sides of oak
Meet with resolute stroke
The wild bulging glens piled before her,
The wild bulging glens piled before her.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Let the sea grey and surging
Swell with rough angry murmur,
And the high rolling waters go moaning,
And the high rolling waters go moaning.

The wan waters washing
O'er the bows ever dashing,
While streams sigh and welter behind her,
While streams sigh and welter behind her.

Stretch, pull ye, and bend ye
The smooth shafts so slender,
With the pith in your strong arms abiding,
With the pith in your strong arms abiding.

Clear the point there before you,
With brow-sweat fast pouring,
Then hoist sail from Uist of wild geese !
Then hoist sail from Uist of wild geese !

V.—*They then rowed to the sailing-point*

When they now had smartly brought her
To the sailing-point,
They set free the sixteen oars
From the rowlocks,
Laid them quickly at the sides,
Clear of rope pins.

Clanranald then ordered his vassals
That choice ocean hands be provided,
Men whom no terror could frighten,
Or any mischance that could happen.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

VI.—*It was ordered, after they had been chosen, that every man should go to his own special charge, and accordingly the helmsman was called to sit at the helm in these words :—*

Let there sit to steer a weighty champion,
Powerful, free of limb ;
Neither rise nor fall of sea must ever
From his place move him ;
A good sturdy fellow, full of pith,
Thick-set, broad-based,
Quick and nice of hand, and careful,
Watchful, wary,
Dexterous, patient, and unflurried
In face of danger.
When he hears the rough sea coming,
With a bellow,
He will keep her head up trimly
To the surges,
He will keep her going steady,
Without waver,
Guiding sheet and tack with looking,
Eye to windward.
A thumbnail's breadth from his right course
He won't diverge,
Spite of crested rollers coming,
That bounding surge,
He will sail to wind so close,
If need he see,
That every bolt, and plank, and timber,
Will creaking be ;
He will not flinch, nor yield to panic,
Whate'er the terror,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Even were the hoary-headed sea
 To his ears upswelling ;
That will not make the hero shudder,
 Nor move his place in,
Where safe he sitteth in the stern,
 The helm embracing,
Keeping watch on the grey-headed sea,
 Old and hoary,
That rolls on in hill and valley,
 Fiercely roaring ;
The bolt-rope of the sail with luffing
 He will not shake,
But with full canvas, he will let her
 Run on and take,
Keeping her on her way so tightly
 O'er billows' crest,
Running on like smoking spindrift,
 Straight to her rest.

VII.—*A man to have charge of the rigging was
 ordered out :—*

Let this stout big-fisted man sit
 At the rigging,
He must be sedate and careful,
 Strong-grasped, grippy,
Who will lower down a yard-arm
 When squalls frown,
And relieve the mast and rigging,
 Slackening down,
Knowing how the wind is coming,
 For sailing meet,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Answering watchfully his motions
Who holds the sheet,
Ever helpful to the tackle,
Lest a rope fail of the rigging,
Stout and hairy.

VIII.—*A man was set apart for the sheet :—*

Let a sheet-man on the thwart sit,
Stout and bony,
Hairy, sinewy, and strong
Is his fore-arm,
Broad and thick his hands and fingers,
Hard and horny,
To let out the sheet or haul it
With force of scrambling ;
Who will draw it to him in rough weather,
When the squall blows,
But let it out when the wind falls,
Slackening slowly.

IX.—*A man was set apart for the fore-sheet :—*

Let a lusty trim man take his seat,
Smart and handy,
That will work the fore-hoist deftly,
On the wind side ;
That will raise the sail or lower it
To belaying-pin,
According as the breeze may come,
Or crested billow ;

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

And if he see the tempest rising,
Hear it sighing,
Let him fix down with a tight strong grasp
To the bottom.

X.—*A look-out man was ordered to the bow :—*

Let an ocean cloud-seer rise and stand
At the bow,
And let him sure knowledge give us
Of our harbour,
Let him look to the four quarters
Of the heavens,
And let him tell the steersman,
' Right she goeth ' ;
Let him catch and note the landmarks
With keen vision,
Since they and the God of weather
Are our lode-star.

XI.—*A man was set apart for the haulyards :—*

At the main haulyards let there sit
A man of mettle,
A well-knit, free-limbed, able fellow,
Handsome, comely,
A man careful and not fussy,
Quick and stern,
Who will shorten sail as need is,
Skilful, restless,
Leaning on with heavy pull
To the haulyard,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Bending on his weighty fists
To the timber.
He won't fix the chafing rope
With a tight knot,
But belay it firm and cunning
With a slip-knot ;
Lest when the cry comes to slacken,
It should stop him,
And that it may glide with humming
Off the pin.

XII.—*A teller of the waters was set apart, the sea
having grown very rough, and the helmsman
said to him :—*

Let a teller of the waters
Sit beside me,
That will sharply on the wind's heart
Keep his eye.
Choose a man that 's somewhat timid,
Shrewd and cautious,
But I ask not a complete,
Thorough coward.
Let him watch well to perceive
Showers to windward,
Whether the squall come at first,
Or come after,
That he may give warning duly,
Up to rouse me,
And if he see any danger,
Not be silent.
If he see a drowning sea
Coming roaring,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

He must shout out, ' Keep her fine edge
Swiftly to it.'
He must be prudent and cry out
Loudly, ' Breaker !'
Must not from the helmsman hide
Any danger.
Let there be no water-herald
But him only,
Fear and babbling wordy tumult
Cause a panic.

XIII.—*A baler was ordered out, as the sea was breaking over them fore and aft :*

Set ye to bale out the brine
An active hero,
Who will never faint nor fear
For sea roaring,
Who will not get numb or weak
For cold of brine or hail,
Dashing on his breast and neck
In chill splashes ;
With a great round wooden vessel
In his brown fist,
Ever pouring out the water
In that rushes.
Who won't straighten his strong back
From firm stiffness,
Till he leave not on her floor
One drop running,
And though all her boards were leaking
Like a riddle,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Will keep every bit as dry
As a cask-stave.

XIV.—*Two were ordered for hauling the back-stays, in case the sails might be carried away by the exceeding roughness of the weather.*

Set a pair of stout-boned strong men,
Big-limbed, hairy,
To watch with vigour and keep safe
The back sail ropes,
With the marrow and the might
Of their strong arms ;
Who will heave them in or slacken,
As the need is,
Keep them always straight and trim
In the middle.
These be Duncan, son of Cormac,
And John Mac Ian,
Thickset, skilful, and bold fellows,
Both from Canna.

XV.—*Six were chosen as a reserve, in case any of those named should fail or be carried overboard by a sea, so that one of these might take his place :—*

Let six rise now, quick and ready,
Handy, lively,
Who will go, and come, and leap
Up and down her,
Like a hare on mountain top,
Dogs pursuing,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Who can climb the tight hard shrouds
Of slender hemp,
Nimbly as the May-time squirrel
Up a tree-trunk,
Who 'll be ready, agile, brave,
Active, knowing,
To take off her and take down,
In good order,
Working with good will and spirit
M'Donell's galley.

XVI.—*Everything appertaining to the voyage having now been set in order, each hero went smartly, without fear or reluctance, to the exact place appointed him ; and they hoisted sail about sunrise on the day of the Feast of St. Bride, bearing out from the mouth of Loch Eynort in South Uist :—*

The sun bursting golden yellow
From his cloud-husk ;
Then the sky grew tawny, smoky,
Full of gloom ;
It waxed wave-blue, thick, buff-speckled,
Dun and troubled ;
Every colour of the tartan
Marked the heavens.
A rainbow ' dog ' is seen to westward—
Stormy presage ;
Flying clouds by strong winds riven,
Squally showers.
They lifted up the speckled sails,
Towering, tight,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

And they stretched the rigid shrouds up
Tense and stiff,
To the tall and stately masts,
Red and resinous :
They were tied so taut and knotty,
Without blunder,
Through the iron eyelet holes
And the round blocks.
They fixed every rope of rigging
Quick in order,
And each man at his place sat down,
To watch smartly.
Opened then the windows of the sky,
Spotted, grey-blue,
For blowing of the gurdy wind
And the storm bands,
And the dark-grey ocean all around him
Drew his mantle—
His rough woolly robe of dun-black,
Horrid, flowing :
It swelled up in mountains and in glens,
Rough and shaggy,
Till the tumbling sea was roaring
All in hills up.
The blue deep opened up its jaws
Wide and threatening,
Pouring up against each other
In deadly struggle ;
A man's deed it was to look at
The fiery mountains,
Flashes of wild-fire sparkling
On each summit.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

In front the high hoary surges
 Came fiercely raving,
And the hind seas onward swelling,
 Hoarsely bellowed.
Every time we rose up grandly
 On the wave-tops,
Need was then to lower sail
 Quick and smartly ;
When we sank into the glens,
 With a gulp down,
Every stitch of sail she had
 Was hauled to mast top.
The high, broad-skirted, heaving waves
 Came on raging,
Before ever they were near us
 We heard them roaring,
Sweeping bare the smaller waves
 As with scourges,
Making one great deadly sea,
 Dire for steering.
When we fell down from the crest
 Of shaggy billows,
Almost did our keel then smite
 The shelly bottom,
The sea churning and swishing,
 All through other.
Then were seals and great sea monsters
 Sorely troubled,
The swell and surges of the sea,
 And ship's going,
Spattered their white brains about
 Through the water,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

While they howled aloud in terror,
 Bitter moaning,
Crying to us, ' We are subjects,
 Drag us on board.'
All the small fish of the sea
 Turned up, speckled,
Dead in myriads with the roll
 Of the ocean.
The stones and shell-fish from below
 Floated upward,
Torn up by the rattling swell
 Of the proud sea.
The whole deep, like mess of gruel,
 Foul and turbid,
With blood and filth of helpless monsters,
 Of bad red colour,
The great, horny, clawy creatures,
 Broad-pawed, clumsy,
All strange head from mouth to gills,
 Throats a-gaping.
The whole deep was full of spectres,
 All a-crawling,
With the paws and tails of monsters,
 All a-sprawling,
Horrid was the screeching, groaning,
 To give ear to,
That would drive to sheer distraction
 Fifty warriors.
The crew lost all sense of hearing,
 With the listening
To the screeching chant of demons,
 And beast uproar,

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

The under-noise of the sea dashing
 'Gainst the galley,
The upper noise of the bow plashing
 Among sea-pigs ;
While the wind renewed its blowing
 From the westward.
With every kind of trying torment
 We were troubled,
Blinded with the spray of surges,
 Dashing o'er us,
All the night long, awful thunder
 And fierce lightning,
Fire-balls burning in the rigging
 And the tackle,
With a brimstone smoke and smell,
 Fairly choking ;
The upper and the under powers
 Warring with us,
Earth and fire, and wind and water,
 Raised against us.
But when it defied the sea
 To subdue us,
She took pity with a smile,
 And made peace.
Yet was no mast left unbent,
 Sail untorn,
Yard unsplit, or hoop unhurt,
 Oar uninjured ;
Not a stay was left unsprung,
 Shroud unstrained,
Nail or coupling left unbroken,
 Fishy ! Fishy !

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Not a thwart or bit of gunwale
 But bore token,
Everything of gear or tackle
 In her weakened,
Not a knee or timber in her
 But was loosened ;
All her bends and timber couplings
 Were quite shaken,
Not a tiller was unsplit,
 Helm unbroken,
Every stick in her was creaking
 And disordered,
Every treenail in her drawn,
 And plank damaged,
Every nail without a rivet
 Could be lifted :
Not a rope there was unloosened,
 Nor spike unbent,
Not a thing pertaining to her
 But was worsened !
The sea cried peace with us at length
 At Islay Sound Cross,
And the harsh-voiced wind was bidden
 To give over.
She lifted from us to high regions
 Of the heavens,
And the sea, a smooth white table,
 Ceased from barking.
Thanks we gave to the High King
 Of the elements,
Good Clan-Ranald who preserved
 From death horrid ;

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

Then we took down the thin sails,
 Speckled canvas,
Let down the fine smooth red masts
 Along her floor,
Shoved out the slim, shining oars,
 Smooth and coloured,
Of the far M'Barras cut
 In Finnan Island ;
And we rowed with steady swinging,
 Without failing,
To good harbour 'neath the heights
 Of Carrick Fergus.
We cast anchor at our leisure
 In the roads there,
And took meat and drink in plenty,
 And abode there.

THOMAS PATTISON

1828-1865

432.

Monaltri

THERE 's a sound on the hill,
 Not of joy but of ailing ;
Dark-haired women mourn—
 Beat their hands, with loud wailing.

They cry out, Ochon !
 For the young Monaltri,
Who went to the hill :
 But home came not he.

THOMAS PATTISON

Without snood, without plaid
Katrina 's gone roaming.
O Katrina, my dear !
Homeward be coming.

Och ! hear, on the castle
Yon pretty bird singing,
' Snoodless and plaidless,
Her hands she is wringing.'

433. *Advice to a Clansman*

TAKE this counsel of me, who your safety am
seeking,
Take you for your guidance, young clansman of
mine ;
When you go to the inn where the strangers sit
speaking,
More than one draught, for your life's sake, decline.

Take the dish which they offer ; be cautious and
wary—
There is no man you meet with but may be a foe ;
While you drink, remain standing, and then do not
tarry,
But turn round and haste ye—delay not but go.

For Summer take Springtime—for Autumn take
Winter—
And away and away to wild solitudes hie,
When the heat and the cold the crag shiver and
splinter,
And see you sleep lightly wherever you lie.

THOMAS PATTISON

The squirrel is rare, but the hunters deceive him,
And draw him away from his nest in the tree ;
And the falcon is noble, but men will not leave him
His daring, his speed, and the blue heavens free.

434. *The Boatman*

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile,
Gu ma slan duit's gach ait' an teid thu !

How often haunting the highest hill-top,
I scan the ocean thy sail to see ;
Wilt come to-night, love ? Wilt come to-morrow ?
Or ever come, love ! to comfort me ?

My soul is weary, my heart is breaking ;
With frequent tear-drops mine eyes o'erflow.
Wilt come to-night, love ? May I expect thee ?
Or, sighing sorely, the door put to ?

I question fondly thy friends and ask them,
When last they saw thee ? Where thou art now ?
But each one, jeering, some answer gives me,
That sends me homeward with burning brow.

They call thee fickle, they call thee false one,
And seek to change me ; but all in vain.
No ; thou 'rt my dream yet throughout the dark
night,
And every morn yet I watch the main.

ALEXANDER STEWART

(‘NETHER LOCHABER’)

1829-1901

435.

A Lullaby

HUSH thee, my baby-boy, hush thee to sleep,
Soft in my bosom laid, why should'st thou weep ?
Hush thee, my pretty babe, why should'st thou
fear ?

Well can thy father wield broadsword and spear.

Lullaby, lullaby, hush thee to rest,
Snug in my arms as a bird in its nest ;
Sweet be thy slumbers, boy, dreaming the while
A dream that shall dimple the cheek with a smile.

Helpless and weak as thou 'rt now on my knee,
My eaglet shall yet spread its wings and be free—
Free on the mountain-side, free in the glen,
Strong-handed, swift-footed, a man among men.

Then shall my ‘dalt’ bring his ‘muim’ a good
store

Of game from the mountains and fish from the
shore ;

Cattle and sheep and goats—graze where they
may—

My ‘dalta’ will find ere the dawn of the day.

Thy father and uncles with target and sword,
Will back each bold venture by ferry and ford ;
From thy hand I will yet drain a beaker of wine,
And the toast shall be—‘Health, and the lowing
of kine !’

ALEXANDER STEWART

Then rest thee, my foster-son, sleep and be still,
The first star of night twinkles bright on the hill ;
My brave boy is sleeping—kind angels watch o'er
him,
And safe to the light of the morning restore him.

Lullaby, lullaby, what should he fear,
Well can his father wield broadsword and spear !

436. *The St. Kilda Maid's Song*

OVER the rocks, steadily, steadily ;
Down to the clefts with a shout and a shove O !
Warily tend the rope, shifting it readily,
Eagerly, actively, watch from above, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a
maiden's love ;
(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky
is high above !)

Sweet 'tis to sleep on a well-feathered pillow ;
Sweet from the embers the fulmar's red egg, O !
Bounteous our store from the rock and the billow ;
Fish and birds in good store, we need never to
beg, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a
maiden's love.
(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky
is high above !)

Hark to the fulmar and guillemot screaming,
Hark to the kittiwake, puffin, and gull, O !

ALEXANDER STEWART

See the white wings of the Solan-geese gleaming ;
Steadily, men, on the rope gently pull, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he 's worth a
maiden's love.
(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky
is high above !)

Deftly my love can hook torsk, ling, and conger,
The grey fish and hake with the net and the
creel, O !
Far from our island be plague and be hunger ;
And sweet our last sleep in the quiet of the
kiel, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he 's worth a
maiden's love.
(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky
is high above !)

Pull on the rope, men, pull it up steadily ;
There 's a storm on the deep, see the skart clap
his wings, O !
Cunningly guide the rope, shifting it readily ;
Welcome my true love, and all that he brings, O !
Now God be praised, my lover 's safe, he 's
worth a maiden's love.
(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky
is high above !)

kiel, churchyard.

ALEXANDER STEWART

437.

Elegy

ON A PET DOVE THAT WAS KILLED BY A DOG

(*From the Gaelic of Alastair Macdonald of Ardnamurchan*)

MOURNFUL my tale to tell,
Though others heed not my sigh :
My gentle, my beautiful pet dove dead—
Must the callow twins too die ?
Alas ! for the death of the gentlest dove
That ever in woodland coo'd ;
Killed by a dog whose properer foe
Were the otter that fights and dies so slow
In his cairny solitude.

Of all the birds that cleave the air,
Buoyant on rapid wing,
I mourn thee most, my pet dove fair—
Dear, darling thing !
Noah loved thee well, my dove, full well,
When a guilty world was drowned ;
With thy message of peace thou camest to tell
Of solid ground ;
He knew the truth as the waters fell
Slowly around.

The raven and dove good Noah sent
Far over the heaving flood.
The raven wist not the way he went,
Nor back returned, for his strength was spent
In the watery solitude ;

ALEXANDER STEWART

But cleaving the air with rapid wing,
The dove returned and back did bring
His tale of the flood subdued.

At first she found no spot whereon
To rest from weary flight
And on she flew, and on and on,
Till now at length she gazed upon
The mountain tops in sight ;
And the dove returned with her letter—a leaf,
(Of mickle meaning, I trow, tho' brief)
Which Noah read with delight.

Not easy to rob thy nest, thou dove,
By cunning or strength of men ;
On a shelf of the beetling crag above
Was thy castle of strength, thy home of love.
Who dare come near thee then ?
Harmless and gentle ever wert thou,
Dear, darling dove !
In the ear of thy mate, with a coo and a bow,
Still whispering love !

Not in silver or gold didst thou delight,
Nor of luxuries ever didst dream ;
Pulse and corn was thy sober bite—
Thy drink was the purling stream !
Never, dear dove, didst need to buy
Linen or silk attire ;
Nor the braided cloth, nor raiment fine
Didst thou require.

ALEXANDER STEWART

Thy coat, dress'd neat with thine own sweet bill
Was of feathers bright green and blue,
And closely fitting, impervious still
To rain or dew !

No creed or paternoster thou
Didst sing or say ;
And yet thy soul is in bliss, I trow,
Be 't where it may !
That now withouten coffin or shroud
In thy little grave thou dost lie,
Makes me not sad ; but, O ! I 'm wae
At the sad death thou didst die.

MALCOLM MACFARLANE

438.

Colin's Cattle

CRO-CHALLAIN would gie me
Sae cannie and free,
Their milk on the hill-tap
When nane 's bye tae see.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are braw ;
Like the wing o' the muir-hen
Brown spotted an' a'.

Their milk they will gie me
Sae cannie and free,
A' our lane on the hill-tap
Whar nane 's bye tae see.

MALCOLM MACFARLANE

Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are dear ;
Sae gran' at the milkin' !
Siccan calves as they rear !

Cro-Challain wad gie me,
Wherever they browse,
Their milk without fetter,
Amang the green knowes.
Cro-Challain sae cannie,
In the heat o' the day,
They lie 'mang the heather
While their calves round them play.

There 's a load on my bosom ;
There 's a tear in my e'e ;
I am wae and forfochten ;
There 's nae sleepin' for me.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are braw ;
Like the wing o' the muir-hen,
Brown spotted an' a'.

Nae sleepin', nae sleepin',
Nae sleepin' for me ;
Till they come that I 'm seekin',
I maun ne'er close an e'e.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain sae dear
They aye fill the milk-pail—
What braw calves they rear !

NIGEL MACNEILL

439.

Dark Winter is Going

(From the Gaelic of James Munro)

DARK winter is going,
Kind breezes are blowing,
The mountains are glowing
With colour more fair.

The face of the flowers
Grows fresh 'neath the showers,
And warmer the bowers
Appear in the glare.

The Summer advances
With heat-shedding glances ;
His sunny beam dances
With joy on the cold.

The little birds singing,
The woodlands are ringing ;
The primrose is springing
To deck the green wold.

The sun in fresh power
Calls forth bird and bower
In robes of fair flower
Enchanting to see.

But honey-lipt lover
Thy charms I look over,
In them I discover
Sweet beauties more rare.

NIGEL MACNEILL

Come with me, then, dearest,
To woodlands the nearest,
To plight troth sincerest
Of love evermore.

HENRY WHYTE

440.

The Isle of the Heather

(From the Gaelic of Murdo Macleod)

I WISH I were now
In that isle of the sea,
The Isle of the Heather,
And happy I 'd be.

With deer on its mountains,
And fish in its rills,
Where heroes have lived
'Mong its heath-covered hills.

This dearest of isles
Is so fertile and fair,
That no other island
May with it compare ;

At dawning of day,
When there 's mist on the hill,
The milkmaids go skipping
By fountain and rill ;

When milking their cattle
They raise a sweet song,
And softly the echoes
The chorus prolong.

HENRY WHYTE

The notes of the cuckoo
Are welcomed in May,
And the blackbird sings blithe
On the silvery spray.

There ne'er was a picture
More lovely to see,
Than the sun as he sinks
In the blue western sea,

When homeward the cattle
Are wending their way,
And all things are still
At the close of the day.

HUGH MACMILLAN

441. *The Wish of the Aged Bard*

(MIANN A' BHAIRD AOSDA)

O BEAR me where the streamlets stray,
With calm slow footsteps o'er the lea ;
My head beneath the birch-shade lay,
And thou, O Sun ! be kind to me !

My side stretch gently on the bank,
Which soft winds cool and flowers bestrew,
My feet laved by the grasses rank
That bend beneath the noon-tide dew.

Let primrose pale with beauty dress
My couch, through scent of waters green,
My hand reclined the daisy press,
And ' ealvi ' at my ear be seen.

441. *ealvi*, St. John's wort.

HUGH MACMILLAN

Let blossom-laden trees surround
My glen's high overhanging brow ;
And let the aged crags resound
With songs of birds from every bough.

From cliffs with ivy mantled o'er
Let fountains pour their copious flood,
And echo multiply the roar
Of waters through the solitude.

Let voice of hill to hill repeat
The thousand lowings of the herd,
That by the rural cadence sweet
My heart's deep pulses may be stirr'd.

Let the soft wing of every gale
The bleatings of the fold prolong,
The timid lambkin's lonely wail,
The ewe's quick answer to her young.

Let frisking calves around me stray,
Along the stream or upland high ;
And let the kid, tired of its play,
Upon my bosom fearless lie.

Oh ! let me hear the hunter's tread
And bay of dogs upon the heath ;
Then youth shall crown my hoary head,
And happy visions round me wreathe.

The marrow of my bones shall thrill
When the wild chase I hear again ;
My feet leap swiftly up the hill
At the glad shout, ' The stag is slain.'

HUGH MACMILLAN

Methinks I see the faithful hound
That followed me at eve and morn,
The moors o'er which I loved to bound,
The rocks that echoed back my horn.

The cave where we reposed when night
O'ertook us in our wild employ,
When by the wood-fire blazing bright
The hunter's cup inspired our joy.

The smoking deer, Treig's sounding wave,
Gave food and music for our feast ;
And in that cave, though ghosts should rave,
And mountains roar, deep was our rest.

I see Ben-Ard's sky-piercing rocks
Above a thousand mountains rise ;
The dreams of stags are in his locks,
The dark cloud on his summit lies.

Scur-Eilt's broad shoulders loom in view,
And the green hill with fir-trees crowned,
When first is heard the lone cuckoo,
And elk and roe unharmed abound.

A pine-fringed tarn lies in his cup,
O'er which the wild ducks swiftly swim ;
Beyond, a dark strath opens up,
With rowans dipping in its stream.

Oh ! let the swan that left her home
In that cold realm where tempests rave,
Where never sail can mock the foam,
Or oaken prow divide the wave—

HUGH MACMILLAN

Glide graceful o'er the loch at rest,
Or soar the summer clouds among,
And pour forth from her wounded breast
The mournful music of her song !

I love to hear the plaintive wail
That tells the story of her woe,
Borne by the echoes on the gale,
In soothing sadness round me flow.

From what land do the breezes stray
On which thy sorrow's voice is borne,
Oh ! youth, that wandered far away
And left my hoary locks forlorn.

Do tears bedim thy modest eyes,
Oh ! maiden with the hand of snow ?
Blest is the smooth young cheek that lies
Within its narrow bed laid low !

Say, since my aged vision fails,
Oh ! wind, where is the reed's resort,
Through which an eerie music wails,
And by whose side the fishes sport ?

Oh ! raise me with a tender hand,
And place me 'neath the birken shade,
That when the sun at noon shall stand,
Its green shield may be o'er my head.

Then shalt thou come, oh ! starry dream,
That glidest through the realms of night,
And bring to me a soothing gleam
Of vanished days of joy and light !

HUGH MACMILLAN

My soul, the lovely maid behold,
 Within the shady oaken grove,
Her white hand 'mid her locks of gold,
 Her blue eye on her youthful love !

He sings most sweetly by her side,
 And scarce her lips draw in the breath ;
Her heart swims in the music's tide,
 And deer stay listening on the heath.

'Tis hushed now, and her smooth white breast
 Heaves to her love in rapturous bliss ;
Her rosy lips are closely pressed
 To his in one long honied kiss.

Oh ! be ye happy, lovely pair !
 Ye waken in my soul a gleam
Of joy that I no more may share ;
 May love for ever round you beam !

Oh ! pleasant dream ! hast thou thus gone ?
 Come back ; let me but one glimpse hail !
Alas ! thou wilt not hear my moan ;
 Then, oh ! ye cherished hills farewell !

I do not see you now, adieu !
 Thou comely youth, thou lovely maid !
A summer's joy was given to you,
 But ah ! my winter ne'er can fade.

Oh ! carry me where I can hear
 The cascade murmuring afar ;
And let my harp and shell be near,
 And shield that saved my sires in war.

HUGH MACMILLAN

Then, gentle breeze, that lov'st to stray !
Oh ! come with kindness o'er the wave,
And swiftly bear my shade away,
To the bright island of the brave ;

Where those who long have left our arms,
Whose absence we have sorely wept,
Are deaf to music's sweetest charms,
And in soft chains of slumber kept.

Oh ! open to my weary ghost
The hall where Daol and Ossian dwell ;
The night shall come, the bard be lost,
And none his hiding-place may tell.

But yet, before the hour is come,
In which my spirit may be borne
To Ardven, and the bard's bright home,
From whence none ever may return,

Give me, to cheer the lonely way,
My much-loved harp and soothing shell,
And ending thus my life's last day,
I 'll bid them both for aye farewell !

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS

ANDREW LANG

442.

Twilight on Tweed

THREE crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the Border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land ;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow,
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Plashed in the golden stream.

ANDREW LANG

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and too fair you be ;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

443.

April on Tweed

As birds are fain to build their nest
The first soft sunny day,
So longing wakens in my breast
A month before the May,
When now the wind is from the West,
And Winter melts away.

The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill,
But soft the breezes blow.
If melting snows the waters fill,
We nothing heed the snow,
But we must up and take our will,—
A-fishing will we go !

Below the branches brown and bare,
Beneath the primrose lea,
The trout lies waiting for his fare,
A hungry trout is he ;
He's hooked, and springs and splashes there
Like salmon from the sea !

Oh, April tide's a pleasant tide,
However times may fall,
And sweet to welcome Spring, the Bride,
You hear the mavis call ;

ANDREW LANG

But all adown the water-side
The Spring's most fair of all.

444.

Another Way

*Come to me in my dreams, and then
One saith, I shall be well again,
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.*

Nay, come not *thou* in dreams, my sweet,
With shadowy robes, and silent feet,
And with the voice, and with the eyes
That greet me in a soft surprise.

Last night, last night, in dreams we met,
And how, to-day, shall I forget,
Or how, remembering, restrain
Mine incommunicable pain ?

Nay, where thy land and people are,
Dwell thou remote, apart, afar,
Nor mingle with the shapes that sweep
The melancholy ways of Sleep.

But if, perchance, the shadows break,
If dreams depart, and men awake,
If face to face at length we see,
Be thine the voice to welcome me.

ANDREW LANG

445. *Melville and Coghill*

(THE PLACE OF THE LITTLE HAND)

DEAD, with their eyes to the foe,
Dead, with the foe at their feet ;
Under the sky laid low
Truly their slumber is sweet,
Though the wind from the Camp of the Slain
Men blow,
And the rain on the wilderness beat.

Dead, for they chose to die
When that wild race was run ;
Dead, for they would not fly,
Deeming their work undone,
Nor cared to look on the face of the sky,
Nor loved the light of the sun.

Honour we give them and tears ;
And the flag they died to save,
Rent from the rain of the spears,
Wet from the war and the wave,
Shall waft men's thoughts through the dust of
the years,
Back to their lonely grave.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

446. *Quem tu, Melpomene*

WHAM at his birth wi' mournfu' smile
The Muse has ance regairdet,
Shall ne'er in field o' battle toil
To be with bays rewairdet.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

Yet shall he haunt, a lanely ghost,
The placid battle plain—
To mourn the lives that there were lost,
The loves that there were slain.

Hoo caulder for thae stricken lives
Maun mony a hearth hae been ;
Hoo blank to mony bairns an' wives
The social hoor at e'en !

Nae hunter on the heather hills
Bird-slaughterin' shall he be,
Nor fisher rivin' fra the gills
O' some puir troot his flee.

Yet shall he love the dusky pools
And speel the mountain stairs,
Unburdened wi' the murderin' tools
O' guns an' gauds an' snares,—

O'erjoy'd to find attractions rife
In Nature's ilka feature,
And share the brotherhood of life
With every happy creature.

Oh, what avails a victor's name
At close of battle clangour ?
This warld is far owre sma' for fame,
And life owre short for anger.

speel, climb. *gauds*, rods.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

447. *Spring on the Ochils*

FRA waur in fragrant wuds ye bide
Secure fra winter care,
Come, gentle Spring, to Ochilside
And Ochil valleys fair.
For sweet as ony pagan spring
Are Devon's watters clear ;
And life wad be a lovely thing
Gif ye were only here.

She comes ! the waffin' o' her wings
Wi' music fills the air ;
An' wintry thochts o' men an' things
Vex human hearts nae mair.
On Devon banks wi' me she strays,
Her poet for the while,
And Ochil brooks and Ochil braes
Grow classic in her smile !

448. *An Ochil Farmer*

ABUNE the braes I see him stand,
The tapmost corner o' his land,
An' scan wi' care, owre hill an' plain,
A prospect he may ca' his ain.

His yowes ayont the hillocks feed,
Weel herdit in by wakefu' Tweed ;
An' canny thro' the bent his kye
Gang creepin' to the byre down-by.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

His hayfields lie fu' smoothly shorn,
An' ripenin' rise his rigs o' corn ;
A simmer's evenin' glory fa's
Upon his hamestead's sober wa's.

A stately figure there he stands
An' rests upon his staff his hands :
Maist like some patriarch of eld,
In sic an evenin's calm beheld.

A farmer he of Ochilside,
For worth respectit far an' wide ;
A friend of justice and of truth,
A favourite wi' age an' youth.

There 's no' a bairn but kens him weel,
And ilka collie 's at his heel ;
Nor beast nor body e'er had ocht
To wyte him wi', in deed or thocht.

Fu' mony a gloamin' may he stand
Abune the brae to bless the land !
Fu' mony a simmer rise an' fa'
In beauty owre his couthie ha' !

For peacefu' aye, as simmer's air,
The kindly hearts that kindle there ;
Whase friendship, sure an' aye the same,
For me mak's Ochilside a hame.

wyte, blame.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

449. *Dave* (sc. *Daphnis*)

WITH the smell of the meads in his plaiden dress,
He comes from the broomy wilderness.

The dewdrop burns in his bushy hair,
His forehead shines, and is free from care.

He looks round-orb'd thro' the blue of his eyes,
With the fearless fulness of summer skies.

The red that breaks on the brown of his cheek,
Is the russet apple's ripen'd streak.

White as the milk of nuts are his teeth,
And crisp and black is his beard beneath.

What can he show to the strife of towns ?
A vision of peace on the distant downs.

Green hollows and hillocks, and skies of blue,
And white sheep feeding the long day thro'.

The apples are ruddy, the nuts are ripe,
By every pool there grows a pipe.

How can he touch the world's dull'd ear ?
What can he play that the world will hear ?

His pipe is slender, and softly blown,
The music sinks ever in undertone.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON

Yet sweet to hear of an autumn night,
When the sheaves on the shorn rigs glimmer white,
It sounds in the dusk like the joy of a star,
When the lattice of heaven is left ajar,
To clasping lovers that thread the threaves
Like a shadow moving among the sheaves.

WILL H. OGILVIE

450. *The Hoofs of the Horses*

THE hoofs of the horses !—oh ! witching and sweet
Is the music earth steals from the iron-shod feet !
No whisper of lover, no trilling of bird
Can stir me as hoofs of the horses have stirred.

They spurn disappointment and trample despair,
And drown with their drum-beats the challenge of
 care ;
With scarlet and silk for their banners above,
They are swifter than Fortune and sweeter than
 Love.

On the wings of the morning they gather and fly,
In the hush of the night-time I hear them go by—
The horses of Memory thundering through
With flashing white fetlocks all wet with the dew.

When you lay me to slumber no spot you can choose
But will ring to the rhythm of galloping shoes,
And under the daisies no grave be so deep
But the hoofs of the horses shall sound in my sleep.

WILL H. OGILVIE

451.

On a Roman Helmet

(Found at Newstead)

A HELMET of the legion, this,
That long and deep hath lain,
Come back to taste the living kiss
Of sun and wind again.
Ah ! touch it with a reverent hand,
For in its burnished dome
Lies here within this distant land
The glory that was Rome !

The tides of sixteen hundred years
Have flowed, and ebbcd, and flowed,
And yet—I see the tossing spears
Come up the Roman Road ;
While, high above the trumpets pealed,
The eagles lift and fall,
And, all unseen, the war-god's shield
Floats, guardian, over all !

Who marched beneath this gilded helm ?
Who wore this casque a-shine ?
A leader mighty in the realm ?
A soldier of the line ?
The proud patrician takes his rest
The spearman's bones beside,
And earth who knows their secret best
Gives this of all their pride !

WILL H. OGILVIE

With sunlight on this golden crest
Maybe some Roman guard,
Set free from duty, wandered west
Through Memory's gates unbarred ;
Or climbing Eildon cleft in three,
Grown sick at heart for home,
Looked eastward to the grey North Sea
That paved the way to Rome.

Or by the queen of Border streams
That flowed his camp beneath
Long dallied with the dearer dreams
Of love, as old as death,
And doffed his helm to dry lips' need,
And dipped it in the tide,
And pledged in brimming wine of Tweed
Some maid on Tiber-side.

Years pass ; and Time keeps tally,
And pride takes earth for tomb,
And down the Melrose valley
Corn grows and roses bloom ;
The red suns set, the red suns rise,
The ploughs lift through the loam,
And in one earth-worn helmet lies
The majesty of Rome.

452.

The Raiders

LAST night a wind from Lammermoor came roar-
ing up the glen,
With the tramp of trooping horses and the laugh
of reckless men,

WILL H. OGILVIE

And struck a mailed hand on the gate and cried in
rebel glee :

‘Come forth, come forth, my Borderer, and ride
the March with me!’

I said, ‘O! Wind of Lammermoor, the night’s too
dark to ride,

And all the men that fill the glen are ghosts of
men that died!

The floods are down in Bowmont Burn, the moss
is fetlock-deep;

Go back, wild Wind of Lammermoor, to Lauder-
dale—and sleep!’

Out spoke the Wind of Lammermoor, ‘We know
the road right well,

The road that runs by Kale and Jed across the
Carter Fell,

There is no man of all the men in this grey troop
of mine

But blind might ride the Borderside from Teviot-
head to Tyne!’

The horses fretted on their bits and pawed the
flints to fire,

The riders swung them to the south full-faced to
their desire;

‘Come!’ said the Wind of Lammermoor, and
spoke full scornfully,

‘Have ye no pride to mount and ride your fathers’
road with me?’

WILL H. OGILVIE

A roan horse to the gate they led, foam-flecked
and travelled far,
A snorting roan that tossed his head and flashed
his forehead star;
There came a sound of clashing steel and hoof-
tramp up the glen,
And two by two we cantered through, a troop of
ghostly men!

I know not if the farms we fired are burned
to ashes yet!
I know not if the stirks grew tired before the stars
were set!
I only know that late last night when northern
winds blew free,
A troop of men rode up the glen and brought a
horse for me!

DOUGLAS AINSLIE

453.

A Stirrup-cup

*Lines written on meeting the granddaughter
of Cameron of Lochiel*

LADY whose ancestor
Fought for Prince Charlie,
Met once and nevermore,
No time for parley!

Yet drink a glass with me
'Over the water';
Memories pass to me,
Chieftain's granddaughter!

DOUGLAS AINSLIE

‘ Say, will he come again ? ’

Nay, Lady, never.

‘ Say, will he never reign ? ’

Ay, Lady, ever.

Ay, for the heart of us
Follows Prince Charlie ;
There ’s not a part of us
Sways not as barley

Under the breeze that blew
Up the Atlantic,
Wafting the one, the true
Prince, the romantic,

Back to his native land
Over the water :
Here ’s to Prince Charlie and
Lochiel’s granddaughter !

454. *Good Friday’s Hoopoe*

ON the holiest day of the holy seven,
As the Powers of Evil strove
With the Son of Man come down from Heaven,
We walked in the silver grove.
Like a dart from the north to the south it flew,
Grey bird of the red-gold crest ;
Ah ! then we remembered what once we knew,
How it went on a holy quest.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE

Three birds of the northern world took wing
When they knew the Lord would die
Their best of feathery help to bring
In His long agony.
The Straightbill in his weed of brown,
The Robin Whitebreast too,
And a little grey bird of no renown,
The grey and black Hoopoe.
They came to the land of sand and stone :
Christ Jesu nailed to tree !
Fierce blazed the sun ; they heard Him groan,
Heard Paynims' mockery.
Quoth Whitebreast : ' I will staunch the blood
That flows from His wounds so red ' :
Quoth Straightbill : ' Mine the hardihood
To pluck the thorns from His head.'
Quoth the grey Hoopoe : ' I will fly before
His kind eyes and the sun,
To shield His face whom I adore
Until the Day be done.'
And thus did they, and when Lord Christ
Of Whitebreast's deed was ware,
Quoth He unto the Robin Whitebreast :
' Of Me thou hast had care.
Now what can I do for thee, robin dear ?
What wouldest thou for reward ?
Ask what thou will'st withouten fear,
Of Jesus Christ, thy Lord.'
Quoth Whitebreast : ' Sir, my breast is red
With Thy dear blood this day :
These feathers where Thy blood was shed,
I would they were red away.'

DOUGLAS AINSLIE

‘ So be it,’ answered the Lord Christ,
 ‘ Red shall thy breast remain,
Ay, red forever the Robin’s Redbreast
 That strove to lull my pain.’
‘ And thou that pluckest thorn on thorn
 From the crown upon My brow—
Bent is thy beak, thy plumage torn,
 What guerdon askest thou ? ’
Quoth Crossbill on the thornless crown :
 ‘ I would my bill were crossed
Alway and changed my robe of brown—
 Lest the memory be lost.’
Quoth Jesus Christ the Lord : ‘ Thy beak
 Forever crossed shall be,
And pink the Crossbill’s plumes that streak
 The drops that came from Me.’
Then Jesus looked on the Hoopoe
 That ever with brave grey wing
As a shield of love before Him flew,
 A grey shield quivering.
‘ And thou, Hoopoe, that long hast flown
 Betwixt Me and the sun,
Right dear thy small grey form hath grown,
 A great reward hast won.’
‘ Sir,’ quoth the Hoopoe, ‘ nought for me
 I crave but to remain
The little grey bird that shielded Thee
 And strove to ease Thy pain.’
Quoth Jesus : ‘ Bird, thou hast chosen best,
 Let the rays thou hast kept from Me
Forever in thy plumed crest
 Shine for a memory.’

DOUGLAS AINSLIE

Thus spake the Christ, Theresa dear,
Unto the Grey Hoopoe
That on the holiest day of the year
Through the silvery olives flew.

KATHERINE MANN

455. *Château de Monthiers*

*A revived impression on receiving a spray of
lily of the valley in Scotland*

I WILL go back—
I will go back to Monthiers !
None whom I knew will now be there,
But from the woods adown the dale
The scent will still be in the air
Of sweet, sweet lily of the vale.

It will come wafting dreamily
Through open lattice night and day,
Sifting its pollen o'er the sense,
After to flower in memory,
And fruitful to be stored long hence.

There will be lilac in the land,
White cherry boughs o'er green slopes spanned;
The road to Rheims will fall and rise,
A winding trail of dazzling sand,
Slim poplars casting shade slantwise.

I'll wander where the vine shoots grow,
Half weeded wilds of poppies too ;

KATHERINE MANN

And sure, slow chipping with her hoe,
Some wrinkled dame, in apron blue,
Will smile : ‘ Bo’ jour, ma’m selle, fait beau ! ’

I will go back—
I will go back to Monthiers !

456. *From the Virgins*

A reply to Herrick's ‘ Gather ye rosebuds ’

Good sir, your words we don’t gainsay,
We know she fades, dear rose ;
We know the year has but one May,
And every day its close.

We maidens are not coy, nor shy,
We but pretend we are ;
Not one among us will deny
Youth ’s but a falling star.

Though dawn to dark is but a span,
Alack we may not hasten ;
We sit by lattice, toy, or fan,
Or spin, our souls to chasten.

Your counsel is both sound and wise,
That we should all go mating ;
But hist ! if all had beauty’s eyes,
There ’d be no need of waiting.

AGNES LINDSAY CARNEGIE

457.

Death

UNCOVER for the majesty of Death,
Whose icy hand has swept across this life
And laid it low ;
Crush back the tears, and hold the sobbing breath
In silent awe, for he lies here who saith
Farewell to woe.
A moment, and he was our very own ;
But passion prayed, and wept, and clung in vain ;
Step backwards now,
Give Death his place, he conquers here alone ;
'Tis his we see, and ours the spirit flown.
Kneel at his feet, for kings our homage take,
Kneel at his feet, but knock not at his gate ;
Give him his own.
Keep silence still, we have no power to wake
Our best beloved. Death's arms do not forsake.
Sleep,—is that sleep ? The great wings close
around,
The lips are sealed in calm unanswering peace ;
Bow low our heads,
And let Death's conquering wind the silence sound
Over life's sea where lies our mourning drowned.

Uncover. We shall have all time to weep,
A whole life long to make our piteous moan ;
Stand as befits,—the awful silence keep,
And let God's angel guard the mystery deep.

NEIL MUNRO

458. *John o' Lorn*

My plaid is on my shoulder and my boat is on the
shore,

And it 's all bye wi' auld days and you ;
Here 's a health and here 's a heartbreak, for its
hame, my dear, no more,
To the green glens, the fine glens we knew !

'Twas for the sake o' glory, but oh ! woe upon the
wars,

That brought my father's son to sic a day ;
I 'd rather be a craven wi' nor fame nor name nor
scars,
Than turn an exile's heel on Moidart Bay.

And you, in the day-time, you 'll be here, and in
the mirk,

Wi' the kind heart, the open hand and free ;
And far awa' in foreign France, in town or camp
or kirk,
I 'll be wondering if you keep a thought for me.

But never more the heather nor the bracken at
my knees,

I 'm poor John o' Lorn, a broken man ;
For an auld Hielan' story I must sail the swinging
seas,
A chief without a castle or a clan.

NEIL MUNRO

My plaid is on my shoulder and my boat is on the shore,

And it's all bye wi' auld days and you :

Here's a health and here's a heartbreak, for it's hame, my dear, no more,

To the green glens, the fine glens we knew !

459.

The Heather

IF I were King of France, that noble fine land,
And the gold was elbow deep within my chests,
And my castles lay in scores along the wine-land
With towers as high as where the eagle nests ;
If harpers sweet, and swordsmen stout and vaunting,
My history sang, my stainless tartan wore,
Was not my fortune poor, with one thing wanting,—
The heather at my door.

My galleys might be sailing every ocean,
Robbing the isles, and sacking hold and keep,
My chevaliers go prancing at my notion,
To bring me back of cattle, horse and sheep ;
Fond arms be round my neck, the young heart's
tether,
And true love-kisses all the night might fill,
But oh ! *mochree*, if I had not the heather,
Before me on the hill !

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's pay,
If I might earn them where the heather, waving,
Gave fragrance to the day.

NEIL MUNRO

The stars might see me, homeless one and weary,
Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
And still content, I 'd find a bedding cheery
Where'er the heather grew !

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

460. *The Blue Men of the Minch*

WHEN the tide is at the turning and the wind is
fast asleep,
And not a wave is curling on the wide, blue Deep,
O the waters will be churning on the stream that
never smiles,
Where the Blue Men are splashing round the
charmèd isles.

As the summer wind goes droning o'er the sun-
bright seas,
And the Minch is all a-dazzle to the Hebrides ;
They will skim along like salmon—you can see
their shoulders gleam,
And the flashing of their fingers in the Blue Men's
Stream.

But when the blast is raving and the wild tide races,
The Blue Men are breast-high with foam-grey faces ;
They 'll plunge along with fury while they sweep
the spray behind,
O, they 'll bellow o'er the billows and wail upon the
wind.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

And if my boat be storm-toss'd and beating for the
bay,
They 'll be howling and be growling as they drench
it with their spray—
For they 'd like to heel it over to their laughter
when it lists,
Or crack the keel between them, or stave it with
their fists.

O weary on the Blue Men, their anger and their
wiles !
The whole day long, the whole night long, they 're
splashing round the isles ;
They 'll follow every fisher—ah ! they 'll haunt the
fisher's dream—
When billows toss, O who would cross the Blue
Men's Stream ?

461.

The Wee Folk

IN the knoll that is the greenest,
And the grey cliff side,
And on the lonely ben-top
The wee folk bide ;
They 'll flit among the heather,
And trip upon the brae—
The wee folk, the green folk, the red folk and grey.

As o'er the moor at midnight
The wee folk pass,
They whisper 'mong the rushes
And o'er the green grass ;

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

All through the marshy places
They glint and pass away—
The light folk, the lone folk, the folk that will not
stay.

O many a fairy milkmaid
With the one eye blind,
Is 'mid the lonely mountains
By the red deer hind ;
Not one will wait to greet me,
For they have naught to say—
The hill folk, the still folk, the folk that flit away.

When the golden moon is glinting
In the deep, dim wood,
There 's a fairy piper playing
To the elfin brood ;
They dance and shout and turn about,
And laugh and swing and sway—
The droll folk, the knoll folk, the folk that dance
alway.

O we that bless the wee folk
Have naught to fear,
And ne'er an elfin arrow
Will come us near ;
For they 'll give skill in music,
And every wish obey—
The wise folk, the peace folk, the folk that work
and play.

They 'll hasten here at harvest,
They will shear and bind ;

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

They 'll come with elfin music
On a western wind ;
All night they 'll sit among the sheaves,
Or herd the kine that stray—
The quick folk, the fine folk, the folk that ask no
pay.

Betimes they will be spinning
The while we sleep,
They 'll clamber down the chimney,
Or through keyholes creep ;
And when they come to borrow meal
We 'll ne'er them send away—
The good folk, the honest folk, the folk that work
always.

O never wrong the wee folk—
The red folk and green,
Nor name them on the Fridays,
Or at Hallowe'en ;
The helpless and unwary then
And bairns they lure away—
The fierce folk, the angry folk, the folk that steal
and slay.

462.

My Fairy Lover

My fairy lover, my fairy lover,
My fair, my rare one, come back to me.
All night I 'm sighing, for thee I 'm crying ;
I would be dying, my love, for thee.

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

THINE eyes were glowing like bluebells blowing,
With dewdrops twinkling their silvery fires ;
Thine heart was panting with love enchanting,
For mine was granting its fond desires.

Thy brow had brightness and lily-whiteness,
Thy cheeks were clear as yon crimson sea ;
Like broom-buds gleaming, thy locks were
streaming,
As I lay dreaming, my love, of thee.

Thy lips that often with love would soften,
They beamed like blooms for the honey-bee ;
Thy voice came ringing like some bird singing,
When thou wert bringing thy gifts to me.

O thou 'rt forgetting the hours we met in
The Vale of Tears at the eventide ;
Or thou 'd come near me to love and cheer me,
And whisper clearly, ' O be my bride ! '

What spell can bind thee ? I search to find
thee
Around the knoll that thy home would be.
Where thou didst hover, my fairy lover,
The clods will cover and comfort me.

HERBERT J. C. GRIERSON

463.

The Flute

A PASTORAL

(From the French of José Maria de Heredia)

EVENING ! A flight of pigeons in clear sky !
What wants there to allay love's fever now,
Goatherd ! but that thy song should overflow
While through the reeds the river murmurs by ?
Here in the plane-tree's shadow, where I lie,
Deep grows the grass and cool. Sit, and allow
The wandering goat to scale yon rocky brow,
And graze at will deaf to the weanling's cry.
My flute, a simple thing, seven oaten reeds
Glued with a little wax, sings, plains, or pleads,
In accents deep or shrill, as I require.
Come ! thou shalt learn Silenus' sacred art,
And through this channel breathed will fierce desire
Rise winged with music from the o'er-labour'd
heart.

464. *On the Passing of my little Daughter*

(UITVAERT VAN MIJN DOCHTERKEN)

(From the Dutch of Joost van den Vondel)

CRUEL Death, who can endure no sight of joy,
Lets the grey locks go by.
She sits above and levels her fell darts
At young and innocent hearts ;
And laughs when farewell cries
From stricken mothers rise.

HERBERT J. C. GRIERSON

And one she saw that, gay and careless child,
All hearts of care beguiled ;
Skipped with fleet foot, or sang with tongue as fleet
A ballad old and sweet,
In chorus sang, and played,
Dancing round some small maid.

Or followed by her mates, a lusty troop,
Trundled her hoop
Along the street, or swung shouting with glee,
Or dandled on her knee
Her doll with graver airs,
Foretaste of woman's cares.

Or following exact the childish law
Of huckle-bone and taw
She rolled and caught, timed to the marble's bound,
The small bones on the ground :
And would not change these joys
For the world's gaudiest toys.

But what the end ? Alas ! even at her game
The summons came ;
Death's fatal arrow pierced that merry heart
With bitter smart ;
Pale grew her lips and dead,
The tiny spirit fled.

Tearful and sad her playmates drew anear
And stood around the bier.
They wept above the body of their friend,
And faithful to the end,
Had died that they might play
With Saartje once so gay.

HERBERT J. C. GRIERSON

They wove for her when nothing else might be
A crown of rosemary,
Inwrought with memories of their comrade dear.
Alas ! what comfort here ?
From fairest flowers what aid ?
Too soon, too soon they fade.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

465.

The Roman Road

BURY me close to the Roman Road,
That the pageant passing by
May trumpet through my dim abode,
And make it less to die.

To my House of Stone let the rumour run
Of the ringing reins of old,—
Of horsemen riding in the sun
Through worlds of windy gold.

A pomp of princes, side by side,
The proud Crusaders go,
And now the Free Companions ride,
Glittering row on row.

And slim white girls with burning hair
Dance with the wind ; and in
Great ropes of roses red they snare
A gleaming paladin.

O singing East ! O dreaming West !
Ride, ride so splendidly
To the City that is loveliest,
That never a soul shall see.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

I will not lie in a green abode
Away from the hurrying feet.
I have ridden for long on the Roman Road
And still is the riding sweet.

466. *Age intercedes for Youth*

For Youth, who goes to War,
With winds of April blowing
Through his unvizored golden hair,—
With reckless golden head all bare,
And all his banners flowing,—
For Youth, for Youth, who rides afar
In silver armour fair to see,
With joints of gold at arm and knee,
Fantastic prince of chivalry,
Arrogant, wistful, beautiful,
Youth, the Pure Fool,—
We that are old, hard, winter-bitten, grey,
Yet rode crusading once upon a day,
We pray to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
' Oh ! let him win the battle that we lost.'

For Youth, who comes from War,
Borne heavily, forsaken,
A bitter wound above the heart,
A horror in the tender heart,
And all his banners taken,—
For Youth, for Youth, who comes from far,
His golden beauty soiled with dust,
His silver armour black with rust,
Despoiled of valour, pride and trust,—

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

For Youth, who sees, with pangs extreme,
His routed dream,—
We that are dust, yet once were dew and flame,
Pray : ‘ *Let him linger not, like us, in shame.*
Before his pain corrupt, Oh ! bury Youth
In some white tomb with music and with ruth.’

467. *The Unknown Sword-maker*

UPON the anvil of my heart
His merciless mysterious art
 Forged me the sword of will.
He damascened with curious wit
And in my tears he tempered it :
 ’Tis mine for good or ill.
Out of blind longing was it wrought,
Obscure intensities of thought,
 And wild imaginings,—
Desperate impulses to gain
Impossible goals, and great disdain
 For baffled abject things.
Indeed I know not whence it came,
Excalibur of pride and shame
 That smites mine own breast through
As often as mine enemies’,
Yet hath dominion over these,
 And shall unvanquished hew,
While I draw agonising breath,
Some honourable way to death.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

468. *Impression of Autumn*

ONE leaf and then another
 Fell down the morning blue.
One bird and then a brother,
 Cleaving the crystal flew
From the bright smouldering tree
Like heralds of some high and splendid Mystery.

Oh ! delicate dim pleasures
 About my soul did cling,
Like fumes from fragrant treasures
 Borne by a Magus-King
In graven censer old
Through cities trembling out the hues of gems
 and gold.

Mine eyes did I surrender
 To truth. And, lo ! there sat
On every bough of splendour,
 Singing Magnificat,
A spirit robed in red
With flaming swirling hair, and scarlet wings
 outspread.

I said : ' It is the season
 When Life abandoneth
Her immemorial treason,
 Her craven fear of Death.
Flame-like, serene and fair,
See how the passing souls burn through the veils
 they wear.'

ROGER QUIN

469. *To a Skylark singing above Barnhill Poor-house, Glasgow*

WHAT blast of Fate, melodious mocker ! say,
Has blown thee here ; in airy spendthrift glee,
Wasting thy wealth of liquid ecstasy
On hearts too cold to kindle at thy lay ?
Thou sing'st of Hope above Hope's grave. . . .
Away !

Flee this dark ' Hall of Eblis,' through whose aisles
Frail phantoms totter, or, with senile smiles,
Rake the spent ashes of dead yesterday !

Flung from Life's boiling tumult—bruised and sore ;
Sick with the shame of what I have become,
My wistful gaze follows thy flight afar—
As some late reveller when the rout is o'er
Pauses in his uncertain steps for home,
With bleared eyes blinking at the Morning Star.

CHARLES MURRAY

470. *The Whistle*

HE cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,
He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on
his knee ;
He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke
her eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in
the seggs,

470. *rodden*, rowan, mountain ash. *teuchat*, peewit, lap-wing. *craggit*, long-necked. *puddocks*, frogs. *seggs*, sedges.

CHARLES MURRAY

He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they
strayed,
But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee
herd made !

He wheeped on 't at mornin' an' he tweetled on 't
at night,
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank
oot o' sight,
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them
up the closs,
The kitlins got his supper syne, an' he was beddit
boss ;
But he cared na doit nor docken what they did or
thocht or said,
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd
made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup
for weeks,
But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had
brecks ;
He was whistlin' to the porridge that werè hott'rin'
on the fire,
He was whistlin' owre the travise to the baillie in
the byre ;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis that hae pipin' for
their trade
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd
made.

kitlins, kittens. *boss*, empty, supperless. *clawed the caup*,
cleaned the dish. The person who rose last of a morning had to
clean the common bowl as a punishment. *the lave*, the rest.
travise, stable-bar. *marrow*, match.

CHARLES MURRAY

He played a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through
the mist,
Till the halfin' squared his shou'ders an' made up
his mind to 'list ;
He tried a spring for wooers, though he wistna what
it meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' an' he thocht she
maybe kent ;
He got ream an' buttered bannocks for the lovin'
lilt he played.
Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd
made ?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels
an' jigs,
The foalie flung his muckle legs an' capered owre
the rigs.
The grey-tailed futt'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain
strathspey,
The bawd cam' loupin' through the corn to ' Clean
Pease Strae ' ;
The feet o' ilka man an' beast gat youkie when he
played—
Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd made ?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an' the winter
brocht him dool,
When in spite o' hacks an' chilblains he was shod
again for school ;

halfin', half-grown lad. *ream*, cream. *futt'rat*, weasel.
bawd, hare. *youkie*, itching.

CHARLES MURRAY

He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o'
 three,
 He was keepit in an' lickit when the ither loons
 got free ;
 But he aften played the truant—'twas the only
 thing he played,
 For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee
 herd made !

471.

The Lettergae

ON Sundays see his saintly look—
 What grace he maun be feelin',
 When stridin' slawly ben the pass,
 Or to the lettrin speelin' !
 What unction in his varied tones,
 As aff the line he screeds us,
 Syne bites the fork, an' bums the note,
 Ere to the tune he leads us !
 Plain paraphrase, or quirky hymn,
 Come a' the same to Peter,
 He has a tune for ilka psalm
 Nae matter what the metre.
 ' St. Paul's ' or ' University '
 Wi' equal ease is lifted ;
 At ' Martyrdom ' he fair excels—
 Eh ! keep 's sirs, but he 's gifted !

But see him now, some workin' day
 When aproned in his smiddy,

470. *sough*, repeat, whistle in a low tone. 471. *lettergae*, pre-
 centor, clerk in a church. *ben the pass*, up the aisle. *lettrin*
speelin', desk climbing. *screeds*, recites. *fork*, tuning-fork.

CHARLES MURRAY

An' mark the thuds 'at shape the shoon,
 An' dint the very studdy ;
 Or when he cocks his elbuck up
 To work the muckle bellows,
 An' tells the clachan's latest joke
 To loud-lunged farmer fellows ;
 Or hear him in the forenicht lilt,
 Wi' sober face nae langer,
 Some sang, nae frae a Sunday book,
 A tune that isna ' Bangor ' :
 To recognise him then, I 'll wad,
 A stranger it would baffle ;
 On Sabbath he 's the Lettergae,
 The Smith at roup or raffle.

472. *The Hint o' Hairst*

O FOR a day at the Hint o' Hairst,
 With the craps weel in an' stackit,
 When the farmer steps thro' the corn-yard,
 An' counts a' the rucks he 's thackit :
 When the smith stirs up his fire again,
 To sharpen the ploughman's coulter ;
 When the miller sets a new picked stane,
 An' dreams o' a muckle moultter :
 When cottars' kail get a touch o' frost,
 That mak's them but taste the better ;
 An' thro' the neeps strides the leggin'd laird,
 Wi' 's gun an' a draggled setter :

471. *studdy*, anvil. *clachan's*, village's. *forenicht*, evening.
wad, wager. *roup*, auction. 472. *Hint*, end. *thackit*,
 thatched. *moultter*, toll of meal. *neeps*, turnips.

CHARLES MURRAY

When the forester wi' axe an' keel
 Is markin' the wind-blawn timmer,
 An' there 's truffs aneuch at the barn gale
 To reist a' the fires till simmer.

Syne O for a nicht, ae long forenicht,
 Owre the dambrod spent or cairtin',
 Or keepin' tryst wi' a neebour's lass—
 An' a mou' held up at pairtin'.

473. *A Green Yule*

BRING them alang, the young, the strang,
 The weary an' the auld ;
 Feed as they will on haugh or hill,
 This is the only fauld.

Dibble them doun, the laird, the loun,
 King an' the cadgin' caird,
 The lady fine beside the queyn,
 A' in the same kirkyaird.

The warst, the best, they a' get rest ;
 Ane 'neath a headstane braw,
 Wi' deep-cut text ; while owre the next
 The wavin' grass is a'.

Mighty o' name, unknown to fame,
 Slippit aneth the sod ;
 Greatest an' least alike face east,
 Waitin' the trump o' God.

472. *keel*, ruddle. *truffs*, peats. *gale*, gable. *forenicht*,
 evening. *dambrod*, draught-board. *cairtin'*, card-playing.
mou', mouth. 473. *queyn*, quean.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

474. *The Dying-day of Death*

I, WHO had slept the dreamless sleep of Death
For æons, wakened to a sense of pain,
Wrenched my stiff arms asunder, gasped for
 breath,
And was a man again.

The tatters of torn heaven overhead
Were swayed by hurrying wings and busy breath.
It was the resurrection of the dead,
 The dying-day of Death.

The sun had halted half-way down the west ;
But in the shadow of the pendant blue,
Patient and calm amid the world's unrest,
 There shone a star or two.

Weird voices wailed about the vexèd sea ;
Cold corpses lay upon the yellow sands,
Panting themselves to life and painfully
 Moving their ashen hands.

And in a valley a black cloud was lying,
Lifted by some great giant's morning breath.
I dared to ask, ' Is that old Thunder dying ? '
 One whispered—' Nay, but Death.'

Ev'n where I stood I heard him moan and gasp ;
Saw the cloud rising, falling like a sea ;
And watched the hungry fingers pluck and grasp
 The rocks deliriously.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

Then moving onward for a little space,
I climbed a hill, and on the plain below
Beheld astonied the hollow face
Of man's relentless foe.

About his temples, sinuous serpent veins
Seemed writhing ; and his lips were thin and
starven ;
While by the chisel of a myriad pains
His great brow-dome was carven.

A broken scythe had fallen on the grass ;
I saw brown blood upon it from afar.
But one small corner was as bright as glass,
And had a mirrored star.

So huge the blade, it might have formed an arch
O'er Jordan ; and the heavy handle leant
Its weight against a plumèd patriarch larch
Until it bowed and bent.

Lo, as I looked, Death's talon-fingers locked
Convulsively ; his hands were heart-wards
pressed :
The whole land on a sudden rolled and rocked,
Then lapsèd into rest.

There lay God's grimmest, greatest servant, Death.
There lay the old inexorable reaper,
Moanless and motionless, devoid of breath,
A cloud-enfolded sleeper.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

475. *Ode written for the completion and opening
of the new Buildings, Marischal College,
Aberdeen*

ETERNITY is throned upon thy spires :
Upon Eternity thy towers rest :
Thou wert conceived in the eternal fires
Of the sun's womb : upon the sun's white breast
Wert carried ere the souls of men were made—
Nay, in the nebula the seed was sown
Of every stone,
And by the stars were thy foundations laid.
The fire-mist held thee, ere the sun it bore ;
The sun had presage of thee ere she hurled
From her wild heart the world ;
And the hot world enwrapped thee at its core,
In lava and in lightning, to await
The slow, fastidious finishing of Fate.
Then the round earth grew furrowed and grew frore,
And the encircling steam,
Condensing in a stream,
Hissed boiling, bubbling on a barren shore,
Till the Word spake, and then
There blossomed flowers, and beasts, and souls of
men,
And lo, in man's magnificent desires
And high imaginations, wilful, warm,
Thy polished pinnacles, and frosty spires,
Took shape and form,
Till all this growth of granite towers,
And pediments and columns round,
Like spikelets of colossal flowers,

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

Came burning through the ground.
Eternity was author of thy plan ;
The fire-mist, and the sun, and earth, and man
Joined in thy making. Yea, by fire and thought
The gracious granite miracle was wrought.
And now thou art full-grown,
Full-leaved, full-blown—
An encrinite,
Stately and white,
A lily made of stone—
A torch that flares across the night
Of the Unknown—
The spindle and the loom of light—
An altar and a throne—
A temple where the feet of Truth may fare—
A peak where wisdom may be set on high,
Under a cloudless sky,
In Alpine air.

Yet what of Truth and Wisdom can we share,—
We who have seen Eternities prepare
The granite there,
' The polisht stones and squair,'
We who have watched worlds blossom and worlds
die,
Who find beneath the silt of ancient seas,
Antediluvian cosmogonies ?
How can we guess at things so far away ?
How read the Mind who shapes the feathery
snows,
Then knits a glacier to knead the clay
That makes a rose,

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

Who sends the cataracts with heavy feet,
And white tumultuous toil,
To grind the rocks to make a meadow sweet
Giving the daisies soil ?

How can we know ? What knowledge can we win ?
The spindles flash : the mighty Destinies spin—
We know not whence we came, or whither we go.
What can we know ?
How can we mete the masonry of God ?
Our spirits are His trowel and His hod.
We guess a part : He fore-ordains the whole.
We lay a stone : He labours at a soul.
How can we see with His all-seeing sight
Issues so broad,
Meanings so infinite ?

How can we know ? How can we understand ?
Who build a house of Truth upon the sand
Knowing the corner stone to be a lie,
Knowing the roof
Not lightning-proof,
A travesty and mockery of the sky.
How can we know, who know our truth is based
On finite facts by infinity effaced,
On parallels that meet in space behind,
On matter that is force, unconscious, blind ?
How can we know whose knowledge is so small ?
Why should we know ? Why should we live at all ?
Why all this toil and strife ?

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

How did the Chaos burgeon into life ?
Did it imagine, when the toil begun,
'Twould blossom into star, and moon, and sun,
Rolling to rhythmic music ? Toil seemed vain.
Mistily, vaguely, dizzily it spun
Racked with strange pain,
In fiery rain,
Through black abysses, while the cosmic power
Compelled it into bird, and beast, and flower,
And this grey temple's pinnacle and tower.

Truth is eternities away,
And we but climb
In the dark of Time,
To the dawn of day.
What if the truth we do not see ?
What matters truth,
To love and youth,
Who labour for eternity ?
What if an error or a flaw
Life's beauty mars ?
We are hammered to eternal law,
On love's high stithy by the stars.
The hands that made these spires were held
By the strong hand that holds the seas,
And every pillar was compelled,
By mighty cosmic energies.
And what we have not rightly wrought
In stone or thought
Will not endure ; yet even so
Out of the false the true will grow.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

And in this temple by the Northern Sea
Continually
Will surge and seethe the fire-mist of the mind
Fettered and free,
Radiant and blind—
Will bud and blossom nebulae of soul,
Till bright, and true, and round, and whole
Love's planets in their orbits roll,
And wandering Wills their Centre find.

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[The numbers refer to the numbering of the poems.]

5.

Death of Sir Giles de Argentine.—Cf. Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, canto vi. §§ 31, 32.

29.

The Golden Targe.—This poem and *The Thrissil and the Rose* (No. 30) are Dunbar's best achievements in the allegorical method of his day—a method somewhat alien to the modern mind. *The Thrissil and the Rose* has the advantage of being founded upon a historical fact (see the footnote to the poem). *The Golden Targe* may prove more difficult, because it deals with abstract ideas, with ideas that have no such particular reference in fact or story. But this difficulty is not after all so great as it seems. We need only remember, to make the poem easily intelligible, that the aim is to set forth the insufficiency of Reason—the golden targe—as a defence against Love.

33.

O Lusty May.—This song is from the *Bannatyne MS.*—except the last stanza, which appeared in the *Aberdeen Cantus*.

36 and 37.

Christis Kirk of the Green and *Peblis to the Play*.—These two pieces have been attributed to James I. of Scotland and also to James V. There is no conclusive evidence that either was the author. Kings of Scotland have in several cases been poets. The following sonnet, sometimes given in anthologies, is by James VI., who though not so good a poet as his ancestor James I., wrote the first book on poetry in Scots, reprinted in Mr. R. S. Rait's *A Royal Rhetorician*.

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TO PRINCE HENRY

God gives not Kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne his sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So Kings should fear and serve their God again.
If then ye would enjoy a happy reign
Observe the statutes of your heavenly King,
And from his law make all your laws to spring.
Since his Lieutenant here ye should remain
Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain;
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so as ever in his sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane;
And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.

40.

The Reeds in the Loch say.—From Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*. The original is in the Maitland Quarto MS.

114.

Maggie Lauder.—Attributed sometimes to Francis Sempill of Beltrees (? 1616-1682).

115.

The Blythsome Bridal.—Attributed sometimes to Francis Sempill of Beltrees (? 1616-1682).

118.

Annie Laurie.—Dated c. 1680-5, and ascribed, without any evidence quoted, to Douglas of Fingland, by C. K. Sharpe (see *A Ballad Book*, 1824). The tune, and the modern three-stanza version of this song, were composed by Lady John Scott; for whom see Nos. 386, 387.

121.

O, Waly, Waly.—This was included in *Orpheus Caledonius*, as well as in Ramsay and Herd. *Orph. Cal.* prints the poem in 4-line stanzas, and the arrangement does not correspond

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throughout with that of the later collections. 'Also vv. 13-16 in *Orph. Cal.* read :—

When cockle-shells turn siller bells,
And mussels grow on ev'ry tree ;
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my love prove true to me.

123.

Ettrick Banks.—The last stanza is not given in *Orpheus Caledonius*.

129.

Leader-haughs and Yarrow.—The reference in the last stanza seems to indicate a minstrel of the name of Burne as author. Chambers ascribed this piece to Nicol Burne (fl. 1581) ; but we cannot be sure.

138.

The Broom of Cowdenknowes.—This appeared in *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany* over the signature 'S. R.,' but the author is otherwise unknown.

140.

The Mariner's Wife.—With two exceptions—'upo' the bauk' for 'into the crib,' and 'fit' for 'tread'—the version followed is that in Herd. This version seems likely to be the original from which Mickle worked. The copy which exists in his handwriting, and with his own corrections (in addition to a rearrangement of the poem, and several alterations of word and phrase, not as a rule for the better), includes eight more lines :—

And mak the table neat and clean,
Let everything look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

(following st. 5 above)—and

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave—
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave.

added at the end, before a repetition of the last stanza—' And will I see his face again ? '

NOTES

James Beattie is known also to have interpolated a stanza. It reads thus :—

The caul' blasts of the winter wind
That thrilled through my heart,
They 're a' blawn by ; I hae him safe ;
Till death we 'll never part.
But why should I of parting talk ?
It may be far awa' :
The present moment is our ain ;
The neist we never saw.

142.

Jocky fou, Jenny fain.—An old song, re-touched by Ramsay.

146.

Woo'd and Married and a'.—Was this piece the original of Ross's poem of the same name (No. 161) ? Mr. Eyre Todd suggests, however, that both poems are by Ross, and he may be right. See his note in *Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century*, i. 88.

147.

Logie of Buchan.—Claimed by Peter Buchan for George Halket (d. 1756).

148.

Tibbie Fowler.—Founded on a fragment in Herd, and said by Chambers to have been written by the Rev. Dr. Strachan, minister of Carnwath.

150.

Willie was a wanton Wag.—Laing showed that this song must be credited to Hamilton, who wrote poetical epistles over the *nom de plume* of 'Wanton Willy.' 'W. W.' is the signature attached to the song in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

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167.

The Birks of Invermay.—Three more stanzas were added to this song (it is said by Alexander Bryce of Kirknewton, 1713-1786).

187.

My Mother bids me bind my Hair.—A Scots lyric, almost as well known and of about the same period, is *And ye shall walk in Silk Attire*. It is placed here rather than in the text, because the authoress, Susanna Blamire (1747-1794), was a Cumberland lady.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye 'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
Oh ! wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a puir broken heart ?
Or what 's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my love I part ?

The mind wha's every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me ;
And ere I 'm forced to break my faith,
I 'll lay me down and die :
For I hae pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share ;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift ;
Could I but think to tak it back,
It wad be waur than thift.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me ;
And ere I 'm forced to break my troth
I 'll lay me down and die !

190.

I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but Ane.—The first stanza was taken by Macneill from a two-stanza poem by Rev. John Clunie—from whose singing it was that Burns first obtained the old words of *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*.

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192.

Ode to the Cuckoo.—Mr. Eyre Todd (*Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century*, ii. 64) summarises the evidence as to the authorship of this piece; and his conclusion, in favour of Bruce as against Logan, seems correct. The text given follows Mr. Eyre Todd's reprint of the *Ode*.

204.

Logan Braes.—The three stanzas here given are the song as last printed by Mayne in the preface to his *Siller Gun* (1836). The other three stanzas sometimes added are poor, and there is reason to suspect them not of Mayne's composition.

221.

Of a' the Airts.—The following two stanzas were composed by John Hamilton (1761-1814) in continuation of Burns's song. Hamilton's poem, *Up in the Mornin' early*, is No. 205 in this collection.

Oh, blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
 Amang the leafy trees !
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That 's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae blink of her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
 Hae passed atween us twa !
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gaed awa' !
 The Powers abune can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

249.

As I stood by yon roofless Tower.—The close of st. 3 is according to Currie's text. Also sts. 5 and 6 are here given from Currie, and instead of st. 5, as in Henley (see Henley, iii. 145 and notes).

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256.

O'er the Water to Charlie.—Hogg included this in his *Jacobite Relics*, adding a stanza :—

I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly ;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie.

(See Henley's note on the song, iii. 328.)

264.

The Laird o' Cockpen.—The following two additional stanzas were by Miss Ferrier :—

And now that the laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;
' Oh, for ane I 'll get better, it 's waur I 'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green ;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there 's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

267.

Caller Herrin'.—The reference to Gow is explained when we remember that this song was written for Nathaniel Gow, a musical composer, and son of the better known Neil Gow. The tune to which the words are sung was meant to suggest the Tron bells.

270.

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.—Burns wrote two versions of this song. The second and better of them is No. 240 in this book. The other is the poem here given, altered throughout and with additional stanzas : it was inserted in Johnson's *Musical Museum*. If any known version, therefore, of the song is by Isobel Pagan, it must be that here printed. But all we know is that it was taken down for Burns from the singing of the Rev. Thos. Clunie ; that Allan Cunningham ascribed what of it was new to 'a gentleman of the name of Pagan' ; and that Laing first cites a tradition giving it to Isobel Pagan (see Johnson's *Musical Museum*, ed. 1853,

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iv. 248-9; and 316*). Such evidence can hardly be said to establish her claim: and moreover—neglecting the fact that her known work is mere doggerel—it is at least strange that Burns, living in the same neighbourhood, seems never to have heard of the tradition referred to by Laing.

273.

Somebody.—Possibly by Hogg, though he does not claim it.

277.

Canadian Boat-Song.—Appeared first in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept. 1829, in No. XLVI. of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

299.

Jock of Hazeldean.—The first stanza is old.

317.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.—The following third stanza of this poem was composed by Tannahill several months after the two given in the text. His friend, R. A. Smith, urged him to omit it; and though the advice was not taken, Smith's opinion—that the addition weakened the song—is indisputable.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie;
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

324.

Jenny's Bawbee.—*Songs of Scotland*, 1872, p. 360, gives another stanza, but it seems a later interpolation.

331.

Song.—Cf. Scott's 'Maid of Neidpath' (No. 297), which tells the same story.

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333.

Battle of the Baltic.—St. 2. From the original draft of this poem, it would seem that 'afloat' is probably an error for 'in view'—to rhyme with 'flew.' See the original draft in Logie Robertson's edition of Campbell.

341.

Lucy's Flittin'.—Eight more verses were added to this song by Hogg (see Veitch's *Border Poetry*, p. 526).

343.

Hame, Hame, Hame.—Cromek communicated the Jacobite original of this song to Cunningham in a letter of date Oct. 27, 1809. (See letter and original in *Poems and Songs by Allan Cunningham*, 1847: Introduction, pp. xiv-xviii.) Cunningham's recast of the piece was included in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810.

346.

My Nanie, O.—The opening of st. 3 is from Ramsay's *Nanny O*, as Cunningham points out.

348.

The Sun Rises Bright in France.—Included in Cromek's *Remains*. Cromek shows other readings, however, for one or two verses, and omits the penultimate stanza.

355.

The Ewe-Buchtin' 's Bonnie.—The first stanza, as here printed, was taken over by Pringle from Lady Grizel Baillie.

363.

Captain Paton's Lament.—This appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept. 1819.

376.

The Herd Laddie.—Alexander Smart, the author of this poem, should have been dated exactly—1798-1866.

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418.

Over the Sea to Skye.—The same Gaelic air, to which Stevenson wrote these verses, seems to have inspired Harold Boulton's *Skye Boat-Song*.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing ;
Onward, the sailors cry ;
Carry the lad that 's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder-clouds rend the air ;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore ;
Follow, they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep :
Ocean's a royal bed :
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Many 's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men ;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

428.

Farewell to Fiunary.—This is the original poem, although it is here printed among translations from the Gaelic. The author made a Gaelic version, but the Gaelic words usually sung were written by the late Archibald Sinclair, a native of Islay.

431.

The Bark of Clanranald.—This, the masterpiece of its author, is widely held to be one of the most remarkable of Gaelic poems. The opening sections are indisputably among the finest sea-pieces in any language. 'If all Gaelic poems were to be destroyed,' said Pattison, 'and one only excepted from the general ruin, I believe the voices of the majority

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of Highlanders would fix on *The Birlinn of Clan Ranald* as that one.' Versions in English, either in whole or in part, were made by the late Thomas Pattison and Professor Blackie. That given here attempts to imitate the metre and rhythm of the original.

435.

A Lullaby.—A translation of this poem was given in *Hedderwick's Miscellany* (1862-1863), by Thomas Pattison, who adds the note, 'An old woman of Lochaber was heard singing it over to her grandchild, and "Cagaran" (little darling), "an old croon of Lochaber," is the name it goes by.'

436.

The St. Kilda Maid's Song.—'At least as old,' says the translator, 'as the middle of the eighteenth century. . . . I first heard it sung some five-and-twenty years ago by one of the sailors of the Revenue cutter *Harriet*, Captain MacAlister, as I was being rowed across Oban Bay on a beautiful moonlight night.'—*Highland News*, 30th December 1899.

438.

Colin's Cattle.—Alexander Stewart ('Nether Lochaber') is the author of another translation of this Gaelic song.

A maiden sang sweetly
As bird on a tree,
Cro' Chaillean, Cro' Chaillean,
Cro' Chaillean for me.

My own Colin's cattle,
Dappled, dun, brown, and grey,
They return to the milking
At the close of the day.

In the morning they wander
To their pastures afar,
Where the grass grows the greenest
By corrie and scaur.

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They wander the uplands
Where the soft breezes blow,
And they drink from the fountain
Where the sweet cresses grow.

But so far as they wander,
Dappled, dun, brown, and grey,
They return to the milking
At the close of the day.

My bed 's in the shian
On the canach's soft down,
But I 'd sleep best with Colin
In our sheiling alone.

Thus a maiden sang sweetly
As a bird on the tree,
Cro' Chaillean, Cro' Chaillean,
Cro' Chaillean for me.

The maiden of the song was Morag, who, according to the legend, was taken by the fairies on her marriage with Colin. It would be a year and a day before she returned; but meanwhile she was permitted (though invisible to her husband) to milk his cows every evening; and the song was sung by her at such times, that he might know she was there.

441.

The Wish of the Aged Bard.—The author of this, in its Gaelic original, one of the best-known Highland poems, is unknown. It appeared first in a Gaelic collection by Ronald Macdonald, son of the poet Alastair Macdonald, in 1776. It has been several times translated into English, but the version here given is on the whole the happiest.

This volume incorporates Part 1. of 'The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse.'

GLOSSARY

[Words not explained in footnotes throughout the book will be found here.]

abeigh, *aside, aloof*
 aboon, abune, *above*
 abroad, *abroad*
 acquent, *acquainted*
 acre-braid, *an acre's breadth*
 address, *prepare*
 ae, *one, only*
 aff, *off*
 affair, *countenance, demean-*
 our
 aforrow, *before*
 ahint, *behind*
 aiblins, *perhaps*
 aik, *oak*
 ain, *own*
 airns, *irons, fetters*
 airt, airth, *quarter, division.*
 aith, *oath*
 aits, aiten, *oats, oaten*
 ajee, *ajar*
 all-kin, *every sort*
 Alpha, *an epithet of God.*
 amaist, *almost*
 amene, *sweet, pleasant*
 an, and, *if*
 ance, *once*
 anis (at), *once (at)*
 Anster, *Anstruther*
 A-per-se, (*lit.*) *the letter A by*
 itself; and so 'the best of
 all,' 'paragon'
 arles, *earnest-money*

artilye, *warlike instruments*
 of all kinds
 ase (ass), *ash*
 asklent, *sideways, dishonour-*
 ably
 astre, *star*
 attour, atower, *over, to one*
 side
 aunteris, *adventures*
 ava', *at all*
 awn, *own*
 ayont, *beyond, on the other*
 side of, beside
 babbing, *dancing*
 bade, *pret. of bide*
 bailis, *sorrows*
 bair, *bore*
 bairn, *child*
 baith, *both*
 ballat, *ballad*
 bandoun, *thraldom*
 bandster, *sheaf-binder*
 bane, *bone*
 bangster (-ister), *bully, rough*
 fellow
 bannet, *cap, bonnet*
 bannock, *girdle-cake*
 barken'd, *hardened*
 barmie, *silly*
 barrand, *barren*
 basin'd. See bawsen'd

GLOSSARY

- batts, *the botts*
 bauld, *bold*
 bawbee, *halfpenny*
 bawd, *have*
 bawsen'd, *white-faced*
 be, *by*; *by the time that*
 be sic sevine, (*lit.*) 'by seven
 suck'; *to a very great*
 degree. So also 'be sic
 fyve'
 bear, *barley*
 bedene, *quickly*; 'be off!'
 bedovin, *sunk*
 beet, *kindle*
 beft, *struck*
 begouth, *began*
 beir, *noise, sound*
 beld, *bald*
 Beltane, *May 1st (O.S.)*
 belyve, *soon, quickly*
 ben, *the inside room of a*
 house; inside, within
 bening, *benign*
 bent, *open country*
 bere, *barley*
 beriall, *like the beryl, and so*
 '*the best of its kind*'
 beseen, *besene, forthwith*
 bestial, *cattle*
 beuch, *bough*
 bewis, *boughs*
 beyne. See *bien*
 bicker, *a quick movement*
 bicker, *to scamper, move*
 quickly
 bield, *shelter*
 bien, *comfortable*
 big, *build*
 biggin, *house, building*
 bill, *bull*
 billie, *comrade, friend,*
 brother
 bing, *bin*
 bink, *bench, shelf*
- bir, *cry*
 birk, *birken, birch, birchen*
 birkie, *smart fellow*
 birnand, *burning*
 bit (the), *conclusion, crisis,*
 point
 bizz, *buzz, bustle*
 blae, *blaw, dark blue, livid*
 blaeberry, *bilberry*
 blaewart, *blawart, speedwell*
 blate, *sky, bashful, timid*
 blear the eye, *make the eye*
 dim or bleared
 bleeze, *blaze*
 bleir, *aspersion, disgrace*
 blellum, *idle chatterer*
 blether, *loud foolish talk*
 blewart. See *blaewart*
 blink, *glance*
 bob, *dance*
 boddle, *small copper coin;*
 any worthless thing, a trifle
 bogle, *ghost, spook*
 bood, *must, ought (used of*
 logical or moral necessity)
 board, *table, covering*
 boord-en', *board-end.*
 boortree, *elder-tree (said to*
 possess virtue against evil
 spirits)
 bore, *chink, crevice*
 boss, *empty*
 bot, *but*
 bothy, *hut*
 boun, *make ready, prepare to*
 go
 bourd, *jest, pleasant words*
 bourock, *shepherd's hut, hovel*
 built of loose stones
 bourtree. See *boortree*
 house, *drink, 'booze'*
 bousteous, *boisterous*
 bowe, *boll (six bushels)*
 bowster, *bolster*

GLOSSARY

bow't, *crooked*
 brae, *hill*
 brag, *challenge*
 braid, *broad*
 brank, *prance*
 brattle, *sudden rush*
 braw, *brave, fine, gay-clad*
 brawly, *bravely, well*
 breckan, *bracken-fern*
 bree, *liquor ('barley bree')*; *water (of the sea)*; *lit. anything 'brewed'*
 breist, *breast*
 brent, *smooth*
 brent, *burned*
 brent new, *brand new*
 brief of richt (Latin, *breve de recto*), *a law term*
 brig, *bridge*
 brocht, *brought*
 brock, *badger*
 brogue, *trick*
 broo, *broth*
 broochie, *breast-pin*
 brook, *use, enjoy*
 broozled, *crushed, smashed*
 brothing, *sweating*
 bruckit, *white-faced, pale*
 bruckle, *brukill, brittle, feeble*
 brunstane, *brimstone*
 brynt, *burnt*
 bught, *put into a fold; a fold*
 bughted, *enclosed*
 buik, *book*
 bum, *boom, buzz, hum*
 bum-clock, *a humming beetle*
 burd, *maiden*
 burrows-toun, *borough*
 busk, *dress, make ready*
 buss, *bush*
 butt and ben, *the outside and the inside room of a two-roomed cottage; inside and out; to and from*

but, *outside of, without, except; but an, unless, except*
 but an(d), *as well as, besides, and also*
 butching, *butchering*
 byke, *bees' nest*
 byre, *cow-stable*
 cadger, *hawker, beggar, tramp*
 cadgily, *merrily*
 caird, *card (wool)*
 caird, *tinker*
 cairn, *memorial pile of stones*
 calf-ward, *small enclosure for rearing calves*
 callan(t), *boy, lad, man* (often used as a term of friendliness or affection)
 caller, *fresh*
 camroche, *cambric*
 cankerit, *spiteful*
 cannie (adv.), *quickly, prudently, soberly*
 cantraip, *magical, witch-like*
 canty (or -ie) (adj.), *merry, jolly*
 caper-like, *sour, peevish*
 cape-stane, *cap-stone*
 carefull, *causing care or fear*
 carle, *old fellow*
 carlin(e), *old woman, crone, witch*
 carlings, *grey peas first soaked and then parched in a pan over the fire; eaten on Passion Sunday (the fifth Sunday in Lent)*
 carry, *sky*
 cartes, *cards*
 cast, *barrel*
 cast, *swarm (of bees)*
 catechis, *catechism*
 cauld, *cold*
 cauldrie, *cold*

GLOSSARY

caup, *cup*
 celicall, *celestial*
 cess, *tax*
 chainyie, *chain*
 chanter, *the fingering part of a bagpipe*
 chap, *strike, knock*
 cheek (chimley), *chimney-corner*
 chiel (chielie), *fellow*
 chimla-lug, *chimney corner*
 chirming, *chirping*
 clachan, *hamlet*
 claff, *clave*
 claiths, *clothing*
 clap, *the piece of wood that shakes the hopper of a mill*
 clash, *gossip*
 claucht, *clought, grasped*
 clead, *clothe*
 cleaving, *cleft*
 cled, *clad*
 cleek, *hook up, fasten up; hook arms, go arm in arm.*
 cleped, *called*
 cleverus, *clever, quick*
 close(-head), *lane(-head or entrance)*
 closs, *cattle-yard or court*
 clout, *patch, mend*
 clud, *cloud, multitude*
 cluik, *talon*
 coft, *bought*
 collep, *drinking-cup*
 combure, *consume*
 comfortand, *comforting*
 compt, *account*
 conteyne, *continue*
 conveniable, *suitable*
 coof, *ninny, simpleton*
 coost, *threw (off)*
 cootie, *dish*
 corby, *raven, crow*
 cordovan, *leather*

core, *party, company*
 coronach, *death-wail, war-cry*
 correi, *deep recess in a hill*
 countra, *country, rustic*
 cour, *to fold, lower*
 courtin, *curtain*
 covatice, *covetousness*
 cowl, *colt*
 crack, *talk, gossip, chat*
 craggit, *long-necked*
 craif, *crave*
 craig, *crag, rock*
 cranreuch, *hoar-frost*
 crap, *crept*
 crawl, *crow*
 crawflower, *purple orchis*
 crawl schule, *crow school, company of rooks*
 creel, *fish basket*
 creeshy, *greasy*
 creish, *grease*
 cricke, *louse, tick*
 crine, *shrivel*
 crisp, *veil of cobweb lawn*
 cronach, *death-wail*
 crood, *croon*
 crook, *cruke, a sheep disease which twists the neck or limbs to one side*
 crouse, *gay, lively, merry, brisk*
 cruety, *vinegarish, ill-tempered*
 crummock, *a short staff with a crooked head*
 cuif. See *coof*
 cuist, *cast*
 cule, *cool*
 cumber, *trouble*
 cunning, *cony, rabbit*
 cure, *care*
 cushat, *cushie, ring-dove*
 cutty sark, *shirt cut short*
 cutty stool, *stool of repentance*

GLOSSARY

daff, *frolic, sport, jest*
 daft, *silly, foolish*
 daiseyne, *daisy*
 dam-brod, *draught-board*
 dang, *beat*
 dansand, *dancing*
 dantit, *frightened*
 darklins, *in the dark*
 dasing, *stupefying*
 daunder, *saunter, roam idly*
 dauntingly, *nothing daunted, courageously*
 dauphin, *dolphin*
 daur, *dare*
 daut, *pet*
 daw, *dawn*
 dawtie, *darling*
 dawtit, *petted, caressed*
 deal, *give out in shares*
 deave, *deafen, stupefy*
 decore, *deck, decorate*
 dede, *death*
 deeming, *censure*
 degest, *quiet, grave*
 deir, *hurt*
 derne, *the dark. In derne, in secret.*
 describe, *describe*
 deuk, *duck*
 devilick, *little devil*
 dibble, *plant*
 dicht, *dressed, accoutred, rendered*
 diffound, *shed, scatter, diffuse*
 dight, *wipe*
 dine, *dinner*
 ding, *beat*
 ding, *worthy (Fr., digne)*
 dink, *nice, seemly*
 dink me, *dress myself*
 dinsome, *noisy*
 direct, *directed*
 dirl, *ring, vibrate; cause to vibrate*

disease, *unhappiness*
 dispern, *disperse*
 dispone, *dispose of, make dispositions*
 dissaguisit, *disguised*
 dissavable, *apt to deceive*
 dizen, *(dozen), a given quantity (especially of wool for spinning)*
 dochter, *daughter*
 docken, *dock (the plant); anything of little value*
 doit, *jot, tittle*
 doited, *doddering, silly*
 dompnationis, *dominations, powers*
 donk, *dank*
 donsie, *unlucky, feeble*
 dool, *sorrow, woo, pain*
 doolfu', *doleful*
 dosk, *dusky, dark*
 doub. See *dub*
 douce, *kind, pleasant, jolly*
 doup, *the breech*
 dow, *is able to*
 dow, dou (pronounced *doo*), *dove (a term of endearment)*
 dowf, *heavy, slow, dull*
 dowie, *dull, heavy, sad*
 dozened, *dull, stupid*
 draigle, *draggles, soak with rain or mud*
 drammock, *oatmeal and water mixed*
 drappie, *drop*
 draw up with, *make up to*
 drawkit, *drenched*
 dree, *drie, suffer; dreit, suffered*
 dreid, *tiresome*
 dring, *sing in a slow melancholy manner*
 droon, *drown*
 droukit, *soaked, dripping*

GLOSSARY

drouth(y), *thirst(y)*
 druble, drumlie, *dark, dis-*
coloured (of water)
 druggit, *dragged*
 drunt (the), *the huff, offence*
 dub, *mud, mud-hole*
 duddy, *ragged, shabby*
 duds, duddies, *clothes*
 dule (adj.), *doleful*
 dulse, *a kind of red edible*
seaweed
 dun'd, *made yellow (dun)*
 dune, *done*
 dune-wassal, *a clan retainer*
of gentle birth
 dungering, *dungeon*
 dunt, *knock, blow, throb*
 dures, *duresse, hardship*
 dwam, *faint, swoon*
 dwine, *dwindle*
 dyke, *stone wall*

eddir, *adder*
 e'e-bree, *eyebrow*
 een, eyne, *eyes*
 eerie, *lonesome, weird, sad*
 eident, *diligently*
 eik, *add to, eke out*
 eild, *old-age*
 eird, *earth*
 eiry. See *eerie*
 eithly, *easily*
 elbuck, *elbow*
 ellis, *else*
 elyed, *vanished*
 emerant, *emerald*
 endite, *an inditing*
 endlang, *along*
 eneuch, *enew, enough*
 ensence, *cover with incense*
 ettle, *design, endeavour,*
aim
 ewe-bughts, *ewe-folds*

fa', *get, hope to obtain. He*
maunna fa' that, he must
not expect to get that
 fa', *portion, share*
 fadges, *barley-cakes*
 fain, *glad, happy*
 fair fa', *good luck to*
 fan, *when (local form)*
 fand, *found*
 fang, *catch, pick*
 fannoun, *scarf worn on a*
priest's arm at mass
 farin, *food, fare*
 farl, *a cake; properly, the*
fourth part (farthel) of a
round cake
 farnis, *ferns*
 fash, *trouble*
 fashous, *troublesome*
 fassoun, *fashion*
 fauch, *dun, brown*
 fauld, *fold*
 fause, *false*
 faut, *fault*
 fawsont, *honest, respect-*
able
 fear, *frighten*
 fear of weir, *accoutrement of*
war
 feaute, *fealty*
 fecht, *fight*
 fechtaris, *fighters*
 feck, *quantity, part; mony*
feck, a great number
 feckless, *useless, good-for-*
nothing
 fee, *to hire; wages, salary*
(sb.)
 feezing, *twist, turn*
 feid, *feud, enmity, cause of*
ill-will
 fell, *kill*
 felloun, *dreadful*
 femenitye, *womankind*

GLOSSARY

- fen, mak a, *make a shift for a living*
 fer, far
 fere, companion
 ferlie, wonder
 fidge fain, *to be restless with eagerness*
 fiend, fient *in the phrase* fient ane = *deuce a one*
 fier, healthy, strong
 fiere. See fere
 fire-flaucht, *fire-flash, lightning*
 firth, *bushy place, copse (in the phrase 'field and firth')*
 fit, foot
 flainen, flannen, flannel
 flane, arrow
 flang, *flung about, skipped*
 flaw, blast
 fleesh, fleece
 fleg, *a fright; to frighten*
 flemit, *frightened*
 flenders, flinders, pieces
 fleuk, flounder
 fley't, fley'd, *frightened*
 flie, fly
 flit, *to remove (from a house)*
 flodderit, *flooded*
 flourish, *a blossom*
 flowan, *flowing*
 flowk, fluke. See fleuk
 flyte, scold, rail
 foggage, *aftermath, second crop of grass*
 forenicht, *evening, early part of the night*
 forfare, *perish*
 forhooy, *forsake*
 forlane, *forlorn*
 forleit, *forsake*
 forloir, *to become faint*
 forloppin, *vagabon, fugitive*
 forlore, *lost*
 for-ridden, *overdriven*
 forrow, *before*
 fou, *drunk*
 foucht, *fought*
 fourm, *form*
 fouth. See fowth
 fowmart, *pole-cat*
 fowth, *abundance, plenty*
 fra, *from; from the time that*
 fraise, *fuss, disturbance*
 frawart, *contrary, froward*
 fre, lady
 fre, affable
 freik, *stout fellow*
 fret, *quarrel*
 fudder, *a great quantity*
 fude, food
 futt'rat, *whittret, weasel*
 furl, *whirl*
 fycket, *moved from side to side*
 fyke, *fuss, bustle*
 gab, *mouth; to chatter*
 gabbock, *mouthful, morsel*
 gad, *fishing-rod*
 gadderaris, *gatherers*
 gade, *went*
 gader, gaddir, *to gather*
 Gadite (Spanish), *of Gades (Cadiz). Gadite wave, the sea round Trafalgar*
 gaif, *gave*
 gairding, *garden*
 gar, *make, compel*
 gardeviance, *cabinet, cupboard (Fr., garde de viandes)*
 garten, *garter*
 gash, *to converse*
 gash, *sagacious*
 gate, way, *direction. Our gate, our direction. Gang your gate, go your way*
 gaun, *going, gone*
 gaur. See gar

GLOSSARY

- gawsy, *plump, portly, comfortable, handsome*
 gear, *wealth, possessions of any sort*
 geck, *mock*
 generit of, *descended from*
 gent, *beautiful, delicate*
 gersis, *grasses*
 get, *offspring*
 gied, *gave*
 gif, *if*
 giglet, *giddy girl*
 gimmer, *two-year-old ewe*
 gin, *if*
 girn, *grimace, snarl, quarrel*
 girse, *girss, grass*
 gizz, *wig*
 glaikit, *senseless, giddy*
 glar, *mud*
 glaumrie, *magic*
 gled, *kite*
 gleeman, *minstrel*
 gleg, *spry, quick*
 gleid, *spark*
 glower, *look earnestly or gloomily*
 glowming, *gloaming*
 gob, *stomach*
 golk, *gowk, cuckoo*
 gormaw, *cormorant*
 gout, *notion*
 gove, *stare idly*
 gowan, *daisy*
 gowd (-en), *gold (-en)*
 gowk, *a 'stupid'*
 gowl, *growl*
 grain, *groan*
 graith, *armour, clothes: to make ready, to accoutre*
 grape, *grope*
 grat, *wept*
 gree, *the palm, prize*
 gree, *agree*
 green, *long for*
 greet, *weep*
 grit, *great*
 grund, *ground*
 grutten, *part. of greet (q.v.)*
 guberne, *govern*
 gude-man, *gude-wife, husband, wife*
 gude-pansing, *good thoughts, holy meditation*
 gudis, *goods*
 guide, *manage*
 guise, *masquerade, masque: custom*
 gully, *large knife*
 gurll, *boisterous*
 gurly, *boisterous, stout*
 gyan, *giant*
 habitacle, *resting-place*
 had, *haud, hold*
 had the grup, *catch hold of it*
 hadden, *held, considered*
 hadden, *hadding, a holding, a farm*
 hae, *have*
 hae! *an exclamation*
 haet, *in the phrase 'fient a haet o't,' devil a bit*
 ha'f, *half*
 haffet, *temple, hair growing on the temple*
 haiknay, *hackney*
 haill, *whole*
 hain, *hoard, lay by, spare*
 hair(e), *grey*
 hairst, *harvest*
 hairt, *heart*
 hait, *hot*
 haith! *an exclamation = faith!*
 hald, *hold, abiding-place*
 hale-sale, *wholesale*
 halfin, *half-grown boy*

GLOSSARY

- hallan, *a partition between the door of a cottage and the fireplace*
 hallanshaker, *knave, rascal, eavesdropper (a fellow who lurked behind-backs at the hallan)*
 hals, *neck, throat*
 hansel, *a first gift on any auspicious occasion, a good omen, auspicious beginning*
 hant, *haunt, frequent*
 hap, *cover up*
 happer, *hopper (of a mill)*
 harn, *a rough fabric of cotton or linen*
 harsk, *rough*
 hatrent, *hated*
 haud, *hold*
 hauffet. See haffet
 haugh, *low-lying ground by water*
 haverel, *half-witted*
 hawkie, *a pet name for a cow*
 hawkit, *streaked*
 hawtane, *haughty (O. Fr., haultain)*
 hecht, *promised*
 heeze, *hoist, push up*
 heezy, *a lift up*
 heile, *full of disdain*
 heill, *health*
 heir, *become heir to*
 hende, *skilful*
 herk, *urge on, hound on*
 herling, *sea-trout grilse*
 hert, *heart*
 heugh, *crag, cliff, steep bank*
 hewit, *coloured*
 heynd men, *good people*
 hicht (on), *on high*
 hind-berrye, *wild raspberry*
 hing, *hang*
 hinny, *sweetheart, darling, honey*
 hint, *the carrying in (of the harvest), end*
 hint (at ane), *in one clutch*
 hippis, *thighs*
 hirn, *corner*
 hirple, *limp*
 hirscl, *flock of sheep*
 histie, *dry, barren*
 hizzie, *hussy*
 hoast, *cough*
 hodden grey, *grey homespun*
 Hogmanay, *New Year's Eve, a New Year's Eve gift*
 holm, *a small island, flat ground near water*
 holt, *wood*
 hoodit-crawis, *hoodie-crows*
 hoord, *hoard*
 hore, *old age*
 horn, *horn spoon*
 host. See hoast
 hotch, *jerk*
 hott'rin, *heating*
 houf, *abiding-place, resort*
 hough, *thigh*
 houm. See holm
 houris 'hours,' *morning songs of praise, as the offices of the church had to be said or sung at fixed hours*
 hoved, *distended, swollen*
 howe, *hollow, valley, glen*
 howe (adv.), *low*
 howe o' the year, *the middle of the year*
 howk, howkit, *dig up, dug up*
 howlet, *owl*
 hurdies, *the breech*
 hurkle, *crouch*
 hyne, *hence, thence*

GLOSSARY

ice-schoklis, *icicles*
 ilka, *each*
 illustare, *illustrious*
 inress, *increase*
 ingenrit, *engendered*
 ingine, *genius*
 ingle, *hearth*

jad, *jade*
 jag, *prick*
 Janwar, *January*
 jaup, *splash*
 jaw, *dash, surge, splash*
 jee, *move, shift*
 jink, *dodge*
 jo, *sweetheart*
 jouk, *run in and out*
 joup, *petticoat* (O. Fr., *jupe*)
 jow, *juggler*
 jow, *clang* (of a bell)
 junglin', *jingling*

kae, kai, *jackdaw*
 kail, *cabbage*; food generally
 kail-runt, *cabbage-stalk*
 kail-worm, *caterpillar*
 kame, *comb*
 kebbit ewe, *a ewe whose
 lamb is still-born*
 kebbuck, *cheese*
 keckle, *chuckle, giggle, cackle*
 keek, *look, peep*
 keel, keil, *a red earth used for
 marking sheep or trees*
 kelpie, *fairy*
 kemed, *combed*
 ken, *know*
 ken'd, *known, noted*
 kendillit, *kindled*
 kendna, *did not know*
 kenna, *know not*
 kent, *shepherd's crook*
 kerne, *freebooters*

ket, *matted fleece*
 kethat, *cassock, long gown*
 kimmer, *gossip, female com-
 panion*
 kin', *kind*
 king's-hood, *paunch* (of a
 sheep). A king's-hood
 dried was sometimes used
 as a tobacco-pouch
 kink, *convulsive fit of coughing*
 kintra, *country*
 kirk, *church*
 kirn, *churn*
 kist, *chest, box*
 kit, *pail, bucket*
 kithit, *showed*
 kittle, *difficult to manage*
 kittock, *disrespectful name
 for a young woman*
 knir, *dwarf*
 knowe, *knoll, hill*
 kuke, *cook*
 kurtch, *woman's head-dress*
 kyanised, *treated with Kyan's
 preparation of corrosive
 sublimate for preventing
 the decay of wood*
 kye, *cows*
 kyloe, *small Highland cattle*
 kytes, *stomachs*
 kythe, *appear*
 lade, *load*
 lag, *laggard*
 laif. See *lave*
 laigh, *low, low-spirited*
 laip, *lap*
 laith, *loth*
 Lallan, *Lowland*
 Lammas, *August 1st*
 landwart, *inland, country*
 lane ('his,' 'her,' etc.), *by
 himself, etc.*
 lane, *lonely*

GLOSSARY

- lang-kail, *boiled cabbage, not mashed or cut up*
 lang syne, *long ago*
 languissing, *languishing*
 lanse, *bound*
 lap, *leaped*
 lasit, *laced*
 lave (the), *the rest, the remainder*
 laverock, *lark*
 law (adv.), *low*
 law, *hill*
 lawing, *the reckoning, the bill*
 laxative, *looseness*
 lear, *learning*
 lea-rig, *grass-field*
 leasingis, *leasings, lies*
 lee-lang, *livelong*
 lee licht, *light (the epithet lee having an indefinite intensive force)*
 leese (or leez) me on, *blessings on (cf. O.E., me is liefer)*
 leesome, leesum, *lawful, right*
 leid, *learning*
 leifu', *wistful*
 leir, *learn, teach*
 leister, *fish-spear*
 leme, *gleam*
 lene, *crouch*
 lest (at the), *at the last*
 lestand, *lasting, eternal*
 levand, *living*
 lever, *liefer, rather*
 levine, *lightning*
 leuch, leugh, *laughed*
 leuk, *look*
 ley, *meadow, lea*
 lib, *deprive*
 lift, *the heavens*
 lightly, *slight, despise*
 likame, *body*
 limmer, *creature (always used of a woman)*
 lin, linn, *pool under a waterfall, waterfall*
 link, *go arm in arm, pass quickly*
 link at it, *go at it*
 links, *open (often sandy) ground, not necessarily connected with the game of golf*
 linnage, *lineage*
 loaning, *open ground near a farm-house on which the cows (or ewes) are milked; field*
 lo'e, *love*
 loof, *palm of the hand*
 loot, *let*
 lough, *loch, lake*
 loun, *'chap,' rascal*
 loup, *leap*
 lout, *stoop, bow*
 livery, *livery, what is livré; portion of food*
 low(e), *blaze, glow*
 lown, *gentle, quiet*
 lucerne, *lamp*
 lucken, *shut up, closed*
 lucky, *familiar mode of addressing a woman*
 luesome, *lovesome, worthy of love*
 lug, *ear*
 luggie, *pail, dish*
 lum, *chimney*
 lyart, *grey-haired, grizzled*
 macle, *spot*
 mae, *more*
 maen, *moan, lament*
 mailie, *pet name for a ewe or cow*
 mailin, *farm*

GLOSSARY

- main. See *maen*
 maiss, *makes*
 makar(is), *poet(s)*
 maling, *malign*
 mansuet, *gentle*
 mansuetude, *gentleness*
 marled, *spotted, variegated*
 marrow, *mate, lover*
 maun (-na), *must (not)*
 maut, *malt*
 mavis, *thrush*
 mavournin, *darling*
 maw, *mow*
 maw, *mew, seagull*
 may, *maiden*
 meal-kale, *oatmeal and cabbage*
 mealy, *floury*
 meikle, *much, large*
 melder, *the time taken to grind a parcel of corn*
 melit, *sang*
 mell, *mingle*
 memore, *mindful of, remembering*
 mene, *pity*
 mense, *propriety, discretion, good manners*
 mereswine, *dolphin, sea-pig*
 merkat, *market*
 merle, *blackbird*
 mess, *mass*
 miance, *invention, resource*
 mickle. See *meikle*
 midding, *refuse-heap*
 mind, *remember*
 minnie, *pet name for 'mother'*
 mire, *bog, marsh*
 mischief, *misfortune*
 mishanter, *misfortune*
 mislear, *misinform, lead astray*
 mittane, *hawk*
 mo, *more*
 moneth, *month*
 mools (the), *the grave*
 mooted, *moulded, dragged*
 mou, *mouth*
 moudiewart, *mole*
 moulter, *toll of meal taken by the miller for grinding the corn*
 moyly, *mildly*
 muir, *moor*
 murlain, *round narrow-mouthed basket*
 murn, *mourn*
 mutch, *head-dress, cap*
 nae, *no*
 nail, *clinch (as in an argument)*
 nane, *none*
 nanis (the), *the nonce*
 neabor, neebor, *neighbour*
 neb, *nose*
 neist, *next*
 newfangilness, *novelty*
 nicht, *night*
 nickit, *caught*
 niest. See *neist*
 nieve, *fist, hand*
 niffer, *exchange*
 nit, *nut*
 noddle, *head, brain*
 nolt. See *nowt*
 nor, *as if, than*
 norlan(d), *northern*
 northine, *northern*
 nottis, *notes*
 nowt, *cattle*
 nurice, *nurse*
 observance, *conduct, behaviour, homage*
 offusked, *obscured*
 oft-syis, *ofttimes*
 ordinance, *array*
 oucht, *aught, anything*

GLOSSARY

ouerdrive, *pass, spend*
ouk, *week*
ourkest, *overcast*
ousen, *oxen*
ower, owre, *over*
owsen. See *ousen*
oxter, *arm-pit*. 'In his ox-
ter,' *in his embrace*

padyane, *pageant*
paidle, *paddle, wade*
paik, *fortune, store*
paiks, *deserved punishment*
painch, *paunch*
pairtrick, *partridge*
palestral, *like a palace*
pallatt, *head*
pang, *crammed full*
papped, *popped*
par(r), *young salmon*
paramour, *lovingly*
pash, *head*
pasmentis, *passementerie,*
strips of lace or silk
pass, *passage, aisle of a*
church
pat, *pot*
patelet, *ruff*
patron, *pattern*
pattle, *small spade for clean-*
ing a plough
paviss, *shield*
pawky, *cunning, sly, cute,*
dry-humoured
pearlins, *lace*
pechan, *stomach*
pendle, *pendant, earring*
pennes, *pinions, features*
penny-fee, *wages, money*
peralins. See *pearlins*
perigall, *equal to, quite worthy*
(Fr., *par égal*)
philibeg, *kilt*
philomene, *nightingale*

pibroch, *pipe-music*
pickle, *quantity; e.g. a*
pickle hair, so much hair
pin, *hip-bone*
pinnet, *pinnacle*
pint-stoup, *pint-measure*
piscens, *puissance*
plack, *four pennies Scots;*
one-third of a penny sterling
plainstanes, *pavement*
plenty, *plentiful*
plet, *folded*
pleugh, *plew, plough*
plicht, *stay, anchor*
plisky, *blight, trick*
pliver, *plover*
poind, *distrain on, sell by*
warrant
poleist, *polished*
pomellis, *little apples, breasts*
poortith, *poverty*
pothringry, *the calling of an*
apothecary
pouch, *pocket*
pouk, *poke*
pow, *head*
powsowdy, *sheep's-head broth;*
olla podrida
practikis, *practices*
pree, *taste*
preef, *preif, proof*
prent, *impression (e.g. on a*
coin), print
press, *cupboard*
prie, *prieve*. See *pree*
prin, *pin*
prinkle, *tingle*
promit, *promise*
pruve, *prove*
puddock, *frog*
puir, *poor*
purfillit, *embroidered*
purpour, *purple, blue*
purviance, *provision*

GLOSSARY

puzion, *poison*
pyne, *distress*

quat, *quit*
quean, *woman* (term often
used slightingly)
queir, *choir*
quert, *prison*
quey, *heifer*
quirky, *tricky, difficult*
quite, *rid, requite*

ra, rae, *roe-deer*
ragment, *account*
ragweed, *ragwort* (stalk used
by witches for a steed)
raike, *ramble, range*
rair, *roar*
rak, *crash*
randy, *virago, scolding*
woman
rash-buss, *clump of rushes*
raucht, *reached*
rauchter, *rafter*
raw, *row*
raw, *ray* (of the sun)
rax, *reach, hand*
rayon, *ray*
ream, *cream*
reamand, *reaming, frothing*
rebut, *repulse*
rebuttit, *repulsed*
red, rede, *advise*
red(d), *put in order, settle*
reek, *smoke, haze*
reekit, *smoke-stained; steamed*
(as a sweating horse after a
journey)
reestit, *scorched*
regine, *queen*
reid, *red*
reinyie, *rein*
reird, *noise, uproar, cry*

remead, *remeid, remedy*
riggin, *roof-ridge*
rigs, *ridges* (in a ploughed
field)
rine, *stem*
ring, *kingdom*
ringis, *reigns*
ripe, *search*
ripp, *basket*
risp, *knock, rattle, use the*
'tirling-pin' (q.v.)
ro. See *rae*
rock (rok), *distaff*
rodden, *rowan, mountain ash*
rogie, *rogue*
rokelay, *short cloak* (Fr.,
roquelaure)
Rood-day, *May 3rd, the day*
of the 'Invention of the
Cross'
rosere, *rose-garden*
rosine, *rose* (epithet often ap-
plied to the Virgin Mary)
roup, *to croak; an auction*
rout, *buffet*
route, *crowd, company*
row, roll; *dance round*
rowe, *roll*
rowt, *to low* (of cattle)
rowth (routh, ruth), *plenty*
rug, *pull, tug*
rumland, *rumbling*
rummist, *bellowed*
rumpillis, *rumpled folds*
rung, *cudgel*
runkled, *wrinkled*
runt, *cabbage-stalk*
rutuland, *ruddy*

'S, *will; as in 'ye's get' = you*
will get
sab, *sob*
saif, *except*
sair, *sore*

GLOSSARY

sallet, <i>salad</i>	shank, <i>the narrow ridge which joins a hill to the plain</i>
Sanct Martinis fowl, <i>perhaps the hen-harrier; perhaps half a dozen other birds</i>	shaw, <i>show</i>
sark, <i>shirt</i>	shaw, <i>coppice</i>
saugh, <i>sallow, willow</i>	sheen, <i>beautiful, bright</i>
saul, <i>soul</i>	shelty, <i>pony</i>
saut, <i>salt</i>	sheugh, <i>to 'heel in' plants, lay in the earth</i>
saw, <i>sow</i>	sheugh, <i>furrow, trench</i>
scadlips, <i>scald-lips, a thin broth with little barley in it, and on this account apt to scald the lips</i>	shieling, <i>hut, cottage</i>
scale, <i>separate, divide, scatter</i>	shog, <i>shake</i>
scar, <i>take fright</i>	shook, <i>scattered or shook out the grains (of corn)</i>
scare, <i>share</i>	shoon, <i>shoes, boots</i>
scaud, <i>scauld, scald</i>	shoor, <i>shour, shower</i>
scaul, <i>scold</i>	shure, <i>shore, cut asunder</i>
scaur, <i>crag</i>	sic, <i>siccan, such</i>
scaur, <i>to scare; scared</i>	siccar, <i>sicker, secure, sure</i>
schair, <i>a threatening</i>	sickerness, <i>security</i>
scho, <i>she</i>	signacle, <i>sign (of the Cross)</i>
sconner, <i>scunner, dislike, disgust</i>	siller, <i>silver, money</i>
scoul, <i>scowl</i>	silly, <i>innocent, good, worthy</i>
scour, <i>hearty draught</i>	simmer, <i>summer</i>
screed, <i>recite</i>	sin', <i>sinsyne, since</i>
scrimpit, <i>scanty</i>	skail, <i>disperse</i>
scrippit, <i>mocked</i>	skair, <i>share</i>
scryppis, <i>bags</i>	skaith, <i>harm, expense, danger</i>
scum, <i>skim</i>	skaldand, <i>scalding</i>
seenil, <i>seldom</i>	skeely, <i>skilful</i>
seggs, <i>sedges</i>	skeigh, <i>coy, shy</i>
seik, <i>sick</i>	skellat, <i>small bell for awakening monks</i>
seir, <i>various</i>	skellum, <i>rascal, scamp</i>
sensyne, <i>since that time</i>	skelp, <i>lash, beat; hurry</i>
sesyt into, <i>packed away into</i>	skep, <i>beehive</i>
set, <i>become</i>	skiff, <i>touch lightly</i>
sey, <i>essay, try</i>	skill, <i>approbation of, liking for</i>
seymar, <i>loose garment</i>	skinking, <i>overboiled, thin</i>
seyre. See <i>seir</i>	skirl, <i>scream shrilly</i>
shag, <i>rough cloth</i>	sklent (sb.), <i>opportunity</i>
shane, <i>shining</i>	sklent (vb.), <i>to slant, to reflect unfavourably on a person</i>

GLOSSARY

- skriech, skrike, screech
 skrunnt, *stunted stump*
 slade, *slid*
 slae, *sloe, wild plum*
 slap, *gap in a hedge, narrow pass between hills*
 slee, *sly*
 sleek, *make smooth*
 slidder, *slidderly, slippery*
 slogan, *war-cry*
 smeddum, *powder, 'go'*
 smolt, *mild, fine*
 smoor, *smore, smother*
 smoutie, *smutty*
 smytrie, *parcel, crew*
 sna', *snaw, snow*
 sned, *cut off*
 snell, *biting, sharp*
 snipand, *nipping, biting*
 snishing, *snuff*
 snood, *hair-band*
 sonsie, *comely, jolly, pleasant-looking*
 soppis, *clouds*
 sort, *company*
 sough, *whisper*
 soukand, *sucking*
 souple, *supple*
 souter, *shoemaker*
 sowens, *a dish made of oatmeal husks*
 sowp, *a drop, a sup*
 spaarge, *scatter*
 sparhawk, *sparrow-hawk*
 spate, *flood*
 spean, *wean*
 speed, *progress*
 speel, *climb, ascend, reach*
 speer, *speir, ask*
 spelding, *fish split open and smoked*
 spence, *inner room of a house*
 spier. See *spcer*
- spleen, *the seat of the affections. So 'from the spleen' = from the heart*
 spleuchan, *tobacco-pouch; purse*
 splore, *disturbance*
 spreit, *sprit, spirit*
 spring, *tune (on the pipes)*
 spuilye, *despoil*
 spunkie, *will-o'-the-wisp*
 stacher, *stagger*
 stack, *stuck*
 stance, *station*
 stanchell, *kestrel*
 stang, *sting*
 starn, *star*
 starve, *die*
 stauk, *stalk*
 staw, *stow, fill up, satisfy*
 staw, *stole*
 stech, *stick, cram*
 steek, *stitch*
 steek, *close, shut*
 steer, *stir, molest, injure*
 steir. See *steer*
 sten, *bound*
 stent, *dues, rates*
 steven, *voice*
 stibble, *stubble*
 stinkand, *stinking*
 stirk, *young bullock*
 stirrah, *form of 'sirrah'*
 stith, *strong*
 stoor, *hoarse, harsh*
 store, *trouble*
 stot, *a bounce, jump*
 stoure, *dust; struggle, endeavour*
 stoure, *stout, stern*
 stouth, *stowth, robbery*
 stown, *stolen*
 strae, *straw*
 strae death, *a death in the straw, a natural death*

GLOSSARY

straik, *struck*
 straik, *stroke*
 strainyit, *strained*
 straitis, *straits?* 'schoon of
 the straitis,' *may be shoes*
made of morocco leather
from the Straits of Gib-
raltar; or possibly 'straitis'
means a kind of coarse felt.

strath, *plain*
 straught, *strecht, straight*
 stryp(e), *rill, burn*
 studdy, *study, stithy, anvil*
 sturt, *trouble, disturbance*
 sumph, *a 'stupid'*
 supplé, *rescue*
 swa, *so*
 swa'd, *swalled, swelled*
 swaird, *sward*
 swanky, *strapping lad or lass*
 swat, *sweated*
 swatch, *sample*
 swats, *new strong ale, drink*
 sweel, *will*
 sweir, *unwilling, lazy, il-*
liberal
 sweirness, *sloth*
 sweit, *sweat*
 sweiving, *vision, dream*
 swink, *work hard*
 swith. See *swyth*
 swither, *a state of doubt or*
uncertainty
 swyth(e), *quickly; 'be off!'*
 syk(e), *rill*
 syne, *then*

taed, *toad*
 taen, *taken*
 tag and tatter, *in perfect rags*
 tangle, *seaweed with a thick*
round stem
 tappit hen, *a measure of*
liquor holding three quarts

tapsalteerie, *topsy-turvy*
 tassie, *cup (Fr., tasse)*
 tasteis, *tops (O. Fr., teste) of a*
stocking
 tawted, *matted*
 teat, *little piece, small quantity*
 teen, *misery*
 tent, *look after. 'Tak tent,'*
take care
 tentie, *careful*
 tentless, *careless*
 tersall, *tiercel*
 tett, *lock*
 teuchat, *lapwing, peewit*
 thack and rape, *lit. 'thatch*
and rope.' Ricks were said
 to be tight 'in thack and
 rape.' Hence the phrase
 means 'secure,' 'comfort-

able'
 thae, *those*
 thairm, *intestines; fiddle-*
string
 than, *in that way, in the*
phrase 'now then, now
than'
 than, *then*
 theek, *thatch*
 thegither, *together*
 thir, *those*
 thoch, *though*
 thole, *endure*
 thowe, *thaw*
 thowless, *spiritless*
 thrall, *power; 'i' your*
thrall' = as your slave.
 thrang, *thick, intimate, busy*
 thrave, *twenty-four corn-*
sheaves
 thraw, *twist*
 three-taed, *three-pronged*
 thretty, *thirty*
 thrid, *third*
 thrift, *business, occupation*

GLOSSARY

- thring, *crush*
 thrissle, thrissel, *thistle*
 throuther, *among each other, pell-mell*
 throw, *through*
 thrums, *threads, 'legs o' thrums, ' thread-paper legs*
 thyrlidome, *slavery*
 timmer, *timber*
 tinted, tint, *lost*
 tip, *ram*
 tippenny, *weak ale at two-pence a pint*
 tirl, *unroof*
 tirling-pin. *Doors were formerly provided with a long notched iron handle (or 'pin') on which a loose iron ring was hung. The caller, instead of knocking, 'tirmed' or rattled the ring up and down the notches of the 'pin'*
 tittie, *child's word for 'sister'*
 tocher (-good), *marriage portion*
 tod, *fox*
 tole, *beguile*
 to-fall, *the close (of the day or night)*
 toom, *empty*
 toor, *tower*
 toor, *the knob on the top of a Scotch bonnet; (fig.) the head*
 tousie, *shaggy, dishevelled*
 touzle, *pull about*
 toy, *head-dress hanging down on the shoulders*
 traine, *allurement*
 transmugrify, *transform*
 travise, *bar in a stable between two horses or across the door*
 treit, *use kindly*
 trews, *tight tartan trousers*
 trig, *smart*
 trig, *to settle, arrange*
 trip the spring, *dance to a lively tune*
 tronis, *thrones*
 trowth, *truth*
 truff, *peat, sod used for fuel*
 tryst, *appoint, agree*
 tup, *ram*
 twal-pint, *yielding twelve pints of milk*
 twined of, *separated from*
 tyke, *a dog; a rough fellow*
 tynd, *tine of an antler*
 tyta, *child's name for 'father'*
 ule, *oil*
 umbrace, *shadow*
 umwhile, *erstwhile, of late*
 unco, *unknown, strange; (adv.) very, uncommonly*
 uncunnandly, *unknowingly*
 unkenn'd, *unknown*
 unlusum, *unlovely*
 unmeled, *unmeddled with, pure*
 unwieldable, *unwieldy*
 usquabae, *whisky*
 vaistie, *waste*
 vane, *vein*
 vantie, *vauntie, proud*
 verray, *very*
 vively, *vividly, clearly*
 vogie, *merry*
 wae, *sorrowful*
 wab, *web*
 wabster, *weaver*
 wad, *wager*

GLOSSARY

wad, *would*
 waesuck for, *woe betide*
 waik, *corner, hollow (?)*
 wain, *remove, carry*
 wair, *spend*
 wait, *wet*
 wale, *to choose; choice (in such phrases as 'the wale of' = 'the pick of')*
 walloch, *Highland fling*
 wallop, *work fast and hard*
 wallowit, *withered*
 wally, *wavy, stormy*
 walth, *wealth*
 waly, *beautiful, fine, large, ample*
 waly, *an exclamation of lament*
 wame, *belly*
 wan to, *reached*
 wanchancie, *unlucky, ill-fated*
 wane, *house, habitation*. Twa wanis = *'the four walls' of a house*
 wapnis, *weapons*
 ware, *spend, lay out*
 wark, *property*
 wark-loom, *tool, implement*
 warlo, warlock, *a wizard*
 warpit, *hurled, scattered*
 warst-faured, *worst-favoured*
 wat, *wet*
 wauffle, *wave*
 wauk, *wake, lie awake*
 wauknit, *wakened*
 waukrife, *easily wakened, sleepless*
 waur, *worse; to outdo, beat, overcome*
 wawlie, *nimble*
 wean, *child*
 weapon-schaw, *muster of arms*

wear, *to spend; (of sheep) to drive, herd*
 wedder, *a wether*
 wedder, weddir, *weather*
 wede, *withered*
 wee (a), *a little*
 weel-gaun, *smooth-working*
 weend, try, *insinuate*
 weet, *wet*
 weid, *dress; (of a tree) the leaves*
 weid. See wud
 weir, *fear*
 weir, *war*
 wene, *recess (?)*
 westlan, *western*
 wha, wham, who, whom
 whang, *good slice*
 whatna, whattena, *what, what kind of*
 whid, *exaggerated statement, fib*
 while (this), *for some time past*
 whilk, *which*
 whill, *till*
 whin, *blue basalt, any hard rock*
 whittle, *knife*
 whup, *whip*
 whyles, *at times, sometimes*
 wicht, *strong*
 wicker, *willow*
 widderit, *withered*
 widdershin(s), *in a direction opposite to the course of the sun (a method used in incantation)*
 widdy, woodie, *the gallows; lit. 'withy,' a willow, as the Scots, from a wise economy, used not to expend rope, but willow-bands, on their criminals*

GLOSSARY

widewhere, <i>far and wide</i>	yade, <i>work-horse</i>
willie-waught, <i>hearty draught</i>	yaumer, <i>yell</i>
willows, <i>creels (q.v.) made of woven willows</i>	yeid, <i>went</i>
wilsome, <i>wilful</i>	yeldrin, <i>yellowhammer</i>
win, <i>live</i>	yell, <i>dry, ceasing to give milk</i>
win aboon 't, <i>get over it</i>	yere, <i>your</i>
winnock-bunker, <i>window- seat</i>	yerk, <i>bind tightly, jerk</i>
wisnit, <i>wizened</i>	yerkit, <i>worked up</i>
wissed, <i>desired</i>	yerne, <i>move</i>
wob, <i>web</i>	yett, <i>gate, door</i>
wod, wode, wood. See wud	yill, <i>ale</i>
wordy, <i>worthy</i>	yird, <i>earth</i>
worset, <i>worsted</i>	yoking of a pleugh (the), <i>a day's ploughing</i>
wow! <i>exclamation of sur- prise or admiration</i>	yokit, <i>married</i>
wox, <i>waxed, became</i>	yolden, <i>yielded, surrendered</i>
wraik, <i>wreck</i>	yont, <i>beyond, on the other side of</i>
wraith, <i>spirit</i>	yorlin. See yeldrin
wud, <i>mad</i>	youkie, <i>itching</i>
wyle, <i>woo, wile, seduce</i>	youlden. See yolden
wyliecoat, <i>under-shirt, under- petticoat</i>	youthheid, <i>youth-hood</i>
wyte, <i>blame</i>	yowe, <i>ewe</i>

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